Charlot A. Nelles
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

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BY

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Dedicated to My Devoted Wife

DEULAH

"I wed thee forever, not for now;
Not for the sham of earth's brief years.
I wed thee for the life beyond the tears,
Beyond the heart pain and the clouded brow.
Love knows no grave, and it will guide us, dear,
When life's spent candles flutter and burn low."

PREFACE

THROUGHOUT a lifetime of reading many thousands of books of the world's best literature, the author has philosophized upon what he found in them.

In connection with the author's epigrams, descriptions and writings, he has gathered together the great descriptions, poems, apothegms, epigrams, virtues of metaphysics, diamond expressions of philosophy, and several essays that teach us great fundamental principles of life.

In gathering these philosophical lessons of life, I have tried to bring out the knowledge of forces, causes and laws. I have tried to bring out the rational explanation of many things. I have tried to bring out practical wisdom and rational self-control, mental science, metaphysics—after all that is "The Philosophy of Life."

And as I have been going through life gathering these principles I did it for one purpose only, and that was to strengthen my soul. And as I have been growing older I have said to myself, "Why not pass this vast knowledge of gems to the next generation!" I hope I have built a bridge that will help that youth who must go this way. It is possible, as he follows in my footprints, that my work may be a shining light to his intellect.

Some expression, some thought in these pages, may make some person stronger, some person more noble, some person more kind. It may cause some faith never to be violated, it may cause some heart never to be corrupted, and some valor never to be crouched. It may cause pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, to be overcome. It may cause some to be fired with a poetic soul. This book may find someone in a dark ocean without shores or lighthouses, and the influence of one expression might cause some genius to flash his intellect across the horizon of civilization for the cause of service.

After all, what is the object of life? There is only one purpose, and that purpose is to serve humanity. But let me use the words of Max Ehrmann, as found in his *A Prayer:*

"Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."

It is only a few more days, in this world, says Hypatia, "and each shall return to its own fountain; the blood-drop to the abysmal heart, and the water to the river, and the river to the shining sea; and the dewdrop which fell from heaven shall rise to heaven again, shaking off the dust grains which weighed it down, thawed from the earth frost which chained it here to herb and sward, upward and upward ever through stars and suns, through gods, and through the parents of the gods purer and purer through successive lives, until it enters the Nothing, which is the All, and finds its home at last."

But even after one passes from this earth, the battle is not over. There is still another battle of service, and Kipling tells us, in his "L'Envoi" from *The Seven Seas:*

"When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and
dried;
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good will be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul:
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are."

So, my friends, those who have inquiring minds, I hope may be bettered by this book.

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

From *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, 1885-1918.*
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

THROUGH a lifetime of reading the author has touched upon all the range of human thought, from Shakespeare on down. He has gone into the depths of the heart and brain of man, the theories, customs, hopes, and virtues of the human race.

The ecstasies of love have been before his eyes. He has seen the philosophers try to explain the hope of man. He has seen them exhaust the brain. Their teachings have covered all the comparisons, passions and philosophies of all times.

"Of course Shakespeare made use of the work of others—and, we might almost say, of all others. Every writer must use the work of others. The only question is, how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself, without adding to the great structure of literature."

"Thousands of people have stolen from the Colosseum to make huts for themselves. So thousands of writers have taken the thoughts of others with which to adorn themselves. These are plagiarists. But the man who takes the thought of another, adds to it, gives it intensity and poetic form, throb and life—is in the highest sense original."

"Shakespeare found nearly all of his facts in the writings of others, and was indebted to others for most of the stories of his plays. The question is not: Who furnished the stone, or who owned the quarry, but who chiseled the statue."*

The author has reached out to the four corners of the world to get his knowledge. And in doing so, he owes great honor to the publishers and authors who have made his reading possible.

In reading, "Genius is tropical." It explains the conditions of success—of happiness—the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all.

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*From Ingersoll's *Shakespeare;* Dresden Edition. Permission from C. P. Farrell.

In reading, the author has lived through the hopes, fears, ambitions and passions that sway the mind of man, from the world's master writers. He has read the greatest thoughts put into the shortest words.

The author has covered all history, religion, philosophy, mythology, metaphysics, jurisprudence, all the sciences and arts of man over all the periods of the world's history.

Through a lifetime of reading, it has been a "brilliant accomplishment for conversation; a weapon of victory for public speech; in hours of loneliness and suffering, a great solace. All real knowledge is good, being in one way or another a source of power and happiness."

> "Not to know what happened before we were born is to remain always a child; for what were the life of man did we not combine present events with the recollections of past ages?"—CICERO.

Reading is only a stern light on the ship in which we are making life's voyage. "It flashes its rays far back over those rough waters through which our ship has been ploughing, and it throws at least some illumination forward upon the deeps of time toward which we are about to sail."

The author in reading has touched upon the writings of Sanchoniathon, the Phœnician historian. He has seen fragments of the writings of Berosus, the Babylonian. He saw Egypt produce the writer Manetho. The author in his reading took in the scope of Herodotus, the Father of History. He was influenced by the great Hebrew law-giver. He looked into the writings of Thucydides, the great philosophic historian.

The writer read the charming historical romances of Xenophon. He received some more education from the writings of Ctesias, Diodorus Siculus, Polybius and Plutarch, the charming biographers of antiquity. He read the works of the authors which ancient Rome produced—Livy, Tacitus, Sallust and Cornelius Nepos.

The author admired the style of Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who wrote the complete history of his countrymen in Greek. He read the works of the early Christian church historians, such as Roman Eusebius and the Anglo Saxon, the "Venerable Bede." Also the Frenchmen, Comines and Froissart, celebrated chroniclers of the Middle Ages; also the Italian Machiavelli. He received some more of his education from the historians—Hume, Gibbon and Robertson.

The writer read the works of the great moral teachers of the world: the two great pantheistic religions—Brahmanism and Buddhism, also the great Monotheistic religions—Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

The author has been carried back through all the forms of government: patriarchal, autocracy, despotism, absolute monarchy, limited or constitutional monarchy, aristocracy, theocracy, hierarchy, pure democracy and representative democracy.

He has seen these forms of government ruled over by president, emperor, king, prince, duke, sultan, czar and chief.

His reading carried him back through the ancient world: Ancient Egypt, Chaldæan Empire, the Assyrian Empire, the Median Empire, the Babylonian Empire, Kingdom of Asia Minor, and the Hebrew Nation; also the Republic of Carthage, the Medo-Persian Empire, the Sanskritic Hindoos, ancient China, ancient Greece, and ancient Rome.

The compiler's reading carried him back to mediæval history, on through the Dark Ages of the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain; the Ostrogothic Kingdom in Italy; the Franks in Gaul; the Angles and Saxons in Britain; the Eastern Roman Empire; the New Persian Empire of the Sassanidæ; Islam's rise and the Saracen Empire; the Saracen Kingdom of Cordova; the Northmen; Duchy of Normandy; Danes and Normans in England; rise of the Germano-Roman Empire; Empire of the Seljuk Turks; Persia and the Ghiznivide Empire.

The writer received some of his education by reading the history of the rise of modern nations: the German Empire, feudal France, feudal England, Spain and Portugal, Kingdom of Scotland, Russia, Zingis Khan's Tartar Empire, rise of the Ottoman Turkish Empire, and the discovery of America and the rest of the New World.

The author read hints and touches by writers of the Reformation, Puritan and Revolutionary England, progress of modern civilization, England and the American Revolution, the bloody French Revolution.

The writer admired the prodigious life of Napoleon. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality."

In seeking more education he read the philosophy of modern times.

He stood before the Great Pyramid, the Sphinx, and realized that he was looking at many centuries. He walked through the streets of Thebes, and there he heard the vocal Memnon. He saw the dignity and art in the pillars, in the Great Temple at Karnak. He had a glimpse of Tiglath-Pileser I, the Napoleon of his generation.

From time immemorial this renowned land of Egypt, in the midst of surrounding deserts, has been one of the most fertile regions of the globe, and was in consequence the great granary of antiquity. The Nile runs by the modern city of Cairo, south to the first cataract. The delta has always been a region of unsurpassed fertility. There you find the date-palm.

Further reading takes you back to the mighty Sennacherib, King of Assyria. Sennacherib swept the known world before him, and built the city of Tarsus—birthplace of Paul.

The spectator passed through the halls of the Hathor Temple of Denderah. He also saw the Temple of Isis on the Island of Elephantine. He passed through all the oracles of antiquity, and was unable to find true philosophy. He stopped and looked at the Temple of Amun in the fertile oasis of Siwah, in the Libyan desert.

The writer looked back into dark prehistoric history, and tried to get a murmur and whisper of ancient Ethiopia, but the impenetrable obscurity of a remote antiquity keeps it a secret.

The spectator passed through the ruins of splendid monuments, obelisks, sphinxes, colossal statues, rock-cut temples, etc. He looked upon the Temple of Ipsambul. He strolled through the Tigris-Euphrates valley. He heard the many voices around the Tower of Babel. He again looked in wonder at the rock inscription of Behistun, Persia.

The writer saw the gold, silver and precious stones that were in the ancient cities of Khorsabad, Mosul, Nimrud and Asshur. These cities were the pride of Assyria.

The author studied philosophy in the palaces of Nineveh. He talked with the great man of his day, Tiglath-Pileser. He was acquainted with Shalmaneser II. He saw the black obelisk of Shalmaneser. He carries you to the period of Sargon, of Assyria. This king built the most beautiful palace of that day.

The author sat at the feet of Zoroaster, and listened to his philosophy and teaching that were for the good of man at that time. The great Iranic religion—the faith of the Bactrians and of the Medes and Persians for many centuries—was founded by the ancient Bactrian sage and prophet, Zoroaster, or Zarathustra; and its sacred book was the Zend-Avesta.

The spectator saw the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon and sat in the evening time, among its flowers, vines and trees and listened to the music from the harps of Oriental melody. Nebuchadnezzar was there, at the head of a most magnificent court; surrounded with princes, governors, captains, judges, treasurers, councillors and sheriffs; waited upon by carefully chosen eunuchs; well favored and educated with care; attended, at his desire, by a host of astrologers and other wise men. He saw Daniel before the mighty king.

The writer saw the famous and most powerful nation of Asia Minor—Lydia. The capital was Sardis, advantageously situated at the foot of Mount Tmolus. The rich Crœsus—he illustrated the uncertainty of earthly prosperity and the vicissitudes of human life. Solon knew more than Crœsus, and he told him so.

The spectator looked upon the towering cedars of Lebanon, in Phœnicia. He saw King Solomon's Temple, built at the expense of the world. He saw the cities of Tyre and Sidon, and saw their ruins covered with sand. Hiram of Tyre was there, and he was the friend of David and Solomon. He was greatly impressed with the mighty commerce of ancient times.

The author drank from the cool waters in the public gardens in Damascus, the mighty city of Syria. In this city was to be seen the finest steel ever made by man. Its refinement has been handed down to this generation, and is an expression to be found in many books of literature. The cities of Syria were known all over the world for culture. There was to be seen in Palmyra, the triumphal arch. Some ancient writers say that the city of Damascus was the original seat of paradise. The city of Antioch with all of its philosophy had its weight in the affairs of the world. Venus was worshiped in the famous grove of Daphne, near Antioch. The author saw the Temple of Hieropolis: also the Temple of the Sun: also walked through the ancient cities of this empire. Tadmor, in the desert, attracted his attention: also the granite monolith.

The author watched the rise and fall of the Hebrews. He read the laws of Moses, and got his true conception of the principles of life from the words of Christ.

The writer saw the mighty city of Carthage, for a long time mistress of the Mediterranean. He saw the Temple of Saturn, where the brazen image of the god stood with outstretched hands to receive the bodies of children offered to it. He saw the Romans completely destroy Carthage. Thus perished the mighty commercial republic of ancient Africa. Hannibal made Carthage famous. He was one of the worthiest as well as one of the most talented characters of his time, and was the greatest man of military genius that the world has ever brought forth. He crossed the Alps and shook the very foundation of Rome. In battle he lost an eye, but that never stopped him in his march. It was Scipio the Roman general that stopped Hannibal's progress. Hannibal committed suicide.

The author witnessed the forming of the mighty Medo-Persian Empire. He walked the ancient streets of the capital of Pasargadae, where lies the tomb of Cyrus the Great, who ditched a river to go under the walls of Babylon. He talked with the people in the streets of Persepolis and Carmana. In the old cities of Armuza, Gabae and Uxia, now covered in dust, could be heard the ancient philosophies being taught around their temples. The beautiful mountain scenery of Zagros was before his eyes. The author knew about the writing of Diodorus, Arrian, Strabo and Quintus Curtius. King Darius stamped his character in the affairs of the ancient world.

He was a spectator at the bloody battle of Issus.

He studied the ancient records of the Sanskritic Hindoos. He followed them through their religion, "Brahmanism." He saw them cross the Himalaya Mountains and disturb the eagles on Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. He read fragments from the Vedas.

In those days the commerce up and down the Ganges River attracted the attention of the Old World. Down through those rich valleys could be found all varieties of horticulture. The author looked at the rock-hewn temples and grottoes, the most renowned of which are those found at Ellora, in the middle of Lower India, at Salsette, near Bombay, and on the Island of Elephanta, in the Bay of Bombay. He read the story of creation by Brahma. He listened to the philosophy of the sovereign head of Buddhist religion in Thibet. He reasoned with the Grand Lama.

"Buddhism is a system of rationalism. It appeals to man's reason. It proposes to save man by knowledge, from a present hell, and not a future one. Buddhism is also humane in spirit, and therein lay the cause of its wonderful success. Buddhism affords women better treatment than any other Oriental religion. Buddhism is a system wherein the doctrine of individual freedom is asserted. Brahmanism considers the body as the soul's enemy; Buddhism accepts the laws of nature and is a religion of humanity as well as devotion. Buddhism was a protest of nature against spirit, of humanity against caste, of personal freedom against priestly despotism, of salvation by faith against salvation by sacraments."

The author drank the tea from the tea shrub that grows wild in China. The author saw the silk worm, that attracted the attention of the world. He saw these little almost-human factories struggling to finance an enormous nation. The author was bewildered at the antiquity of the Chinese Empire. Long before Egypt was ever known, China was ancient. China was ancient before the Pyramids. The author walked the length of the Chinese wall, which is the most stupendous work of defense ever erected by human hands. It is the most ancient monument of human labor still remaining.

The compiler read the books edited by Confucius: Yih-King, the Shoo-King, the She-King and the Le-Ke, embracing all of ancient Chinese literature as it has been transmitted to posterity. The author felt the great moral influence of this great law-giver. The author read fragments from other religions of China, Lao-Tse and Tao-Ism.

There was more education for the author when he read the early legends and traditions of ancient Greece. The statue of Hercules was before his eyes. He saw the victorious Greeks returning from Troy. He saw the Laocoön group struggling with the monster snakes. He marveled at the cleverness of the wooden horse of Troy, and was interested in the capture of the goddess of the toilet, "Helen of Troy." He watched the mighty heroes of the Trojan War—Menelaus, Paris, Diomedes, Odisseus, Nestor, Achilles and Agamemnon. He heard Ulysses relating his wanderings to Penelope. He listened to the teachings of Homer. Grecian mythology and religion interested the author. Jupiter was the thought of the brain. Mercury, Minerva, Diana, Hermes and Venus of Milo, all had their virtues. Pluto carried off Proserpine. He walked through the halls of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and there was the statue of Pallas-Athene in the Parthenon. He heard the stories of Niobe and Bacchus. The smoke was rising from the altar on the Acropolis of Pergamon.

He lived all the thrills of the Olympian games, and heard heavy breathing from the nostrils of the fleetest of horses in the chariot races, and saw the mighty populace with spell-bound attention on the hero of the day. He saw human endurance reach its limit in the Olympian foot-race.

He saw Sparta under the laws of Lycurgus: also Athens under the laws of Solon. He was greatly impressed with the early Greek poetry and philosophy. Homer, the father of poetry, was there; Hesiod, the great epic poet; Tyrtæus, the lyric poet; Sappho, the celebrated lyric poetess; Thespis, the dramatic poet, all had their influence on the author.

The writer was a student under Pythagoras, the greatest of the early Grecian philosophers. He sat at the feet of Thales of Miletus; Chilo, Bias and other great philosophers. The author was a spectator in the theatre of Dionysius at Athens. He was influenced by the eloquence and sound wisdom of Pericles. Thucydides and Alcibiades played their part. He saw Athens prostrate before the genius of Alcibiades. He saw the supremacies of Sparta and Thebes. He knew the worth of Socrates, and saw his character in Xenophon, the historian. He was there when Xenophon brought back the 10,000 Greeks. He saw Conon save Athens. He counciled with Epaminondas and Jason. He stood on that sacred ground at Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his heroic band of three hundred Spartans stopped the gigantic drive of Xerxes. Look yonder at Philip, King of Macedon. Listen to Demosthenes fighting the usurper. Listen to Herodotus reading history to the masses. Look yonder at Aristotle teaching Alexander the Great the philosophy of his time. Look over there at Alexander the Great, at Granicus, at Issus; look at the defeat of Porus, when elephants fought in the front line of battle. Alexander the Great conquered the world, but could not conquer himself. Alexander died a young man, a premature death from the effects of his dissolute and intemperate habits.

The spectator passed down through the Syrian Empire of the Seleucidae, and strolled among the scenes in the region of Decapolis.

Egypt under the Ptolemies had her part in the affairs of the Old World. There was Ptolemy, who adorned Alexandria with numerous costly and magnificent edifices, such as the royal palace, the museum, the great lighthouse on the Island of Pharos, built of white marble, four hundred feet high, the light at the top of which could be seen at a distance of forty miles. The founder of the great library at Alexandria was Ptolemy II Philadelphus.

Cleopatra was there with her voluptuous beauty. Cleopatra ran through the life of Mark Antony like a poem. They had two children. Julius Cæsar also met the amorous Queen of Egypt, and they had one child.

He received a little more education from the science and literature of Greece. Shakespeare knew its value, for it was there where he found his workshop. No wonder that Shakespeare's brain touched "all the shores of thought."

Look yonder at Ancient Italy in all her glory. Listen to the voice of Mount Etna. The flight of Æneas from Troy is before your eyes. The Capitoline wolf is nursing the first kings of Italy. The rape of the Sabine women stands out on the horizon. Look yonder at the Vestal Virgins. They have their place in history. The Temple of Neptune, Paestum, was a great piece of architectural wonder; the death of Virginia had its moral effect; the author saw Senator Papirius and the Gaul; Rome plundered by the Gauls; Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf; Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, the greatest general of his time, and one of the greatest of ancient times, was seen on the battlefield conquering the Romans; also see yonder the battle of Mylæ. The voice of Cato could be heard crying out in the Senate, "Carthage must be destroyed." The works of philosophy and orations of Cato need no introduction. Rome became the mistress of the civilized world. The author saw the bloodshed of her civil wars and the fall of the republic. He saw Marius meditating among the ruins of Carthage. He saw Sulla master of Rome. Pompey's influence was felt, and Crassus, the richest man in Rome, became a member of the first triumvirate. Listen to Cicero upholding the virtues of Italy, and exposing her corruption. Catiline's troubles were before the Senate.

It was Julius Cæsar who built that mighty empire. After having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, he comes back home and is miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends. "Cæsar was essentially a practical man, not a theorist, and usually succeeded in finding the best and most suitable measures in conducting his operations." Gaul fell prostrate before his genius. Cæsar was the real friend of the Roman masses, and the champion of Roman freedom. He crossed the Rubicon, and said, "Let the die be cast." Cæsar went to the grave of Alexander the Great, and understood the uncertainty of glory, fame and ambition. Cæsar refused the crown. Cæsar fell down at the base of Pompey's statue, murdered by his so-called friend, Brutus. Mark Antony was there with all his eloquence. The assassin's hand found the heart of Cicero. Brutus committed suicide. The poet, Virgil, had a remarkable command of language. He was the most distinguished epic, didactic and pastoral poet of ancient Rome. The author sat in the Circus Maximus, among 200,000 people, and caught the spirit of the time. There was the Forum. He watched the construction of the Colosseum. He watched the chariot race, gladitorial combat and bull fights. He saw Rome a city of 2,000,000 people.

He received some more of his education as he walked the streets of Rome, "and beheld every phase of character and every grade and condition of life mixing and mingling together in that great mart of ancient civilization. He saw youth and beauty chasing the rainbows and butterflies of pleasure, and old age shambling along, bent under the crushing weight of years. He saw exultant hope peer over the shoulder of despair, and radiant joy pass and touch the black veil of sorrow."

He saw the slaves waiting upon the wealthy, and the captured hosts, representing many races, religions and philosophies. Every Roman of rank had a library. He saw the gladiators on their way hunting competition. He saw the anarchist, thirsty for human blood. He saw the Phœnician merchant. He saw the Arabian crowd against the Ethiopian. He saw the "Christian brush the infidel, and the Gentile elbow the Jew." He stood in vast and motley throngs and heard the babble of many ancient expressions. The author walked away and said to himself, "We know nothing."

The writer saw "eager thrift and impatient competition flit by like wing-footed Mercuries, and close at their heels sharp-faced and lynx-eyed avarice rushed on in hot pursuit of the gilded god of Mammon." He saw "enterprise seizing opportunity by the forelock, and success throwing back mock kisses at the pouting lips of disappointment. He saw pride and vanity flash their jewels and flaunt their silken skirts in the tear-stained face of humanity." He saw "ambition battling for power, greed struggling for wealth, and poverty begging for bread." The author heard "the rumbling of heavy wheels and the clatter of countless hoofs on the stony streets." He heard the "footfalls of the moving throngs, and the murmur of multitudinous voices like the eternal roar of ocean waves breaking on rockbound shores."

He saw every "extreme of society and every striking contrast of virtue and vice, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, of wealth and rags, of glory and shame." Then these pictures passed like phantoms before him. He looks again and sees the prodigious city of all time in ruins. Here comes along Augustus Cæsar, and he gives the Romans better laws. But Nero was the open cesspool of rottenness; murdered his faithful minister; had his mother murdered, and killed his second wife, Poppæa, by kicking her in the side. Nero committed suicide.

What are those people talking about in the street of Cornelius Rufus? What does that dark smoke mean in the distance? Is Vesuvius angry?

> "There is a blackness on the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountains. Hark! a roar! a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean! it boils above the wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs."

The author witnessed the enthusiasm that built Trajan's Arch, Benevento, Italy. He gazed with delight upon the column of Trajan, and the mausoleum of Adrian at Rome; he was well acquainted with the designs. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher and emperor, wrote a work on moral philosophy called *Meditations,* containing the best rules for a virtuous life, and yet he was untrue to his own marriage vows.

The author walked through the solemn Catacombs of Calixtus at Rome, and philosophized upon man. The words of George D. Prentice flashed through his mind:

"Revolutions sweep o'er earth, like troubled visions,
O'er the breast of dreaming sorrow, cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water. Fiery Isles spring, blazing, from the ocean,
And go back to their mysterious caverns. New empires rise,
And gathering strength from the hoary centuries, rush down like
The Alpine avalanche, startling the nations. Mountains rear to Heaven
Their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow their tall heads to the plain.

And the very stars—yon bright and burning blazonry of God!—
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths, and, like the Pleiades,
Loveliest of their train, shoot from their glorious spheres and pass
Away, to darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time, Time—the tomb builder,
Holds his fierce career. Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pausing not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path, to sit and muse,
Like other conquerors, upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought!"

Look at that giant, Commodus, Emperor of Rome, kill an elephant and one hundred lions with his own hands! What was the condition of his brain? That cold-blooded murderer cut a man in two for the purpose of amusing himself by seeing his entrails fall on the ground. He was a licentious and avaricious tyrant. Commodus was strangled to death by a public wrestler. The author listened to the philosophy of Seneca, and was charmed by the eloquence of Pliny. He was a student under the historian Tacitus. Why so much corruption from the Prætorian Guard? They sell the emperor's chair for $15,000,000 to the reprobate Julianus. He held the position three months, and then the cutthroat was beheaded by the public executioner.

Here comes the triumph of Christianity. There are the terrible Huns on the Danube. See how they take the city of Rome! Constantine the Great becomes a friend to the Christians, and then turns around and murders his wife and son.

The author went through that terrible period of history, the Dark Ages. He was greatly impressed with the Cathedral of S. Apollinare Nuova, Ravenna. He was there when Clovis recoverd the sacred vase. He was well informed on the Franks in Gaul. He saw that great race of Angles and Saxons in Britain. He heard the bells tolling in York Minster. Those bells had the sound of crying humanity—crying for democracy. Those bells throbbed in unison with the great ebb and flow of the average man. Those bells were ringing for a better day. The author listened to the wisdom of "Venerable Bede." And in that period of the world's history parents sold their children.

While the Western Roman Empire was falling to pieces, the Eastern Roman Empire at Constantinople was taking its place among the mighty nations. The author saw the tremendous campaigns of Belisarius, the greatest general of his time, and one of the ablest of any age. This general rose from a peasant to a genius. Justinian drew up his compilation of the Roman laws, known as the Civil Law. This was one of the great undertakings of the age. And today they have a weight in the world. The *Civil Law* has ever since formed the basis of legislation in all the European countries except England. This famous code is highly respected in England and the United States, and is frequently quoted in the courts of both of these English-speaking nations. Justinian's reign is also celebrated for the introduction of silk manufacture into Europe.

The author saw the new Persian Empire of the Sassanidæ. He was acquainted with King Artaxerxes. The king's counselors were around his throne. The Magi were explaining the mysteries of the future. Sapor's military genius was well established. The author listened to the wisdom of Khosrou Nushirvan. He was greatly amused at Khosrou Parviz, who had it on King Solomon; he only had 12,000 concubines and wives.

We now see before our eyes the palace at Canzaca, "which had a domed edifice, the ceiling of which was ornamented with representations of the sun, moon and stars, while below was an image of the king, seated, and attended by messengers bearing wands of office. Machinery was attached, by which rain and thunder could be imitated. The Orientals say that the palace was supported on forty thousand columns of silver, adorned by thirty thousand rich hangings upon the walls, and also ornamented by a thousand globes suspended from the roof. Among other treasures of Koshrou Parvis, Tabari mentions a throne of gold, called *Takdis,* supported on feet which were rubies, a napkin which would not burn, and a crown embellished with a thousand pearls, each as large as an egg."

The writer saw Islam's rise and the Saracen Empire. There were the enormous crowds at the Kaaba in Mecca. There was the great shepherd, philosopher, Mohammed. "Mohammedanism was a powerful religious movement founded on the sincerest convictions, but gradually turned aside, and used for ambitious objects and temporal triumphs. Mohammed himself led the way in thus diverting his religion from divine objects to purely human ones. He is perhaps the greatest illustration of the vast multitude of noble souls who have sought high ends by low means." The literary world received a great blow when the Alexandrian Library was burned. Seven hundred thousand manuscripts and scrolls perished, and the writings of antiquity were a thing of the past. Amru wrote to Omar, asking how he should dispose of the great library. The Khalif replied thus: "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and should be destroyed." Accordingly that great store of ancient learning was sacrificed to the bigotry and fanaticism of an ignorant barbarian monarch. The Saracen conquest of Egypt set that nation back hundreds of years. Look at the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes being torn down by the barbarians. Cordova rises on the horizon of history, the capital of the Saracen kingdom in Spain. The gardens of Alcazar at Segovia attracted the attention of many. Abderrahman III was a great man in this period of history. Egypt flourished under the Fatimites. The Western Roman Empire was restored. Charlemagne crossed the Alps. His coronation was at St. Peter's, Rome. The Northmen and their religion could be seen coming in the distance. The author read the ancient Scandinavian poems and books of philosophy. The poems of the Edda relate the Scandinavian mythology.

More history was made by other nations, such as Duchy of Normandy, and the Danes and Normans in England. Oh, what a character the Great Alfred was! Here comes along another nation, the Germano-Roman Empire. See how Otho I the Great rules Germany.

William the Conqueror won the battle of Hastings. William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster Abbey. Harold fell on the battlefield with an arrow in his eye, and Edith was there weeping at his side. There was Henry III of Germany and Pope Sylvester III, in their troubles. Pope Hildebrand, the greatest of all popes, stamped his character upon the age.

The compiler wandered all over the world. He passed through the empire of the Seljuk Turks. He saw Togrul quickly subdue all Persia. Malek Shah rose like a mighty meteor. Persia was made better by his ruling, and he taught many great virtues to his people. Tranquillity was manifested everywhere. The author saw the victorious Allah enter Ghizni, and put to death the captives, their blood being used to wet the mortar for repairing the walls of that city. Then Persia and the Ghiznivide Empire pass from the spotlights of civilization. The author saw the beautiful hills and many-colored clouds around the little town of Brescia, Italy.

The writer has traveled and mused in many periods of the world's history. He has been at Athens; he has been in the haunts of philosophers; he has studied Greece and made out India. Democritus has made him dream on matter, and Anaximander on space. He has frequented the two mysterious schools on the Euphrates—Neharda and Pombeditha; and he met there the Jewish doctors. "He spelt the papyri of Sepphoris, which, at his time, was not yet transformed into Diocaesarea." "He lived with the pearl-fishers of the Isle of Tylos."

The author went through many ancient nations. "He visited the people who charm serpents and suck poisonous sores—the Psylli; drank of the torrent Bosor, which marks the frontier of Arabia Deserta; then touched and handled the bronze *carcan* of Andromeda, still sealed to the rock of Joppa; Belbec in Syria; Apamea, on the Orontes, where Nicanor nourished his elephants; the harbor of Eziongeber, where the vessels of Ophir, laden with gold, stopped; Segher, which produced white incense, preferred to that of Hadramauth; the two Syrtes, the mountain of Emerald Smaragdus; the Nasamones, who pillaged the shipwrecked; the black nation, Agysimba; Adribe, the town of crocodiles; Cynopolis, town of aloes; the wonderful cities of Comagena, Claudia, and Barsalium; perhaps even Tadmor, the town of Solomon." The author experienced all stages through a lifetime of reading. "He has questioned the vague specters of Byblos; he has conversed with the severed tree of Chyteron, who is Juno-Thespia. He has spoken in the reeds to Oannes, the man-fish of Chaldæa, who had two heads—at the top the head of a man, below the head of a hydra, and who, drinking chaos by his lower orifice, re-vomited it on the earth by his upper lip; in knowledge awful." "He has embarked successively on all the pinnacles—on the galley of Trevirium for Sanastrea in Macedonia; on the trireme of Carystus for Metapon in Greece; on the skiff of Cyllenus for the island of Samothrace; on the sandal of Samothrace for Naxos, where is Bacchus; on the *ceroscaph* of Naxos for Syria; on the vessel of Syria for Egypt, and on the ship of the Red Sea for India."

The author has picked up many wonderful stories during his voyages through literature. "He has seen in Madagascar birds' feathers, three of which sufficed to make a roof of a house. He has seen in India field sorrel, with stalks nine inches high. In New Holland, he has seen troops of turkeys and geese led about and guarded by a bird, like a flock by a shepherd's dog; this bird was called the Agami. He has visited elephants' cemeteries. In Africa, he has encountered gorillas, a formidable species of man-tiger, seven feet high. He knew the ways of all the ape tribe, from the wild dog-faced monkey, which he called the *Macaco-bravo,* to the howling monkey or *Macaco-barbado.* In Chile he has seen a guenon excite the compassion of the huntsman by showing its little one. He has seen in California the hollow trunk of a prostrate tree, so huge that a man on horseback could ride one hundred and fifty yards inside. In Morocco, he has seen the Mozabites and the Bisskris fighting with matraks and bars of iron—the Bisskris, because they had been called *kelbs,* which means dogs; and the Mozabites, because they had been treated as *khamsi,* which means people of the fifth sect. He has seen in China the pirate Chanth-thong-quanlarh-Quoi cut to pieces for having assassinated the Ap of a village. At Thu-dan-mot he has seen a lion carry off an old woman in the open market-place. The author was present at the arrival of the Great Serpent brought from Canton to Saigon to celebrate the fête of Quan-nam, the goddess of navigators, in the pagoda of Cho-len. The author beheld the great Quan-Su among the Moi. In Rio de Janeiro he has seen Brazilian ladies in the evening put little gauze bags in their hair, each containing a beautiful kind of firefly, the whole forming a headdress of twinkling stars. He has fought in Uruguay with swarms of enormous ants, and in Paraguay with spiders, big and downy as an infant's head, that can encompass a diameter of a third of a yard with their long legs, and attack men by pricking them with their bristles, which penetrate the skin like arrows, and raise painful blisters. On the river Arinos, a tributary of the Tocantins, in the virgin forests to the north of Diamantina, he has determined the existence of the horrible bat people, the Murcilagos, or men who are born with white hair and red eyes, who live in the shady solitudes of the woods, sleep by day and fish and hunt in the dark, seeing better then than by the light of the moon."

The compiler passed through the lost cities of all ages. He saw the ashes, famines, earthquakes, wars and decays that caused cities to be no more. He saw Time—Time—the Tomb Builder—going through all of the Tomorrows to come.

"Time, like death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundation of greatness and grandeur; nor less hath he desolated the gardens of Oriental genius. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins; their philosophers are dumb in death; the Academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth! Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen and poets mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur! Go to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas, that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame, and the echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of Æolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet without a struggle. It was the last expiring struggle of a brave and illustrious race, and her fall was like that of the Colossus of Rhodes—she was recognized alone by the fragments of her renown. When the conquering arm of Rome spread the imperial banner above her walls, her literature and learning survived the fall; but when the second time she fell beneath the Tartar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was extinguished in Byzantium's tomb."

"Mournful to the mind of man are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a subjugated world? She lies low, but still mighty, in the dust. Methinks I am seated amid the melancholy ruins of Rome. Around me are strewed the crumbling fragments of other ages, and before me are the tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, and the shrine of Apollo and the Muses? They are mingling with the wrecks of other times. And where is the great Roman Forum, in which the thunders of Cicero's eloquence once struck terror to tyrants? There the shepherd boy roams, and the fleecy flocks now feed. There, where the tribunal and the rostrum, the comitium and the cura once stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank grass waves in the night breeze. Those walls are now silent where the tongue of Tully once thundered and the applause of listening senators reverberated. And where is that stupendous pile, the Colosseum, which stood in ancient days like a mountain of marble, and where the strong-armed gladiator bled and the untamed tigers of the forest died? Behold, it stands tottering in decay, but the thousands of spectators have departed, and the thunders of applause have died in echoes along the ruined arches. The red sun goes down and sheds its last ray upon its gray battlements, and the mellow moonbeam glimmers through the ivy-crowned walls and gloomy galleries. The footsteps of the solitary traveler now echo alone where the mighty Cæsars once applauded and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this all? Alas, Rome is eloquent in ruins—the city of the seven hills is strewed with the fragments of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of Trajan, Nerva and Domitian—a few pillars of Parian marble alone remain to tell the world that they once have been. Go and gaze on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars—descend into the catacombs, and ruminate amid the bleaching bones of the early Christians, persecuted by the demon of superstition even to death. Go climb the lofty towers of Rome, and survey the melancholy mementos of other times and other men. And was this the mighty Rome that once stood against the legions of Carthage, led on by the victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though fallen. And where is Carthage? Buried in the vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the immortal Cicero, Horace and Virgil revisit the earth and stray through those scenes which they have immortalized in song and eloquence, how they would be struck with the mutability of all human grandeur!"

"O Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! The wonders of the world have fallen before thee. Witness, ye walls of Babylon, covered with aerial gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian Jove! The most celebrated cities of antiquity have been buried by the irresistible waves of time. Go read an example in the fate of Syracuse, the city of Archimedes, whose single arm repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move the world if he might have foundations for his feet. That splendid city is in ruins—her philosopher sleeps in the dust; and where are his mighty engines of war? They are swept from the recollection of man. Go and read another example, in the fate of far-famed Troy. Seek there for the palaces of Priam, once illumined with the smiles of the fickle though beautiful Helen, for whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas, those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilion lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour are unknown. The mighty Hector, too, the brave antagonist of Achilles, is no more. The glory of the house of Priam hath departed forever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common mausoleum of time; and their deeds live only in the tide of Homer's song."

The author saw Arsinoe, in ancient Egypt, decay, and its history in darkness, forty centuries ago.

Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire, thirty centuries ago.

And there was Nineveh: The temple of Nebo and Merodach had their influence upon the ignorant masses. Sargon of Assyria was the builder. Saracus held his court in this city of 600,000 people. Jonah saw this city in all its glory. But twenty-six centuries ago Cyaxares and Nabopolassar blotted this city from the face of the earth, and today it is only a dream of antiquity. That ancient capital of Assyria was so thoroughly destroyed that when Xenophon, about 225 years afterward, passed over its ruins, the very name of the place was unknown to the inhabitants;

and in the time of Alexander the Great, nearly a century later, the city was forgotten; so that for over 2,000 years the very site of the renowned capital and metropolis of Assyria was unknown.

Tyre, the pride of Phœnicia, fell before Nebuchadnezzar, twenty-five centuries ago. Other ambitious kings passed over her walls. Four centuries ago, the Turks put the finishing touches to its history. David and Solomon were closely connected with the history of Tyre. Hiram was a strong king. He greatly aided in building the Temple of Solomon. The cedars of Lebanon attracted the attention of the known world to Tyre. Alexander the Great put an end to the national existence of Tyre.

Argos passed from this earth through war and decay twenty-five centuries ago. Famous Greek temples were in this city. Argos was the leading power of the Peloponnesus. She was the mother of all the Greek states. Argos was the oldest city in Greece.

Sybaris twenty-five centuries ago became notorious for its debauchery and effeminacy. The Sybarites put the Crotonian ambassadors to death. This outrage of course produced a war between Sybaris and Croton. The Crotonians defeated a far superior Sybarite army in the field, took Sybaris by storm and razed the city to the ground. An engineer of ancient reputation changed the course of the River Crathis, thereby putting the finishing touches to this ancient city of Greece. And again Time! the Tomb Builder, had the day.

Sardis, the capital of Lydia, twenty-four centuries ago was destroyed by the Greeks. Twenty centuries ago an earthquake demolished the city. Five centuries ago Tamerlane leveled its walls. Sardis was the most powerful city of Asia Minor. They were the first people who coined money. Herodotus tells part of its history in his writings. Crœsus, the King of Lydia, was renowned throughout the ancient world for his wealth, and his name became proverbial for great riches.

Mycenæ, twenty-five centuries ago, was destroyed by Argies. This city was in Greece. This city was built in the heroic age. The art of sculpture and design had considerably advanced in this ancient city. Many ancient philosophers sat in its temples.

Persepolis, the mighty city of Persia, was left in ashes twenty-three centuries ago by Alexander the Great. Mighty works of antiquity have been found in this city.

Ephesus, in Asia Minor, had God and man to contend with. The Amazons burned the city thirty-one centuries ago. Destroyed by an inundation twenty-three centuries ago, and twenty centuries ago an earthquake was of no advantage to its progress.

Babylon, with her beautiful hanging gardens and mighty kings, fell prostrate before many ambitious, blood-thirsty robbers of ancient days. She was destroyed twenty-three centuries ago. Tiglath Pileser I thirty-one centuries ago left her in a terrible condition. Cyrus the Great, twenty-five centuries ago, and Darius had their part in her destruction. Alexander the Great also took Babylon. Seleucus Nicator completed the destruction of this dazzling city of the Old World.

Saguntum, in Spain, was burned by its own citizens twenty-two centuries ago. This was accomplished just before Hannibal reached the city.

Agrigentum, in Sicily, was destroyed several times, twenty-two to twenty-four centuries ago. The Carthaginians and Romans took time about.

Corinth, Carthage, Samaria are no more. Twenty-one centuries have buried them in all their glory.

Thebes and Athens are now twenty-one centuries from us. Time laid its palled hand upon these proud cities, and they are no more.

Pompeii! "There is a blackness on the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountains. A roar, and all is over. Pompeii is a city of tombs. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wast scathed by the finger of Him alone who knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there when thy towers were tottering and ashy darkness obscured thy horizon to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the hiding of his power, and like thine ancient sisters of the plain, their judgment was sealed in fire." And today, Time points its cold and solemn finger back twenty centuries.

Jerusalem, twenty centuries ago, was prodigious in its heterogeneous mass of humanity. It was once the verb of the Old World. It had every horizon. It had a will. It was a great promontory of thought. It was the alphabet of the Orient. It had lots to do with the progress of the human race. It reflected the ideal in the mirror of life. Jerusalem was synonymous with all that was perfect in those days. It was there that the great teacher stood on the rock of principle. Jerusalem was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to truth. Jerusalem was captured by *David* thirty centuries ago. Many nations for centuries destroyed her power. Titus twenty centuries ago wrecked the city.

Byzantium, the present new city of Constantinople, has been forgotten nineteen centuries.

Delphi, seventeen centuries ago, with all of its philosophy could not save herself. War and decay played their parts.

Petra in Arabia, Memphis in Egypt, Ctesiphon in Assyria, and Susa in Persia are no more. It was thirteen centuries ago they bowed their heads to Time.

Palmyra in Syria and Alexandria in Egypt came and faded like a wreath of mist at eve. Eleven centuries ago they were the highest forms of expression.

Abydos and Baalbec in Asia Minor and Ægina on the island of Ægina, Greece, have witnessed war and decay.

And so on will it be in the future. Cities will rise and sink, like bubbles on the water, and Time will still go on.

And such shall be the fate of the Pyramids, which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the waves of time shall roll over them and bury them forever in the general mausoleum of the ages.

The author in his reading ran across such writers as Æschylus, Boccaccio, Bandello, Holinshed, Belleforest, Benoist de St. Maur, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, Robert of Wace, Peter of Langtoft, Robert Manning, John de Mandeville, and Sackville. Shakespeare was well acquainted with these authors. From his writings you can get glimpses of their philosophy.

There remain some giants that Time has not conquered: Homer, Job, Æschylus, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Lucretius, Juvenal, Tacitus, John, Paul, Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes and Shakespeare.

Æschylus is the ancient Shakespeare. The renown of Æschylus filled the world of those days. He was for Greece the autochthonic poet. Shakespeare is Æschylus.

The writer was greatly impressed with the different schools: Thespis, Susarion, Pratinas of Phlius, Epigenes of Sicyon, Theomis, Auleas, Choerilus, Phrynichus and Minos.

Plato, with Aristotle, covered the whole field of the philosophy of Greece. Plato taught for wisdom and virtue. There was no speculation in his writings. Horace and Virgil added greatly to our literature. Marcus Aurelius and Ovid, the Roman writers, left us some mighty literature.

He received some more of his education when he passed on into Mediæval civilization. The feudal sysetm and chivalry were at their highest mark. Look yonder at Warwick Castle, England; see those arrows and battle-axes flying through the air! The tournaments at Nuremberg taught a moral lesson. There in the distance is a picture of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, knighting young noblemen. The Cathedral of Cologne was a miracle of majesty and beauty. Look over there, what a beautiful garden surrounds the castle and monastery of Illock, Hungary!

The compiler read the history of the papacy, hierarchy and monachism. "Monachism proved a blessing to humanity during the dark and barbarous period of the Middle Ages. It preserved the remains of ancient civilization, afforded an asylum or place of refuge for the down-trodden and the oppressed, and diffused morality and intellectual enlightenment and softened the rude manners of those benighted times by the preaching of the gospel and by the establishment of schools for education." In the Middle Ages the University of Oxford was established in England; University of Paris, France; Bologna University, in Italy, and the Moorish University of Cordova, Spain.

The author was a student under the French philosopher, Abelard, who founded scholastic philosophy. The author listened to the theology and metaphysics of the Italian Dominican monk, Thomas Aquinas, "the angelic doctor," and Duns Scotus. The author looked into the work of the dramatic poet, Dante; the famous Odes to Laura by Petrarch; also the works of the great novelist Boccaccio, whose great work was *Decameron.* These men restored ancient civilization and literature. Roger Bacon, the English scientist and publicist, gave the world gunpowder. He was the most learned man of his day.

The author read the *Canterbury Tales* by the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer. Look at that Oxford professor, John Wycliffe, translating the Bible into English!

Michelangelo towers like a prodigious giant in his day. He lived in an age when Christian art had reached its zenith. He was unrivaled as a painter, sculptor and architect. To think of him kindles the imagination and quickens the conscience. He had a divine soul. He was the fountain of harmony. Michelangelo was as original as nature.

The French historians, Froissart and Comines, influenced their age greatly. The great German epic poem of the Nibelungen Lied; the Spanish poem of the Cid, who fell in the war against the Moors, in 1099, and the British poem of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table were the most famous productions of mediæval heroic poetry.

The mediæval architecture displayed itself mostly in magnificent cathedrals in the Gothic style, which remain as monuments of the Middle Ages.

The spectator witnessed the ignorant Crusaders on their rampages of blood and murder. They were misguided. He witnessed the battle of Dorylaeum. He saw them again storming Antioch. He saw the mighty Richard the Lion-Hearted at the battle of Ascalon. "The Crusades gave rise to a free peasantry and tended to break up the feudal system, as by their means great numbers of serfs received their freedom, and extended the power and influence of the burgher class and of the towns. The rich barons were compelled to sell their possessions for the purpose of raising money to equip troops and to transport them to the Holy Land."

"The Crusades promoted the diffusion of knowledge and the advancement of science and literature. Those who engaged in them were at first deplorably ignorant and illiterate; but when they came into contact with the Greek and Arabian civilization, they acquired a fondness for science and literature, and after returning to Europe they imparted the same spirit to their countrymen."

"The Crusades gave great encouragement to commerce, as by their means different countries were brought into communication and more intimate commercial relations with each other; and the advantage of a mutual exchange of products was soon perceived. In consequence, great progress was made in the arts of navigation and ship-building; and many flourishing cities as Venice, Pisa and Genoa acquired immense wealth and attained to vast commercial importance." Why was it necessary for such a thing to happen in the history of the world, like the Children's Crusade? The author inspected closely and marveled at the powerful walls of the Knight Templar Castle Kragin, in the Holy

Land. Look over yonder a little farther, and you can see that beautiful city of Rhodes, jutting out into the water in all directions.

Look yonder coming across the stage, the rise of modern nations and the German Empire having their struggle with the church. On the stage you can see the battle of Bouvines. What are those words I hear? O! they are the dying words of Emperor Frederick II. The Swiss mountaineers are driven to desperation. Willian Tell is piercing the apple with the arrow. We can hear the faint cry of the great hero, Duke Leopold, as he rushes upon the bristling lances of the Austrian and German chivalry—listen, "Make way for liberty!" In the Council of Constance stands John Huss, boldly raising his voice for true principles, but the Bohemian religious reformer was burned at the stake.

Feudal France comes across the stage. What actress is that playing her part at the age of seventeen? Attention! The curtain rises, and a poor peasant girl of Domremy, in Lorraine, bows to the audience. The maiden, Joan of Arc, with the banner of righteousness in her hand saved the good name of France and won the battle of Orleans. The maiden led the King of France back to Rheims, a new man. The Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake, by the sentence of the Roman Catholic Church, at the demand of the English.

Feudal England had many a bad actor who used as his stage Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. You can hear the voice of the average people crying out for liberty! The Magna Charta helped matters a little. It made the people feel like better days were ahead of them. John Wycliffe and his church at Lutterworth had their hardships. Look at that bloody War of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster! Was anybody bettered by that selfish ambitious struggle?

The spectator passed on down through the Italian states. He stopped and admired St. Mark's Venice. Marco Polo is telling his stories of the magnificence of the Chinese Empire. In Venice can be seen Palazzo Dario. These buildings rising up out of the water have their charm. In Pisa you see the Leaning Tower, defying the laws of gravitation. The author stood on the shore of the Bay of Naples and looked down into the mirror-like water, and in the distance could be seen the volcano and other ancient landmarks.

Spain and Portugal attracted the author greatly. He saw the old ruins of the capital of Cordova; Giralda of Seville; the Castle Belem, Portugal, and Puerto Del Sol. The Moors and Spaniards were having their contest of murder. At the battle of Granada the Spaniards put an end to the Moorish kingdom. Granada was the old capital of the Moors.

Some more actors come on the stage. The Kingdom of Scotland rises, and the Scandinavian kingdoms mix their blood with other nations. Russia gains strength like a mighty monster. Poland has her troubles. The old Roman Eastern Empire is crumbling to the ground under the power of Sultan Mohammed II. The sultan makes Constantinople the capital of the Ottoman Empire, and converts the Church of St. Sophia into a Mohammedan mosque.

Behold the murder and rape of the Zingis Khan's Tartar Empire! Temujin was a mighty character, but tarnished his victories with great cruelty. In 1342 a terrible famine struck China and carried away 13,000,000 lives. There is more bloodshed, more crime and rape in the Tamerlane's Tartar Empire. Tamerlane embraces Islam and forces his religion upon the people. In this period of history rose the Ottoman Turkish Empire. Amurath II ascended the Ottoman Turkish throne, and became one of the most famous of Turkish sovereigns. The most beautiful building in Constantinople was the Mosque of St. Sophia.

The author saw the dawn of the modern era. This was the age of the printing press. "Human thought discovered a means of perpetuation, not only more durable and more resisting than architecture, but also simpler and easier. Architecture was dethroned. To the stone letters of Orpheus succeeded the leaden letters of Gutenberg. The invention of printing was the greatest event in history. It was the primal revolution. It was the renewed and renovated form of expression of humanity; it is human thought laying off one form and assuming another; it is the entire and final changing of the skin of that symbolic serpent which ever since Adam has represented intellect."

"Under the form of printing, thought is more imperishable than ever; it is volatile, intangible, indestructible. It is mingled with the air. In the day of architecture it became a mountain, and took armed possession of a century and a place. Now it becomes a flock of birds, is scattered to the four winds, and occupies at once all points of the horizon and all space. It has passed from duration to immortality."

Gunpowder was invented in the modern era; Portuguese discovered the sea passage to India; America was discovered; Columbus is standing before the Council of Salamanca, and the bloody Ferdinand Cortez murders the Indians in Mexico. Look at that terrible slaughter going on at Cholula. The great Montezuma lost his power. You can see in the distance the conquest of Peru. Look back over towards Germany, and you can hear Martin Luther crying out, "I will go to Worms if there be as many devils as tiles on the roofs of the houses." The world will never forget that religious war in Germany. The works of Calvin, Wesley, Bunyan and Fletcher were read by the author. That old reprobate, Henry VIII, had six wives. He divorced two of his wives; one died a natural death; one outlived him, but the other two, he cut their heads off. Henry VIII also cut off the head of Thomas Moore. Cardinal Wolsey was another character of note. Queen Elizabeth had Mary beheaded. The English sweep the Spanish Armada off the seas. Drake, the sea fighter, and Sir Walter Raleigh helped to make history in their unique way. This was the age of Francis Bacon, the English lawyer, statesman and philosopher.

The curtain is now rising on the stage. What do we see? There he comes! Who? Shakespeare! Look at that blaze of light flashing from all points at once and illuminating all questions! He reaches as far as history. He speaks a universal language. He is the open mouth of the human mind. His heart pulsates with the great heart of humanity. His ideas flash out like meteors. Shakespeare is the verb of literature. Shakespeare carries the book of natural law in his soul. Shakespeare was the student of Æschylus. This book would be incomplete if Æschylus had not his separate place in it. For it was from this great philosopher that Shakespeare received many of his mightiest lessons.

"There is something ghastly in Æschylus from one end to the other; there is a vague outline of an extraordinary Medusa behind the figures in the foreground. Æschylus is magnificent and powerful—as though you saw him knitting his brows beyond the sun. He has two Cains—Eteocles and Polynices; Genesis has but one. His swarm of sea monsters come and go in the dark sky, as a flock of driven birds. Æschylus has none of the known proportions. He is rough, abrupt, immoderate, incapable of smoothing the way, almost ferocious, with a grace of his own which resembles the flowers in wild places, less haunted by nymphs than by the Eumenides, of the faction of the Titans; among goddesses choosing the somber ones, and smiling darkly at the Gorgons; a son of the earth like Othryx and Briareus, and ready to attempt again the scaling of heaven against that *parvenu* Jupiter.

Æschylus is ancient mystery made man—something like a pagan prophet. His work, if we had it all, would be a kind of Greek Bible. Poet hundred-handed, having an Orestes more fatal than Ulysses and a Thebes grander than Troy, hard as a rock, raging like the foam, full of steeps, torrents and precipices, and such a giant that at times you might suppose that he becomes a mountain. Coming later than the *Iliad,* he has the appearance of an elder son of Homer."

So we might go further, and say that Shakespeare is partly Æschylus. "Shakespeare lives. In Shakespeare the birds sing, the bushes become verdant, the hearts love, the souls suffer, the cloud wanders, it is hot, it is cold, night falls, time passes, forests and crowds speak, the vast eternal dream hovers about. The sap and the blood, all forms of the fact multiple, the actions and the ideas, man and humanity, the living and the life, the solitudes, the cities, the religions, the diamonds and pearls, the dunghills and the charnel-houses, the ebb and flow of beings, the steps of the comers and goers—all, all are on Shakespeare and in Shakespeare; and this genius being the earth, the dead emerge from it." Shakespeare is that fifth dimension—Time.

Shakespeare is an all-changing word. He was anointed deputy of heaven. He was meteor, prodigy, signs, and understood the tongues of heaven. He could give audience to any tongue, speak it of what it might. He is a perpetual thought. In rage he was deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. He was in touch with the tongueless caverns of the earth. He had twofold vigor. He had eagle-winged pride. He always went forth to purchase honor.

Shakespeare had a volume of farewells. His ear was quick to hear of good towards man. His title was in his brain. The task he undertook was numbering the sands and drinking oceans dry. Base men by his endowments are made great. His word was sterling. He was a silver fountain. Shakespeare is the theme of honor's tongue. And anything he undertook was secure as sleep. He was as smooth as oil and soft as young down in his way of description. He was the king of smiles. He walked invisibly. His love was infinite. He was sun-like majesty. He was a perpetual triumph and an everlasting bonfire light. You could always find him tractable to any honest reason. He is always at ease among golden multitudes, and he steps man a little higher than his vow. On his brow is justice. His mind was ahead of unborn times. He moved in an obedient orb.

> "He gave you all the duties of a man;
> Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
> Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
> Making you ever better than his praise."

We are only his shadow. He is quicksilver. The weight of a hair will turn the scales of his avoirdupois. He was a globe of continents. He could knit his powers to the arm of peace. He had a whole school of tongues. He was the world's whole strength in one brain. He was a cloud of dignity. He walked the way of nature. He stretched his mind beyond the hour of death. When he speaks, the air, a chartered libertine, is still. His consideration was like an angel. His mind was as clear as is the summer's sun. His treasuries were sumless. He was rich with praise as is the ooze and bottom of the sea. He was frank and uncurbed plainness. He was greater than a king and showed his sail of greatness.

Shakespeare carried the key of all counsels. He was as still as dead midnight. He was a theme as fluent as the sea, and turns the sands into eloquent tongues. He was the wonder of nature. He had unmatchable courage. Humanity plucks comfort from his looks. He is as full of valor as of kindness.

Shakespeare was heaven's breath. He was broad and general as the casing air. He speaks frankly as the wind. Shakespeare's large spaces cannot parallel. He is as true as truth's simplicity. His logic lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint. He is a plague of opinions. He saw infants empty of all thought. Shakespeare has as many farewells as be stars in heaven. He cares not, he'll obey conditions. He disdains the shadow. Prosperity was his page. He was as patient as the midnight sleep. He throws without distinction. He is ambitious past all thinking. He is a strange alteration. Some of his characters are as chaste as the icicle. He is like a great sea mark, standing every flaw. He heard accents yet unknown, and saw into states unborn. He could outstare the lightning. He is as water in water. A rarer spirit never did steer humanity. At times he was frozen conscience and hot-burning will. Some of his characters had a helpless smoke of words. Others had untuned tongues. In Shakespeare's words all art of beauty is set. He gave grace a double majesty. Humanity is mortgaged to his will.

Shakespeare painted humanity, even to the utmost syllable of its worthiness. He is the sum of *all*. He had power over all graces. He had a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue was the clapper; for what his heart thought his tongue spoke. A chaste woman to him was as chaste as is the bud ere it be blown. His style was so high that no man living shall come over it. Shakespeare was like patience on a monument. His words are never overworn. He caught the music from the spheres. He saw women with a chaste eye.

Shakespeare is the top of judgment. Mercy breathes within his lips. He is perpetual durance, and perpetual honor. In speaking of a woman's eyes, he says:

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were foresworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn."

Shakespeare's integrity stands without blemish. Listen again to his power of description, when he says, "What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?"

The rope of Shakespeare's destiny is humanity's cable. His life is our precedent. He made the clouds open and show riches. Listen again to his imagination: "I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded." I can see him now as he cuts the clouds with his wit. He gave me a staff of honor for my age. He was music's master. He went to the bottom of man's story. Shakespeare was modest as Justice. Shakespeare is a figure of truth, of faith, and of loyalty. To him no star was dark. He was strong enough to laugh at misery. He outstripped humanity's praises and won the garlands. He poured the oil out of our language. He is art's master. You see some of his characters strain courtesy. He is the fee simple of this universe. He pursued vengeance further than death. Shakespeare was too much in the sun for the eye to look upon.

Shakespeare says:

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow."

"Thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal."

It was Shakespeare's breathing that perfumed the world's best literature. How could anything be expressed more wonderful than this expression:

"Chaste as unsunn'd snow."

Shakespeare inlaid the heavens with stars. He was a finder of occasions. He outran his purpose. Again he speaks:

"O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword."

Shakespeare outgoes the very heart of kindness. He flashes out like a Phœnix. To him the world is but a word. He dost dialogue with thy shadow. The philosopher speaks again:

"I love you more than word can wield the matter.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.
Thy truth then be thy dower.
She is herself a dowry."

Shakespeare calls whispered news:

"Ear kissing arguments."

Here are other lines of great truth:

"All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings."

Shakespeare was as patient as a gentle stream. He knew pure heart's truth. He had a mint of phrases in his brain. Some of his expressions are truer than truth itself. And Shakespeare was for my service born. He is the world's large tongue. His anchor is deep. He lived through the period of every ambition. His eye would emulate the diamond. He was a sovereign grace. I can see him now, bearing the badge of faith. He was cool reason. Sometimes he has unmannerly sadness.

Shakespeare ran as far as God had any ground. At times, Shakespeare passed all expressing.

Shakespeare knew the evil of gold. Timon is carrying on a conversation with himself:

"Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant,
Ha, you gods! why his? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

"This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:"

Shakespeare's deeds exceed all speech. He told us that

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

Shakespeare had natural graces that extinguish art. His words are clad with wisdom's majesty. To read his works is a treasury of everlasting joy. In his face you can see the map of honor. He showed to man that things are often spoke and seldom meant. His mouth is the parliament of the universe. Shakespeare did not yield to odds. He was able to gaze at the sun. Manhood lies upon his tongue. He knew how to use his brothers brotherly.

Shakespeare's philosophy sounds like a cannon in a vault. He was an oracle and a prophet. He was able to read philosophy from the suns of glory. Shakespeare is the nurse of judgment. He is the master-cord of his globe. He sounded all the depths and shoals of honor. His own opinion was his law.

Shakespeare philosophizes upon man:

"This is the state of man: Today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost:
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again—"

Shakespeare understood the *tomorrow* of ambition:

"Fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Our conscience is never to be meddled with. Shakespeare tells us:

"I'll not meddle with it,
(it is a dangerous thing,)
It makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but
It accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him;
A man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife but it
Detects him: 'T is a blushing shame-faced spirit that
Mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles:
It made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance
I found; it beggars any man that keeps it:
It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous
Thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors
To trust to himself, and live without it."

Shakespeare calls jealousy a "green-ey'd monster."

"O, beware, my lord of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock

> The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss
> Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
> But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
> Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!"

The philosopher shows up another side of man—*love:*

> "Friendship is constant in all other things,
> Save in the office and affairs of love:
> Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
> Let every eye negotiate for itself,
> And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
> Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

Shakespeare cut our roots into character. He met *time* as it seeks us. He cannot grow less because he cannot grow greater. Intellects may be tried on Shakespeare. He threw the sounding line out into mystery. The dream you have in yourself, you discover in Shakespeare. Shakespeare's literature is the secretion of civilization.

But above all, Shakespeare was the prodigious author of *love!*

There was more education for the author in other parts of the world. Other plays are going on. Other actors are writing history.

The Dutch Republic adds a few more pages to our history. Look at the good William, Prince of Orange, is accomplishing! This mighty man was assassinated. The Dutch Republic felt the self-denying and steadfast energy of William of Orange, though he was not permitted to live to see her freedom established.

He was the greatest statesman of his time, and possessed in a remarkable degree the art of reading the designs of others and concealing his own purposes; and this last accomplishment gave him the surname of *the Silent,* rather than any social taciturnity of manner.

The author saw Kremlin, Moscow, in the wintertime. Ivan the Terrible was the world's champion murderer.

The progress of civilization still goes on. The great Reformation resulted in the establishment of Protestantism among the Germanic nations of Europe—England, Scotland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Northern Germany; while the Roman Catholic faith remained fixed among the Latin nations—Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Southern Germany, Austria and Poland. Hungary was largely Protestant. Russia adhered to the Greek Church. The Slavonic and Greek races in the Turkish dominions also held fast to the Greek Church, but groaned under the bigoted despotism of their Mohammedan conquerors.

The sixteenth century was remarkable for the mighty impulse which civilization received in all European countries. Schools were improved and universities multiplied. The works of antiquity were translated into the modern European languages. Germany and Italy were the chief seats of learning and civilization. Philip Melanchthon was one of the reformers. The author received some more education from the scholar Erasmus, of Rotterdam. The German astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, explained many of the important phenomena of nature, such as the variations of the seasons and the procession of the equinoxes. Another astronomer of note was Tycho Brahe. This Danish astronomer was well acquainted with his subject.

The author received some more education when he read *Arcadia and Defense of Poesie,* by Sir Philip Sidney; *History of the World,* by Sir Walter Raleigh; *The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel,* by the French satirist, Rabelais. This book is immoral but illustrates the first half of the sixteenth century. The author read the works of the noted skeptic, Montaigne. He read the works of the celebrated Spanish novelist, Cervantes. He read that comical and satirical romance, *Don Quixote,* one of the finest pieces of humor ever written and which so artfully represents a man who utterly mistakes the misty creations of a world of dreams for realities, and who fights for an object that "exists only in his own imagination, that the term *quixotic* has become proverbial." Cervantes was an adventurous man. He was once captured by Algerian pirates and sold into slavery.

The compiler read the poem, *Lusiad,* by the Portuguese poet, Camoens. The author was acquainted with Machiavelli at Florence. Other works that attracted his attention were *Discourses on Titus Livius, The Prince,* and the *History of Florence.* He read the sportive heroic poem, *Orlando Furioso,* written by Ariosto. The epic poem, *Jerusalem Delivered,* by Tasso, has many beautiful expressions. The works of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, are very interesting. Hans Sachs was the most distinguished of the Meistersingers. Sebastian Brandt, of Strasburg, wrote the *Ship of Fools.* He was a satirical poet.

The spectator stood with reverence before *The Last Supper,* painted by that great Italian painter, Leonardo Da Vinci. The author strolled among the halls of many buildings in different parts of the world, and studied the paintings. He ran across the great Italian painter, sculptor and architect, Michelangelo. The world has felt the refinement and culture of this painter. Michelangelo superintended the building of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. High up on the walls in the Vatican, Raphael is painting his masterpieces. The *Madonnas*—O! What a beautiful picture! Correggio brought out in his work softness and tenderness. His painting, *Penitent Magdalen,* was one of his best studies. Paul Veronese, the Italian painter, had a very rich imagination. Albert Dürer, Lucas Kranach and Hans Hofbein, the three German painters, brought many honors to their nation.

The spectator moved on. He went through the Heidelberg Library. What army is that in the distance? There comes the prodigious soldier and king, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, marching to meet Tilly. The battle of Breitenfeld placed Germany at the mercy of the victorious Gustavus Adolphus. The Swedes won the memorable battle of Lutzen, but it was dearly purchased with the death of the heroic and valiant Gustavus

Adolphus, "the Lion of the North." The Swedes sent the body of their illustrious king, which was frightfully disfigured by the hoofs of horses, to his native land for interment. The death of Gustavus Adolphus was received with the most intense grief throughout Protestant Christendom. The great champion of Protestantism had been stricken down. Never was a king more beloved by his subjects. No unworthy act sullied the brightness of his fame. A German poet has said, "He was the first and only *just* conqueror that the world has produced."

The soldier, Albert von Wallenstein, had a tremendous influence over the German army. When the soldiers saw him pass they were seized with a strange awe. This great soldier was assassinated. Germany almost perished by the sword, famine and pestilence while the Thirty Years' War was raging. One of the results of the Thirty Years' War was the dissolution of the famous Hanseatic League in 1630, in consequence of the inability of the Hanseatic towns to defray the expenses in which the league involved them.

The author witnessed another great struggle, that of Puritan and Revolutionary England. It was constitutional liberty versus royal prerogative—an oppressed people against a tyrannical king. Cromwell won the battle of Naseby. It was a great victory for the common people. Charles I was executed. Oliver Cromwell was victorious in the battles of Dunbar and Worcester. Nevertheless, with all his patriotism Oliver Cromwell was a usurper. "Any ruler who can, even once, set aside an established constitution, or trample the recognized law under foot, is a usurper; and Oliver Cromwell did this at will. However favorable to public order and national progress under a wise administration, such a system as Cromwell's was incompatible with a free constitution. Under a weak head anarchy would be the inevitable result, and under an ambitious one the natural consequence would be a despotism."

In London, in 1665, the great plague carried off 100,000 people within six months. Grass was growing on the busy streets in

London. The great London fire in three days destroyed 13,000 homes, leaving 200,000 people utterly destitute.

Other characters come across the stage, Richelieu, Mazarin and Louis XIV. These men shape France to suit themselves. Look at those beautiful palaces of the French king! Nothing can compare to that tremendous court. But all of this fictitious veneer threw France into bankruptcy. Another actor is playing his part well, the English philosopher, Francis Bacon. Bacon founded the *inductive system* of philosophy. Francis Bacon wrote the *Advancement of Learning, Novum Organum* and *Atlantis.* Another writer of note was the eminent French philosopher, Descartes. The author read the works of the famous Pantheist, Spinoza. The works of Thomas Hobbes will greatly impress anyone. Hobbes wrote *Leviathan, Behemoth* and the *Essay of the Human Understanding.* The author came across Galileo, who discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn and the moonlike phases of Venus. Galileo was twice brought before the Inquisition to renounce the theory of the earth's rotation which he published in his *System of the World.* Galileo's second incarceration brought on an affection of the eyes, terminating in blindness. Kepler, the eminent German astronomer, laid the foundation of mathematical astronomy. Sir Isaac Newton, professor in Cambridge University, discovered the law of universal gravitation. *Principia* was Newton's greatest work. The French philosopher and scholar, Pascal, wrote a strong book named *Thoughts on Religion.* John Milton gave the world a masterpiece in his poem, *Paradise Lost.* Milton's *Paradise Regained* did not add any glory to his name. John Milton was Oliver Cromwell's Latin secretary. Milton died in blindness and poverty. The author received a great lesson from John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* This is the most famous allegory in the English language.

The statesman and soldier of his time was the Duke of Marlborough. To get the true conception of this soldier one must read Thackeray. Another thing that attracted the attention of the author was the great key to the Mediterranean Sea, the impregnable Rock of Gibraltar.

But let us move on. Over yonder you can see the Russian nation rising. The genius, Peter the Great, is respected by the great powers of the world. What artist is painting this other picture in the East? Look on that canvas. In the eighteenth century Persia, India and China are still in crime and bloodshed. Ashruff, the ruler of Persia, is murdering 1,000,000 people. The mighty city of Delhi, population 2,000,000, is reduced to a heap of ruins by the Afghan chief. This city was one of the capitals of the Mogul Empire. The bowels of the earth become angry and a terrible earthquake takes away in China, in 1731, 400,000 people. The experimental philosopher, Joseph Priestly, wrote more than seventy books.

Another actor is crossing the stage! The mighty Frederick the Great is playing his part. Look at that great vortex of humanity coming along. Poland is being raped by Russia. Benjamin Franklin, the American statesman and natural philosopher, is flashing his way across the stage with the brightness of electricity.

Jonathan Edwards left the world his work, *An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.* Adam Smith, who founded the science of political economy, gave us *The Wealth of Nations.* Thomas Reed added to literature *An Inquiry into the Human Mind.* Emmanuel Kant laid the foundation of all subsequent German metaphysics. Alexander Pope left us *Essay on Man, Rape of the Lock* and a *Translation of Homer.* Joseph Addison is noted for his daily paper, the *Spectator.* Jonathan Swift gave us *Gulliver's Travels. Robinson Crusoe* came from the brain of Daniel Defoe. Samuel Johnson gave us a few more books, and also Edward Gibbon, the great English historian. The Scotch philosopher and historian, David Hume, added to the world's library *Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals* and his *History of England.* Oliver Goldsmith gave us *The Traveler, The Deserted*

Village and *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Goldsmith is known today as the brilliant Irish-English poet.

The author read the works of Thomas Gray, William Cowper, Robert Burns, Sir William Blackstone, Thomas Paine and Voltaire. The book *Henriade* was one of the best works of Voltaire.

Listen to that music! From what nation is it coming? Ah! it is the national hymn of the French republic—*Marseillaise.* This song of democracy was written by Rouget de Lisle.

A woman is crossing the stage of life, Madame De Staël, the daughter of Necker. Napoleon was angry with this woman. He knew that she could see too much in his eyes, and therefore the Madame had to leave France. Klopstock gave us the melody of the *Messiah.* Goethe, the greatest of German poets, gave us *Faust.* Schiller added *William Tell.*

The divine souls of Bach and Handel flow out in music. Listen to the *Creation* by Haydn, and the heavenly music of Mozart. The landscape paintings of Reynolds added more wealth to the world. The Italian sculptor, Canova, gave the world *Theseus.* In those days John Wesley was in England, devoting his life to the great sect of Methodists. Humboldt in his book, *Kosmos,* outlines the physical phenomena of the universe. Cuvier, the Swiss writer, gave us *The Animal Kingdom*, and *Discourses on the Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe.* Haeckel was the great German naturalist and evolutionist. Darwin had his theory of life. Huxley, the English naturalist, wrote *Philosophical Transactions.* Louis Pasteur, the French bacteriologist, greatly served humanity by risking his life in experiments.

The author read the new school of philosophy by Hegel, the works of Schopenhauer, Comte's *Positive Philosophy,* the works of the great thinker, John Stuart Mill, who wrote the *Essay on Liberty* and *System of Logic,* Herbert Spencer's philosophy and the works of Sir Walter Scott.

Wordsworth gave us *The White Doe of Rylstone,* Coleridge *The Ancient Mariner,* Shelley the grand lyrical drama of *Prome-*

theus Unbound and the tragedy *The Cenci.* Lord Byron, the famous English poet, gave us *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* and Pollock gave us *Course of Time* in the form of a poem.

The following books added greatly to the author's education: *The Princess, Idyls of the King* and *In Memoriam,* by Tennyson; the works of Robert Browning; Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick Papers; Vanity Fair, Pendennis* and *Henry Esmond* by Thackeray; *Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi* and *Pelham,* by Bulwer-Lytton; *Adam Bede, Romola* and *Silar Marner* by George Eliot; *Vivian Grey* and *Coningsby,* by Lord Beaconsfield; *The French Revolution* and *Hero Worship* by Thomas Carlyle; *The History of England* and *Lays of Ancient Rome* by Macaulay, and *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters* by John Ruskin.

But what voice is that we hear? Charles Spurgeon, crying out his faith to man! Listen to that other voice! John Howard Payne is singing, *Home Sweet Home.*

Gladstone gave us *Juventus Mundi* and *Homeric Studies;* Edgar Allan Poe *The Raven* and *The Bells;* John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, gave us the *Life of George Washington,* in four volumes; Washington Irving added *Knickerbocker, The Sketch Book* and *The Alhambra;* James Fenimore Cooper, *Precaution* and *The Spy;* Hawthorne gave us *The Scarlet Letter* and the *Marble Faun;* Bryant added *Thanatopsis; Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe; *Evangeline,* from Longfellow; Anti-Slavery poems from Whittier; and *Sheridan's Ride,* by Thomas Buchanan Read.

James Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the traveler, poet and prose writer Bayard Taylor, the beautiful melodrama in the poetry of *"The Poet of the South,"* and Paul Hamilton Hayne, all had their influence on the author.

The *Conquest of Mexico* and the *Conquest of Peru,* by Prescott, are very interesting. *The History of The United States,* by

George Bancroft, ought to be read by all Americans. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* by Motley; *The Life of Napoleon,* by John S. C. Abbott; the works of Horace Greeley; the wisdom of Theodore Parker, and the works of Alexander Dumas are worth more than their weight in diamonds.

The writer read the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson was the most profound and original of American thinkers. Emerson was the head of the "transcendental school of philosophy." "Emerson is the most eminent modern philosopher of the Pantheistic school, and one of the most remarkable personifications of American literary genius."

French literature was greatly helped by such writers as Mignet, Michelet and Ernest Renan.

German literature can boast of Niebuhr, Neander, Rotteck and Heeren.

The author read all of the works of Victor Hugo and received a considerable amount of philosophy from them. Victor Hugo rose above the clouds and gave to the world *Les Miserables.* His works were based upon the universal human heart, and so eternal. "Milton takes English, and hews it, like a sculptor hewing marble, into shapes of imperishable beauty, so here Victor Hugo takes French, a far less plastic material, and molds it to his every purpose in his puissant hands. He never violates its laws, for, rash innovator as he has been called, he thoroughly respects the material in which he works."

Victor Hugo wrote verses of every possible kind: odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idyls, imitations of Ossian, translations of Virgil, of Lucan, of Ausonius, of Martial; songs, fables, tales, epigrams, madrigals, logogriphs, acrostics, charades, rebuses, impromptus. He even wrote a comic opera.

The publication of *Les Miserables* was a great event. "The power and pathos of the book were unmistakable. Vigor in the painting of the scenes, admirable effectiveness in narration, real vitality in the characters, intense sympathy with the down-trodden and suffering, a style such as no other contemporary, and but few writers of any other time could handle—when a novel possesses qualities like these, it is a very great novel." In this book, Hugo went into the depth of the soul.

Hugo wrote another book entitled *William Shakespeare*—a book that "throws more light on the greatest genius of our own century than on the greatest genius of the age of Shakespeare." In this book Hugo's "thoughts plunge into the abyss of the infinite."

Ah, Victor Hugo was more "than the prophet of a narrow sect. And when time has done its worst and best with his work—has disintegrated the quartz and washed away the clay—there will remain a treasure of gold, without which mankind would be appreciably the poorer. He was one of the world's great poets, and his verse will continue through the after-time as a living force, because, while perfect in workmanship, it is broad-based upon the universal human heart, and so eternal."

In the art galleries of the world can be seen the landscape paintings of Turner, the pictures of the American portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart, and the works and paintings of the American, Washington Allston. In another corridor can be seen Horace Vernet's great French paintings. The Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, was chiseling genius out of cold marble. He could take a rough piece of marble and chisel youth and beauty into the stone face.

The author was rapt into the realms of visions and dreams by the mighty German composer, Beethoven. Among his oratorios we find *The Mount of Olives,* and his opera was *Fidelio.*

Listen to the German-Jewish musical composer, Mendelssohn, pouring himself out in ecstasy in the midst of the universal radiance of creation. His oratorios, *St. Paul* and *Elijah,* and his music for *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the highest forms of expression.

"Wagner is the Shakespeare of music." Wagner's operas:

Tannhäuser, Lohengrin and *Meistersinger* have "a touch of chaos that suggests the infinite. The melodies seem strange and changing forms, like summer clouds, and weird harmonies come like sounds from the sea brought by fitful winds, and others moan like waves on desolate shores, and mingled with these are shouts of joy, with sighs and sobs and ripples of laughter, and the wondrous voices of eternal love. When I listen to the music of Wagner I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect, the swell of a hip, the wave of a breast, the glance of an eye. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine, with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the whitecaps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange chasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued foam." "The music of Wagner is filled with landscapes. There are some strains like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory, not only for the present, but for prophecy. Wagner was a sculptor, a painter, in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world ceased. His music will instruct and refine forever."

Schubert, the Austrian; Schumann, the German; and Verdi and Rossini, the Italians, added greatly to music with their compositions.

Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer, was the archangel of melody. She came to America in 1830. She sang in the old Aquarium, in New York City. America fell prostrate before her genius. She sang the songs of the soul. The famous Madrid operatic singer, Adelina Patti, came to America. She had a voice of high soprano, of rich bell-like quality and remarkable evenness of tone. When she played Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* she was in all of her glory.

The compiler, in a lifetime of reading, has seen many great characters come across the stage of life. Many of these characters had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes—working together, account for what is to be found in the great literature of the world.

Rousseau's *Social Contact,* More's *Utopia,* Campanella's *City of the Sun,* and Charles M. Andrews' *Ideal Empires and Republics* are books worth the reading.

There is a liberal education in reading *The Story of the Universe,* by Esther Singleton; Robert G. Ingersoll's works; Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson;* Russell H. Conwell's works, including *Acres of Diamonds;* Elbert Hubbard's works; Felix Shay's *Elbert Hubbard;* John J. Ingalls' works; Max Ehrmann's works, including *Jesus: A Passion Play;* all of Tom Paine's works, including *The Rights of Man, Crisis* and *Common Sense;* George Tucker's two volumes on the life of *Thomas Jefferson;* Schmucker's *Thomas Jefferson;* the great journalist, George D. Prentice's *Prenticeana* and *Poems;* Woodrow Wilson's works; Bob Taylor's works; Thomas Watson's works, including his *Napoleon* and his *French History,* which is considered to be the best history ever written of the French race; Will Durant's works, including his *The Story of Philosophy;* John S. C. Abbott's works, including his four volumes on the life of *Napoleon;* Ludwig's works, including *Napoleon* and *Bismarck.*

The compiler was greatly interested in the Russian writers, Tolstoi, Gogol, Andreyev, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Chekhov and Artsybashev.

He read that great book, *The Theory of Law,* by the Russian professor of the University of St. Petersburg, N. M. Korkunov. Professor Korkunov is distinguished by his penetrating analysis and abundant originality of view.

The compiler read *The History of the Development of Law* by Hon. M. F. Morris, also James M. Beck's *The Constitution of the United States,* Cooley's *Principles of Constitutional Law, The Governments of Europe* by W. B. Munro, three volumes of Charles Warren's *The Supreme Court in United States History* and the *Federalist* by Alexander Hamilton.

The American scholar Albert J. Beveridge, United States senator from Indiana, gave the world a masterpiece in his *John Marshall.* These four volumes ought to be in every home and in every school of America as a textbook. John Marshall established the principles of our national system of government, and laid the foundation of American constitutional law. "And today the strands of that mighty cable woven by him have kept American people together as a united and imperishable nation."

There was more education for the author when he read the life of *George Washington* by Washington Irving in five volumes, and the *Life of Washington* by John Marshall in four volumes.

It was Washington's influence that won the Revolution. It was Washington's character that carried the constitutional convention, over which he presided. It was Washington's prudence that caused the Constitution to be ratified by the thirteen states. Washington laid down the doctrine that "the Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen." He laid down the doctrine that all power should be derived from the people.

Marden's *Pushing to the Front* is a book that will build character.

The author heard the famous words of Patrick Henry and the logic of Alexander Hamilton. The author was inspired in Faneuil Hall, in Boston. He there saw the Declaration of Inde pendence drawn up, and the Constitution of the United States passed by the thirteen colonies in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. He heard Thomas Jefferson cry out to the world, "I believe in a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another; which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvements, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned." And this apostle of human liberty practically procured the first ten amendments, which are the guarantees of rights.

The spectator walked through the Independence Hall at Philadelphia, and was inspired as if walking on holy ground. Where are those actors? They are gone. But they left a great nation. We are proud of John Hancock, and also Robert Morris, who financed a nation out of his own private property. The French soldier, Marquis de Lafayette, stood by Washington with all of his ability. There were other men that left their names on the pages of history, such as General Nathaniel Greene, W. H. Seward and the orator, Henry Ward Beecher.

The author saw the French Revolution come and go. He witnessed the storming of the Bastile. Napoleon came across the horizon of civilization like a meteor, flashed his brilliancy for a second and darkled in the darkness. Empress Josephine, the only woman Napoleon ever loved, died with a broken heart. France becomes a republic.

Lord Nelson had his affair with Lady Hamilton and left his name in history, after the battle of Trafalgar. The gigantic character of William Pitt was in Parliament. Field Marshal Blücher was a known quantity, and Wellington was one of the heroes of the day.

Here come three actors across the stage, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay. Listen to the old mountain of granite, Daniel Webster, standing before the Supreme Court of the United States, crying out, "I rise above party politics." Webster was the great logician of the nineteenth century. Noah Webster needs no introduction, for he built a prodigious pyramid when he gave to the American people his dictionary.

Queen Victoria's virtues were wisdom, unselfishness and uprightness of character. In the House of Lords, Gladstone is propounding the common law of England.

The curtain rises on the stage and we see many actors—Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Stephen A. Douglas, Seargent S. Prentiss, Jefferson Davis, Albert S. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, General Grant, Robert E. Lee, Cleveland and William McKinley.

The orchestra in the pit is now playing. The audience is composed of all humanity. The stage is the world. But the curtain is still down. Humanity seems to be spellbound. What is the occasion? Who is the actor? Why all this enthusiasm? Are we about to see some Greek god, or one of the great Cæsars, dash across the stage? What! Is it some ancient Egyptian king come to life? Or are we about to look upon the form of Hercules? The audience is restless! Why does not the curtain rise? The time is up.

Look! there goes the curtain! What do we see? The stage is one great forest of mighty trees, but there is no actor. Far in the distance can be heard a faint noise. It grows louder and louder. Look at those trees falling! Some prodigious woodchopper is blazing a path through this stubborn forest. He is now before our eyes. Look at him as he notches and chops the pathway through the untrodden wilderness and forest of Constitutional Liberty!

Look at this great actor hold the reins of government with a master hand! If it had not been for the consummate ability of this woodchopper, the Civil War might have been prolonged for many more years. Lincoln's achievements were two: the destruction of slavery and the preservation of the Union.

Time dashes us on. We are dashing through space at the rate of sixteen miles a second. We see other pictures. There rises the Mormon church. We are building the Bartholdi Statue in New York Harbor. What is its object? It haply testifies faith in nations. It was a gift from France.

The second French Empire rises. Louis Napoleon was the usurper. He overthrew the republic in a few days and made himself emperor. Private gain was his ambition. Victor Hugo called him "The Little Napoleon."

Napoleon III failed in founding a Latin empire in Mexico. The second French Empire received its deathblow at the battle of Sedan. The Prussians under Bismarck entered the city of Paris. The proudest capital in the world was occupied by Bismarck's forces, and the once proudest monarch in Europe was made a captive. The pride of France was thoroughly humbled and her sword was broken. Napoleon III had his faults, yet he had done much to promote the material welfare of France. Thus ended the great Franco-German War. France becomes a republic. Louis Adolphe Thiers, the distinguished historian, orator and statesman, became the first president of France.

The Crimean War had its effect on the civilization. France and England unite and fight Russia. Miss Florence Nightingale won for herself a fame which has passed her name into history with those who have devoted themselves to the cause of humanity.

Marshal MacMahon becomes president of France. France goes through a terrible civil war, which left Paris in ashes. The great works of art were thrown into the river. It was a terrible war of rape, bloodshed and crime.

Czar Alexander II of Russia immortalized his name by the emancipation of 23,000,000 Russian serfs. The emperor was blown to pieces by an assassin. Nihilism had spread over Russia. They were crying for representative government and a liberal constitution. Siberia was a prison of hell.

Other characters rise such as William I, King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany, and Field Marshal Von Moltke. Von Moltke was a genius.

Here comes crashing across the map of Europe the world's greatest statesman and founder of the new German Empire, Prince Otto Von Bismarck. He was prime minister of Prussia. Bismarck won many a battle on paper. He was the world's greatest diplomat. His art, science and practice of conducting negotiations between nations was as harmonious as the Milky Way. Bismarck wrote the constitution of the Confederate States of Germany. This document stayed intact fifty-five years. Bismarck was the great "Iron Man of Germany."

The Spanish Republic had its bloody war between the Republicans and the Carlists. The Carlists lost the contest.

In Central Asia, Russia was having her conquest in Khokand.

The great French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, built the Suez Canal and started the Panama Canal. The contractor Eiffel built the 1,000 foot tower in Paris.

Another bloody chapter was the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. The first campaign in Asiatic Turkey ended in favor of the Ottoman arms. This brought on the most brutal massacres of men, women and children of the nineteenth century, or any age. The treaty drawn up by the czar sultan was objected to by the other powers. Great Britain and Austria and Hungary saw the selfish motives of the Russians. So the great congress at Berlin met to settle the affair. Again we see Von Bismarck made president of the congress and through his influence and efforts Russia conceded the British and Austro-Hungarian demands, and on paper again Bismarck fought another battle without bloodshed.

England and Turkey draw up their secret treaty. Lord Beaconsfield won more for England by diplomacy than other ministers had won for her by war. Through Lord Beaconsfield's influence England became the leading power of Europe. Queen Victoria conferred the Order of the Garter upon Lord Beaconsfield, and also on Salisbury.

In 1884 Gladstone's new franchise bill became a law, making suffrage well-nigh universal throughout the United Kingdom.

In Europe Mr. Parnell, Ireland's uncrowned king, had his influence, also Lord Randolph Churchill and Edmund Burke.

President Grevy wielded tremendous power over France. He was an upright statesman.

In South America many struggles were going on among the republics. The Creole Indians and a heterogeneous mass of humanity were struggling for democracy. It was intellectual darkness and ignorance and superstition that enabled Spain to uphold her dominion in Spanish America for three hundred years. The most shocking atrocities were perpetrated by the Spaniards.

Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte were doing all in their power to promote the cause of Spanish-American independence, with the view of strengthening themselves in Spain.

Mexico becomes a republic in 1821, and shakes off the Spanish yoke; also Colombia, in 1823; Argentine, in 1829; Peru, in 1824; Chili, in 1818; and smaller states in South America become republics. San Martin, the great Chilian soldier, declined a dictatorship. Brazil peacefully secured a political separation from Portugal in 1822, with Dom Pedro I of the royal house of Braganza as emperor. Brazil went through a revolution. Emperor Dom Pedro II ruled 48 years. The emperor was deposed, and Brazil became a republic. Thus ended the reign of the Emperor Dom Pedro II, one of the best monarchs that ever wore a crown. He immortalized his reign by his unselfish efforts to benefit his subjects, instead of seeking his own personal aggrandizement; and he quickly acquiesced in the logic of events which involved the sacrifice of his throne.

Mexico and the notorious Santa Anna came across the stage of action. Santa Anna headed many revolutions. This extraordinary character became president of Mexico four times. Santa Anna lost one leg in battle. Santa Anna trampled under foot the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Santa Anna invaded Texas, which was one of the Mexican states, with 8,000 Mexicans. For two weeks 4,000 Mexicans besieged the Alamo. On the 6th of March, 1836, they entered over the dead bodies of the 150 Texans. At the battle of San Jacinto, Santa Anna with 1,600 Mexicans was defeated by 783 Texans under General Sam Houston. Santa Anna with 22,000 Mexicans was defeated by General Taylor with 5,000 Americans, thus ending the career of this ambitious general and usurper.

Archduke Maximilian of Austria, of the imperial house of Hapsburg, was placed on the Mexican throne through the instrumentality of the Emperor Napoleon III of France. This was in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. The Mexicans overthrew Maximilian. Maximilian was shot. Mexico called General Porfirio Diaz to the head of the government five times. History has hardly seen a parallel.

China and Japan rise up out of their darkness, ignorance and superstition, and open their gates to the leading powers. The author strolled through the streets of Canton. The author was acquainted with Yakoob Khan, the greatest chieftain of Central Asia in modern times. The Mikado family had their influence in Japan. Ojin was a great warrior. The author was acquainted with the celebrated image carver, sculptor and architect, Uneki. Hydeyoshi stamped his character upon that age. He was a great statesman and warrior. He framed a useful code of laws, called the Laws of Taiko. The Shoguns favored Buddhism, while the Mikados supported Shintoism. The author read from the *External History of Japan,* written by the scholar Rai Sanyo.

That terrible uprising of the Nihilists in Russia had its effects upon modern civilization. Russia was unfair to the Jews. A million Jews lost their homes, and thousands migrated from Russia. In 1891 the wheat crop in Russia failed, and a famine left 30,000,000 Russians suffering the pangs of hunger.

The Chilians had their civil war in 1891. In this struggle democracy won a great victory. Brazil also had a civil war going on at the same time.

Across the horizon to the East could be seen another terrible war. Japan swept China off her feet. Foreign powers stopped the struggle and saved China from utter destruction. The generals of the Japanese army carried a high moral code into battle—"Our army fights for the right and for the principles of civilization. Our enemies are the military forces of the country with which we are at war, not the individuals of the country. Against the forces of our foe we must fight with all resolution, but as soon as any of his soldiers surrender they cease to be enemies, and it becomes our duty to treat them with all kindness." Li Hung Chang, the distinguished Chinese viceroy, stamped his character upon the Chinese nation, and his influence was respected in Europe.

Persia was full of crimes in 1896. The terrible punishment of "gatching," which consists in burying the prisoner alive in wet plaster of Paris, was revived in Persia. Look at Europe in the nineteenth century stand timidly by and let Turkey massacre the helpless Armenians.

On September 23, 1896, the reign of Queen Victoria became the longest in the history of Great Britain, she having on that date completed a continuous reign of 49 years.

The compiler through a lifetime of reading has seen many changes take place. The World War came on in 1914 and changed the face of the earth. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, the author saw across the horizon of civilization a great victory for democracy. Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Russia and the smaller nations of the world go into the columns of democracy.

He has studied the character of the nations of the last 60 years. He has been deeply interested in their philosophy, literature, religion, science, art, jurisprudence, economical questions, politics and mechanical inventions.

Our philosophy is civilization summed up in harmony.

Our literature has every horizon and modern simplicity.

Our religion is aware of its responsibility. It has a gigantic determination. It has fought for truth and vanquished error.

It has a soul. It stands upon the rock of principle—faith reigns.

Our science is in harmony with gravitation. It is built upon reason. It is human genius at its full power.

Our art is as natural as nature. The drama of art today is the people. It reflects the ideal in the mirror of life.

Our jurisprudence has a passion for honesty. It is the law of order, it has been put through the school of honesty, it spells truth, and its alphabet is justice. Duty is its motive power.

Our economic questions have met the giddy heights, steeps and precipices of competition in favor of the average man. It has believed in national honesty, in the preservation of public faith. It throbs in unison with the great ebb and flow of American opinion.

Our politics is based upon the principles laid down by the apostle of human liberties: "Men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Our mechanical inventions are the highest expressions of force produced by intelligence.

The spectator witnessed the destruction of the Maine at Havana, and saw Spain go down in defeat. The Panama Canal treaty was signed with Colombia. An earthquake staggers the city of San Francisco and affects a whole nation. There was more education to come from the lives of Hughes, General Pershing and Roosevelt.

Roosevelt was the *verb* of America. He was the *cube* of hospitality. He reflected the good will of America. He was moral courage in its highest form. He was full of good taste and common sense. He was an avalanche of good will. He could carry convictions to the dullest. The author followed him through the jungles of Africa, saw him interviewing Emperor William, saw him stamp his great character upon this nation. Roosevelt was the personification of Americanism.

The works of Brandes are worth their weight in gold. There was more education to be received from Senator Borah, Edward William Bok, Hon. James Bryce, Luther Burbank, Nicholas Murray Butler, Andrew Carnegie, Dr. B. H. Carroll, George Benjamin Clemenceau, Darwin, Mary Baker Glover Eddy, Edison and Henry Ford. Steinmetz, the great authority in mathematics and engineering, passed by us like a flash of lightning.

Albert Einstein was too much for the author. But the scientific thinkers of the first rank have accepted his theory of relativity. Einstein shook the foundation of light, gravitation and general physics. Einstein investigated without reverence and published his conclusions without fear.

There was some more education to be received from Charles W. Elliot, Ferdinand Foch, Arthur T. Hadley, Ernst H. Haeckel and William R. Harper. Dr. Harper was president of Chicago University and author of many textbooks. He was the most brilliant man of his age. Victor Herbert was another man that left a great impression on this age. His compositions in music run through life like a beautiful poem. Hindenberg won the hearts of the German people and was elected president of the German Republic. Nikolai Lenin was president of the Soviet Republic.

The author was a student at the feet of Henry Cabot Lodge. This American scholar left the world better than he found it. His life of *Washington* and *George Cabot* are books of standard worth. Massachusetts sent him to the United States Senate several times. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, was an actor of the first rank.

Mussolini of Italy, the dictator, is the most colorful actor today on the stage of life. He is teaching a great lesson, but the results will be seen in the next generation. Mussolini is a philosopher. Paderewski of Poland inspires the soul. Poland was crying for her freedom and the fingers of the musician brought out the philosophy of his nation. Paderewski was also a philosopher.

Who was the great man of France? Napoleon or Pasteur?

Humanity says Pasteur. He was the parent of the whole modern science of bacteriology. Pasteur risked his life for humanity. He successfully combated the contagious silkworm disease; then the diseases of fowl cholera and anthrax, which he successfully treated by vaccine of diluted virus. His latest work was connected with a vaccine treatment for hydrophobia.

John Clark Ridpath gave us histories and a cyclopedia.

Israel Smith Clare gave us a very interesting history of the world in eight volumes. The author is greatly indebted to this history.

Others who helped towards the author's education were James Whitcomb Riley, John D. Rockefeller, Elihu Root, Sir Henry Morton Stanley, Edward B. Tichener, Leon Trotsky, Henry Van Dyke, Booker Taliaferro Washington and Oscar Wilde.

The author has received his education, little by little, from hundreds and hundreds of other authors, and the more he reads the more there is for him to know.

Here is another great army of actors: John Quincy Adams. William E. Channing, clergyman, author and founder of Unitarianism. Desiderius Erasmus, one of the greatest scholars of the Renaissance, fought for moderate reform in the church, also he published parts of the New Testament. Henrik Ibsen stands out as an advocate of individual liberty; he was a great Norwegian poet and dramatist. Duc De La Rochefoucauld, a French moralist, left many fine things in his *Reflexions* and *Moral Epigrams.* Michel De Montaigne, a French essayist, covered many topics; he is one of the best essayists of the French language. Henry David Thoreau, an American naturalist; his best work is *Walden.* Heinrich Heine was a German poet and wit; his songs are of the most exquisite and ethereal beauty; he wrote twenty volumes. Lord Chesterfield, known the world over for the letters he wrote to his son; these letters are full of logic and good, moral thinking. Richard Green, English writer, wrote many histories of England. Richard Henry Dane the Younger is known for his books on international law. Alexis De Tocqueville, the French statesman and writer, wrote the book *Democracy*.

Here come other writers: Addison, Overbury, Francis Beaumont, Marlowe and Swedenborg.

Edward Everett, that great American author and editor of *The North American Review,* was a great credit to our nation. Anthony Trollope, English novelist, added many novels and biographies to our literature; his life of *Cæsar* and *Cicero* are well worth the reading. Disraeli, the English writer and statesman; Charlotte Cushman, an American actress; Count Cavour, Italian statesman, and Phillips Brooks, the orator and preacher, greatly influenced the author in his way of living.

Charles Phillips, the Irish lawyer, swept England and Ireland with his mighty oratory one hundred years ago. He was the talk of those nations. He spoke some of the most beautiful words ever spoken in the English language. His essay on *Reputation, Character, Napoleon* and his saying on *Virtue* are the masterpieces of that generation. To read his works will make you want to live a better life. It is a strange thing that the leading books of biography of this day do not carry his name. When Charles Phillips spoke, he spoke to the clouds. Why was Charles Phillips great? Because he had the power to lay the soul out on the table where you could see it with your eyes. John Finlay in writing about Charles Phillips said: "Charles Phillips, unaided by the advantages of fortune or alliance, under the frown of political power and the interested detraction of professional jealousy, confining the exercise of that talent which he derives from his God to the honor and succor and protection of his creatures—this interesting and highly gifted young man runs his course like a giant, prospering and to prosper; in the court as a flaming sword, leading and lighting the injured to their own; and in the public assembly exposing her wrongs, exacting her rights, conquering envy, trampling on corruption, beloved by his country, esteemed by a world, enjoying and deserving an unexampled fame, and actively employing the summer of his life in gathering honors for his name and garlands for his grave."

Another great treat with which the author came into contact was meeting John Philpot Curran, Lord Thomas Erskine and Henry Grattan.

Margaret Fuller, the transcendentalist, wrote a very beautiful style. Emerson was one of her closest friends. Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, left a great work, *The World as Will and Idea.* Henry George, American economist and sociologist, added to our literature with several works on political economy. Irving Fisher is a student of our present-day problems of economy.

Who are these other actors coming across the stage? Horace Mann, American educator and writer. Bayard Taylor, American traveler and writer; his translation of Goethe's *Faust* was his masterpiece; he was minister to Berlin, and his books on travel are the best of their kind ever written. A. W. Kinglake, English historian, wrote the book, *Eothen,* which will live forever; his description of the Sphinx is excellent.

Grantland Rice has the right idea of life when he says:

"I do not know what I shall find on out beyond the final fight;
I do not know what I shall meet beyond the last barrage of night;
Nor do I care—but this I know—if I but serve within the fold
And play the game—I'll be prepared for all the endless years may hold."

Edgar A. Guest, Edwin Arnold, Ella W. Wilcox, Arnold Bennett, R. W. Service, Alfred Noyes and Douglas Malloch have made the world better. They have all fulfilled the philosophy of life by serving humanity.

Henry Rider Haggard, English novelist, gave us *She* and *Cleopatra* and several books on political questions.

Others who contributed to what little the author knows were Carl Schurz, the American publicist, who wrote on Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, etc. Ernest Thompson Seton, author, artist and lecturer and best posted man in the world on the nature of animals, is doing a great work through his Woodcraft League; he is a father to the boys of this country. Seton cries out to the world: "Manhood, not scholarship, is the highest aim of education; and that the most important thing in America is the character of our young people." Seton has written many books on animals.

R. L. Stevenson, Frederick Ward, Friedrich Nietzsche, Kipling, Hamilton Wright Mabie and the Hindu poet, philosopher and educator, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, have made it possible for the author to go further along with his education.

The compiler read the works of Herbert Spencer. His work *First Principles* made him one of the outstanding philosophers. "He summed up his age as no man had ever summed up any age since Dante; and he accomplished so masterly a co-ordination of so vast an era of knowledge that criticism is almost shamed into silence by his achievement. We are standing now on heights which his struggles and his labors won for us; we seem to be above him because he has raised us on his shoulders."

The compiler having read several thousands of books, covering all the fields of thought, can say that "history is but one long repetition, and one century is the plagiarist of another."

He has often seen human genius contending with divine chance. He has seen Paganism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity crying out to the world their moral codes. He has seen the world go through the periods of superstition, bigotry, hypocrisy, prejudice, conquest, invasion, usurpation of civilization depending on a marriage of kings, on a birth in hereditary tyrannies, a division of peoples by a congress, a dismemberment by the collapse of a dynasty, a combat of two religions meeting face to face.

And today the author sees across the horizon of civilization this earth going democracy. Is democracy the perfect form of government? Will democracy endure?

Dr. William B. Munro's book, *The Governments of Europe,* published by the Macmillan Company, philosophizes upon the problem. Mr. Munro says: "Today we see democracy triumphant, but a study of its varied manifestations can hardly help prompting the query whether there is or ever can be any approach to finality in governments or political institutions. May it not be that even democracy, which the world has acclaimed as the solvent of all political ills, is but a milestone on the way to something else? In all human probability it must be so, for we know that the thing that hath been is not, and we may be equally certain that the thing that is will not endure. 'Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set,' is a venerable injunction, but a very profitless one as all history attests. That which a Greek poet once said of the human intellect—that it changes with every round of the seasons—is true of the national will as well. It is true of all the handiwork of man, including the institutions that he creates. The 'law of the pendulum,' as Lord Salisbury once called it, is incessantly in play.

"When, therefore, we study a government of today we are merely dealing with a single link in the great chain of political causation. What form it may take tomorrow we do not know and cannot safely conjecture, for in political science we deal with imponderables, not with constants or with things that are reducible to a common denominator. We cannot tell whither democracy is leading us; we only know that it is leading us somewhere, and doing it fast. Someone has said that democracy is urging the world into a race between education and disaster, for a ballot is about the most destructive weapon that can be put into the hands of any unlettered man. Europe has placed it in the hands of millions. What use or abuse will they make of it? When the roaring loom of time has finished the popular jazz-pattern on which it is now at work, with its warp of equality and its woof of self-determination, what new fabric will it start to weave?"

What the outcome of this spirit of democracy will lead us to we know not. Where are those nations that put out these vast collective works, the *Ramayana,* the *Mahabharata,* the *Niebelungen,* the *Heldenbuch,* the *Romancero?* Only Time knows the story.

"What do we find from the pages of history? Nothing but 'the shipwrecks of nations and of empires.' Some fine day that strange force, the hurricane, passes and carries away manners, laws and religions. The civilizations of India, Chaldæa, Persia, Assyria and Egypt have disappeared in turn. Why? We are ignorant. What are the causes of these disasters? We do not know. Could those societies have been saved? Was it their fault? Did they obstinately persist in some fatal vice which destroyed them? What amount of suicide is there in these terrible deaths of a nation and a race? These are unanswerable questions. Darkness covers condemned civilizations. There was a leak somewhere, since they sank. We have nothing more to say; and it is with a sort of terror that we behold at the bottom of that sea which is called the past, and beneath those colossal waves, the centuries, the wreck of those immense vessels, Babylon, Nineveh, Tarsus, Thebes and Rome, before the terrific blast which blows from all the mouths of the darkness. But there was darkness there, and we have light. If we are ignorant of the diseases of ancient civilizations, we know the infirmities of our own. We have the right of light upon every part of it. We contemplate its beauties and lay bare its deformities. Wherever it is wounded, we probe; and the suffering once decided, the study of the cause leads to the discovery of the remedy. Our civilization, the work of twenty centuries, is at once its monster and its miracle; it is worth saving. It will be saved. To solace it is much; to enlighten it is also something. All the labors of modern social philosophy should be brought to bear on this point. The thinker of the present day has a grand duty to apply the stethoscope to civilization.

"We repeat it, this auscultation is encouraging; and we intend to end these few pages, an austere interlude in a mournful drama, by laying stress on this encouragement. Beneath the social mortality, we feel human imperishableness. The globe does not perish because here and there it has wounds in the shape of craters, and ringworms in the shape of sulphur-pits, nor because of a volcano which breaks out and scatters its fires around. The diseases of the people do not kill man.

"And yet those who follow the social clinic shake their heads at times. The strongest, the tenderest and the most logical have their hours of despondency.

"Will the future arrive? It seems as if we might almost ask this question when we see so much terrible shadow—somber, face-to-face encounter of the egotists and the wretched. In the egotist we find prejudice, the clouds of a caste education, appetite growing with intoxication, a vertigo of prosperity that dulls the senses, a dread of suffering, which in some goes so far as an aversion for the sufferer, an implacable satisfaction, and the feeling of self so swollen that it bars the soul. In the wretched we find covetousness, envy, hatred of seeing others successful, the deep-seated impulses of the human beast to satisfy its desires, hearts full of mist, sorrow, want, fatality, impure and simple ignorance.

"Must we still raise our eyes to heaven? Is the luminous point which we see there one of those which die out? The ideal is frightful to look on, thus lost in the depths—small, isolated, scarcely perceptible, shining, but surrounded by all those great black menaces, monstrously collected around it. For all that, though, in no more danger than a star in the yawning throat of the clouds."

Time buries all of our history and it becomes mythology. The day will come when Colonel Charles Lindbergh, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Dr. Hugo Eckener will only be a fictitious narrative. The story of the Graf Zeppelin encircling the globe in the future will be a fairy tale. Niagara Falls will be a thing of the past. The pyramids of Egypt will bow their heads to Time.

After all, what is man? Is he a known quantity? "Man, that infirmity, that shadow, that atom, that grain of sand, that drop of water, that tear fallen from the eyes of destiny; man, so little, so feeble, so uncertain, so ignorant, so perplexed; man, who walks in bewilderment and in doubt, knowing little of yesterday and nothing of the morrow, seeing just enough of his path to take a step forward, the rest all darkness—trembling if he look before him, sad if he look behind him; man, enfolded in the immensities and obscurities of time, space, being, and lost in them—having a gulf in himself, his soul, and a gulf outside himself, heaven; man, who at certain hours bends with a sort of sacred horror under all the forces of nature—under the roaring of the sea, the moaning of the trees, under the shadow of the mountains, under the radiance of the stars; man, who cannot raise his head during the day without being blinded by the light, nor during the night without being crushed by the infinite; man, who knows nothing, sees nothing, understands nothing, who may be borne off tomorrow, today, in a moment, by the passing wave, by the rustling breeze, by the pebble that falls, by the hour that strikes; yet on a given day, man, that quivering, shuddering, wretched being, the toy of chance, the plaything of the expiring minute, draws himself up on sudden before the enigma called human life, feels that there is in him something greater than the abyss, honor; stronger than fatality, virtue; deeper than the unknown, faith—and alone, feeble, and naked he says to all this formidable mystery which holds and encompasses him, "Do with me what thou wilt, but I will do this and I will not do that!" and proud, serene, tranquil, creating by one word a fixed point in this somber instability which fills the horizon, as the sailor casts an anchor into the ocean he casts his oath into the future."

"O oath! admirable confidence of justice in itself! sublime permission to make a solemn averment granted by God to man! It is ended; it exists no longer. One more glory of the soul faded away into space!"

The author received some more of his education as he stood and philosophized at Niagara Falls. "The most sublime of all nature's handiwork. Such haughty grandeur, such riot of coloring, such compelling beauty, such strength of character, its like is to be found in the galleries of the Gods!"

As the author stood at the foot of the mighty cataract, he was indeed inspired and awed—awed at its terrible potency, "inspired by the lesson it seems to convey. And as he looked on he was wondering how any man could say there was no God. He could feel His presence. Strange and conflicting were his emotions. Reason seemed to desert him. Man-prescribed laws, geographical axioms, scientific wherefores are at naught. Evolution has no place in our mental vision. All we can see is Niagara, the awful, carrying on his perpetual warfare; all we can hear is the voice of the 'Mighty Thunderer' never to be stilled until time has passed over it."

Contemplation of the sea contributed its quota of information—that great *verb* of this earth. It reveals itself to art by rhythm, it is the law of order, it is action at its full power, it has every horizon, it has a will, it is dedicated to *time,* it has a conscience, it is aware of its power, it goes on out beyond the imagination, it is as simple as the *sun.* Exhaustion with the ocean is impossible; it never feels fatigue; it has a gigantic determination; it is power reaching its goal; it has grace, charm and prestige; it is the highest expression of force served by the Great Creator; it has no fear of the future; it is the *cube* of perpetual motion. Lord Byron understood the ocean when he said:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over Thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks of all thy dead, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When for a moment like a drop of rain,
He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

What a great education we receive from the ocean. It is a perfect democracy—philosophy reigns—it is Utopia.

"The Ocean's Majesty is God. What is there more sublime than the trackless desert, all-surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently-heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea, power resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute, and its expression, whether in the careless conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. There is majesty in its fullness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity for its whole vast surface is uniform. Its depth is sublime—what fabric of man can resist it! Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple, or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunder at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against some toiling vessel's side, lulling the voyager to rest with its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however, artful, which can be compared with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?"

The author, as he has been going through life trying to get an education, has gazed into the profundity of space. He has looked into the heavens with the astronomer, seeking knowledge with an open and inquiring mind.

What is it all about? You look out into the solar system, and what is a mile? Nothing! What is space? What is time? What is light? Light travels 186,000 miles a second. We look out and see the Milky Way, that great luminous cloud-like belt which completely circles the sky. We see Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. On out beyond these are other planets and suns. There is no limit to space. It goes on out into the Nothing, which is the All. Space and time have no beginning nor end.

The entire solar system—sun, planets, satellites, comets and meteors—are moving forward as a unit. There are no delays, no mishaps, no jolts nor jars, but a steady uniform advance through the universe at the rate of 12½ miles a second. They are obeying some law. Utopia reigns—democracy is its philosophy.

The author has sat at the feet of the astronomers of Egypt, Babylon and Phœnicia. Aratus, Hipparchus and Ptolemy had their influence in Greece. Mahomet was interested in the science. Bagdad and Cordova in their famous schools encouraged the science. Arabia added greatly to our knowledge of the science.

Other astronomers have played their part in the author's education: Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet; Nicholas Copernicus, the native of Poland; Tycho Brahe, the Danish scholar; Galileo, the Italian; Kepler, the German, and Laplace, the Frenchman.

The author realizes that he is only an "intelligent atom on a grain of sand lost in the immensity of a space." The author is greatly indebted to other men of note, who also looked into space; such men as Amedee Guillemin; Richard A. Proctor, the Englishman; Sir Robert S. Ball, the British scientist; J. E. Gore; Camille Flammarion, the Frenchman; Ludwig Ideler; Alexander W. Roberts; A. Fowler; Sir John Herschel; William F. Denning; Elisee Reclus; Thomas Gwyn Elger, and Agnes M. Clerke.

Astronomy is a perfect science. It is harmonious. It is in harmony with gravitation. It is built upon reason. It is our alphabet in space.

There is nothing grander than the heavens. There is no place in our scope of thinking that reveals the great Creator more than the heavens. Our faith in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are well established when we see how laws, theories and affinities work in harmony. They reflect the good will of the Creator. The heavens are the highest manifestations of thought. They are a miracle of majesty and beauty and have the air of liberty. They create the ideal: faith reigns. The heavens are the highest form of expression. They cultivate and kindle the imagination and quicken the conscience. The heavens have a purpose. The heavens are the melody of conduct. They are the masterpiece of the Master of space and time. They are a temple of personality. The heavens are a multitude of pictures. Every light is a work of art. But let us use the words of the Frenchman, Camille Flammarion:

"Better than the spectacle of the sea calm or agitated, grander than the spectacle of mountains adorned with forests or crowned with perpetual snow, the spectacle of the sky attracts us, envelops us, speaks to us of the infinite, gives us the dizziness of the abyss; for, more than any other, it seizes the contemplative mind and appeals to it, being the truth, the infinite, the eternal, the all. Writers who know nothing of the true poetry of modern science have supposed that the perception of the sublime is born of ignorance and that to admire it is necessary not to know. This is assuredly a strange error, and the best proof of it is found in the captivating charm and the passionate admiration which divine science now inspires, not in some rare minds only, but in thousands of intellects, in a hundred thousand readers impassioned in the search for truth, surprised, almost ashamed at having lived in ignorance of and indifferent to these splendid realities, anxious to incessantly enlarge their conceptions of things eternal, and feeling admiration increasing in their dazzled minds in proportion as they penetrate further into the Infinitude. 'What was the Universe of Moses, of Job, of Hesiod, or of Cicero compared to ours.' Search through all the religious mysteries, in all the surprises of art, painting, music, the theater, or romance for an intellectual contemplation which produces in the mind the impression of truth, of grandeur of the sublime, like astronomical contemplation! The smallest shooting star puts to us a question which it is difficult not to hear; it seems to say to us 'What are we in the Universe?' The Comet opens its wings to carry us into the profundities of space; the star which shines in the depths of the heavens shows us a distant sun surrounded with unknown humanities who warm themselves in his rays. Wonderful, immense, fantastic spectacles. They charm by their captivating beauty and transport into the majesty of the unfathomable the man who permits himself to soar and wing his flight to the Infinitude."

As the author has looked out into the Nothing, he has said: "What is all this night and darkness around us? Where are we going? But all the author can see is the incomprehensible, nowhere the intelligible!

"There is such a thing as the pressure of darkness.

"A strange roof of shadow; a deep obscurity, which no diver can explore; a light of a strange, subdued and somber kind, mingled with that obscurity; floating atoms of rays, like the dust of seeds or of ashes; millions of lamps but no illumination; a vast sprinkling of fire, of which no man knows the secret; a diffusion of shining points, like a drift of sparks arrested in their course; the disorder of the whirlwind, with the fixedness of death; a mysterious and abysmal depth; an enigma, at once showing and concealing its face; the Infinite in its mask of darkness—these are the synonyms of night. Its weight lies heavily on the soul of man.

"This combination of all mysteries—the mystery of the Cosmos and the mystery of Fate—overpowers the human brain.

"The pressure of darkness acts in inverse proportion upon different natures. In the presence of night man feels his own incompleteness. He perceives the dark void and realizes his frailty. The sky is black, the man blind. Face to face with night, man bends, kneels, prostrates himself, crouches on the earth, crawls towards a cave, or seeks for wings. Almost always he shrinks from that vague presence of the unknown. He asks himself what it is; he trembles and bows the head. Sometimes he desires to go to it.

"To go whither?

"He can only answer, 'There!'

"There! But what is it like? and what will be found there?

"This curiosity is evidently forbidden to the spirit of man; for all around him the roads which bridge that gulf are demolished or gone. There is no arch to enable him to span the Infinite. But there is fascination about forbidden knowledge, as in the edge of the abyss. Where the foot cannot tread, the eye may reach; where the eye can penetrate no further, the imagination may soar. There is no man, however feeble or insufficient his resources, who does not make the attempt. According to his nature he questions or recoils before this great mystery. With some it has the effect of repressing, with others it enlarges the soul. The spectacle is somber, indefinite.

"Is the night calm and cloudless? It is then a mass of shadow. Is it stormy? It is then a sea of cloud. Its limitless depths reveal themselves to us, and yet baffle our gaze; close themselves against research, but remain open to conjecture. Its innumerable dots of light only make the obscurity beyond deeper. Jewels, scintillations, stars; proofs of the existence of unknown universes which bid defiance to man's approach; landmarks of the infinite creation; boundaries there, where there are no bounds; landmarks impossible, and yet real, revealing the immensity of those infinite deeps. One microscopic glittering point; then another; then another; imperceptible, yet enormous. Yonder light is a focus; that focus is a star; that star is a sun; that sun is a universe; that universe is nothing. For all numbers are as zero in the presence of the Infinite.

"These worlds, which yet are nothing, exist. Through this fact we feel the difference which separates the *being nothing* from the *not to be.*

"The inaccessible added to the inexplicable, such are the heavens.

"A sublime phenomenon is evolved from this thought—the development of the soul by awe.

"Awe is peculiar to man; the beast knows it not. Intelligence finds in this sublime terror its eclipse and the proof of its existence.

"Darkness is unity, hence horror; at the same time it is complex, hence terror. Its unity crushes the spirit and destroys all inclination to resist. Its complexity makes us look anxiously around on all sides; it seems as if some accident were about to happen. We surrender, yet are on our guard. One is in the presence of Omnipotence, hence submission; and in the presence of the many, hence distrust. The unity of darkness contains a multiple, visible in matter and realizable in thought. Its very silence is only another reason for one to be on the watch.

"Night—as the writer has said elsewhere—is the proper, normal state of the special creation to which we belong. Day, brief in duration as in space, is merely proximity to a star.

"The wonderful mystery of night is not accomplished without friction, and the friction of such a machine is the contusions of life. This friction of the machine we call evil. In the darkness we are conscious of this evil, this covert lie against divine order this open blasphemy of fact rebelling against the ideal. Evil disturbs the vast whole of the cosmos with a strange hundred-headed teratology. Evil is always present to oppose. It is the hurricane that stops the ship; it is chaos that checks the budding of a world. Good is characterized by unity, evil by ubiquity. Evil disarranges life; it makes the bird destroy the fly, and the comet destroy the planet. Evil is an erasion in the book of nature.

"The darkness of night makes the brain whirl. One who attempts to sound its depths is submerged and struggles in vain. No task is so hard as an examination of the land of shadows. It is the study of an effacement.

"There is no definite spot where the spirit can rest. There are points of departure, no points of arrival. The decussation of contradictory solutions; all the different diversities of doubt simultaneously presented; the ramifications of phenomena perpetually exfoliating under an indefinite power of growth; an inexplicable promiscuity which makes minerals vegetate, vegetation live, thought ponder, love radiate, and gravitation attract; a simultaneous attack upon all questions deploying in a limitless obscurity; the half-seen sketching the unknown; cosmic simultaneousness in full view, not to the eye but to the mind, in the vast indistinct of space; the invisible become a vision—such are the night and the shades of darkness.

"He knows no details; he bears, to an extent proportionate to his spirit, the monstrous load of the Whole. It was this that drove the Chaldæan shepherds to astronomy. Involuntary revelations come from the pores of nature; an exudation of science is in some way self-produced, and wins the ignorant. Every person who leads a lonely life under this mysterious impregnation becomes, often unconsciously, a natural philosopher.

"The darkness is indivisible; it is inhabited, sometimes inhabited without change of place by the absolute, sometimes inhabited but subject to change of place. To move therein is alarming. A holy creative power accomplishes its phases therein. Premeditations, powers, self-chosen destinies work out their measureless task there. A terrible and horrible life is in it. There are vast evolutions of stars, the stellar family, the planetary family, the zodiacal star-dust; the *quid divinum* of currents, of influences, of polarization and attraction. There are affinities and antagonisms in it; a stupendous ebb and flow of the universal antithesis; the imponderable at liberty in the midst of centers; the wandering atom, the scattered germ; circles of fecundation, osculations and repugnancies; unheard-of profusion, distances like dreams; giddy revolutions; worlds plunging into the incalculable; prodigies pursuing each other in the gloom; the pantings of flying spheres and whirling wheels. The learned conjecture, the simple assent and tremble; it is, and it vanishes; it is impregnable, beyond reach, beyond approach. Conviction becomes oppression; some—we know not what—black evidence lies heavy on us; we can grasp nothing; we are crushed by the impalpable.

"Everywhere around us we see the incomprehensible, nowhere the intelligible!

"And then add the momentous question: Is this immanence endowed with a soul?

"We are in doubt. We look and listen.

"Still the sad earth moves and rolls; the flowers are conscious of the mighty movement; the silenia opens at eleven o'clock in the evening, the hemerocallis at five in the morning. Striking regularity.

"Each drop of water is a miniature world; the infusoria come to life. Think of the marvelous fecundity of an animalcule! The imperceptible displays its grandeur; the antistrophe of immensity is revealed; a diatome in a single hour produces thirteen hundred millions of diatomes.

"Surely every enigma is summed up in this.

"The irreducible equation is here. We are constrained to have faith. But to have faith does not suffice to give one tranquillity. Faith has a strange need of forms. Hence religions. Nothing is so unsatisfying as a belief without outlines.

"Whatever we think, whatever we wish, whatever may be our repugnance, to look into the darkness is not to look, but to contemplate.

"What can be done with these phenomena? How move in the spot where they converge? To dispel this pressure is impossible. Darkness is a silence, but an eloquent silence. One conclusion stands out majestically—the existence of a God. This belief in God is inherent in man. Syllogisms, quarrels, negations, systems, religions, pass over it without diminishing it. This thought is confirmed by darkness. The marvelous harmony of forces of nature is manifested by their power to maintain all this obscurity in equilibrium. The universe is suspended in mid-air, yet nothing falls. Incessant, immeasurable change takes place without accident or fracture. Man participates in this transition movement; and the wonderful oscillations to which he is subjected he calls destiny. Where does destiny begin? Where does nature end? What is the difference between an event and a season, between a sorrow and a rainstorm, between a virtue and a star? Is not an hour a wave? The machinery in motion continues its passionless revolution without any regard to man. The starry heaven is a system of wheels, beams and counterweights. It is supreme contemplation coupled with supreme meditation; all reality *plus* all abstraction. Nothing beyond; here we are stopped. The darkness reveals not the secret. We are in the train of a complicated mechanism, an integral part of an unknown whole, and feel the unknown within us fraternize mysteriously with an unknown without us.

"It is this which tells us that death is inevitable. What anguish, and at the same time what rapture! To be absorbed in the infinite, and thereby brought to attribute to one's self a necessary immortality, or—who knows?—a possible eternity! to feel in the immense flood of the deluge of universal life the insubmersible will of the I! To look on the stars and say, 'I am a soul like you'; to look into the darkness and say, 'I am an abyss like you'!

"Such are the thoughts and visions awakened by the night!

"All these vague fancies, multiplied and intensified by solitude," have weighed upon the author.

The author has studied the many doctrines of the philosophers, going under many names, such as determinism, fatalism, finalism, voluntarism, hedonism, materialism, pantheism, vitalism, pragmatism and naturalism.

The author received some more education by going further into the doctrines such as utilitarianism, pluralism, idealism, instrumentalism, mechanism, intuitionism and realism. The philosophers taught the author a little about cosmology, ontology and the belief of an epicurean—that is, that pleasure is the highest good.

Many scientists crossed the author's path, such as archæologists, anthropologists, and swarming insects of so-called wise men. Through all the ages they have crawled over and around the structure of this earth, trying to unravel the mysteries of the past. "Confounded, dumfounded, they have stood and gazed aghast and have turned away in confusion worse confounded—and with hypotheses, conjectures and scientific piffle, prattle, prate and other pretty and petty premises and conclusions, have crawled away awed, awed by the voiceless riddle of the ages, leaving its story unread, a miracle for each succeeding generation, in turn to bend their footsteps, and learnedly to look, and in littleness, turn away to other things of life that they know as little about."

Yet we pass on, and as we pass we sup the cup of life. We pass on out into time; we pass on out into space—that fifth dimension of the Nothing, which is the All: "And to the unspoken question of our souls, the murmuring surges whisper, hope!"

ANDERSON M. BATEN.

THE HEAVEN BEFORE AND AFTER DAWN

It was a mild, serene midsummer's night: the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle. The timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sisterbeams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged.

Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of the Angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray: the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of the flowers and leaves into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.—EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865).

SPHINX

Incomprehensibility is written over the inscrutable face of the "Mighty Sphinx of Egypt." The drifting, shifting sands of the silent and echoless Sahara, have cushioned the feet of many multitudes of savants, philosophers, kings and conquerors—but still the mighty riddle has never been read. It is one of the standing miracles of the ages.

The noiseless centuries have cycled four thousand years and more in procession, as noiseless as the silent procession of the stars, but the riddle of its being there, its purpose, its plan, unanswered and unanswerable, its builders unknown. Archæologists, anthropologists and swarming insects of scientists of all ages have crawled over and around its structure, in fact have made it a mecca of inquiry and research, but no answer comes from its dull, cold and lifeless lips.

Confounded, dumfounded, they have stood and gazed aghast and have turned away in confusion worse confounded, and with hypotheses, conjectures and scientific piffle, prattle, prate and other pretty and petty premises and conclusions, have crawled away, awed by the voiceless riddle of the ages, leaving its story unread, a miracle for each succeeding generation, in turn to bend their footsteps and learnedly to look and in littleness turn away to other things of life that they know just as little about.—E. B. MUSE.

Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882).

Young, beautiful and accomplished, she was "adorned with all that earth or heaven could bestow to make her amiable." Virtue never found a fairer temple; beauty never veiled a purer sanctuary; the graces of her mind retained the admiration which her beauty had attracted; and the eye, which her charms fired, became subdued and chastened in the modesty of their association.

She was in the dawn of life, with all its fragrance round her, and yet so pure that even the blush which sought to hide her luster but disclosed the vestal deity that burned beneath it.

MARRIAGE

In their spring of life, when fancy waved her fairy wand around them, till all above was sunshine, and all beneath was flowers; when to their clear and charmed vision this ample world was but a weedless garden, where every tint spoke nature's loveliness, and every sound breathed heaven's melody, and every breeze was but embodied fragrance; it might have been that, in this cloudless holiday love wove his roseate bondage round them, till their young hearts so grew together, a separate existence ceased, and life itself became a sweet identity.

WASHINGTON

I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command—liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

I have the honor, sir, of proposing to you as a toast, the *immortal memory* of George Washington.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

We like a great man better when we know his faults, and suspiciously dislike him when he shines in unmitigated perfection.

Truth generally lies in the co-ordination of antagonistic opinions.

History is little more than the Newgate calendar of nations, "a record of robbery, treachery, murder and national suicide."

To limit reason by reasoning is like trying to swim without entering the water.

Good is that which survives, which wins; bad is that which gives way and fails.

The real test of a man, or a group, or a species, is energy, capacity, power.

An author must become silent when his work begins to speak.

Truth is the "cash value" of an idea. —WILL DURANT.

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That not only is there "a soul of goodness in things evil" but generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous.

No man is equal to his book. —SPENCER (1820-1903).

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BRAVE LIFE—FROM THE SONGS OF THE STALWART

I do not know what I shall find on out beyond the final fight;
I do not know what I shall meet beyond the last barrage of night;
Nor do I care—but this I know—if I but serve within the fold
And play the game I'll be prepared for all the endless years may hold.

Life is a training camp at best for what may wait beyond the years;
A training camp of toiling days and nights that lean to dreams and tears;
But each may come upon the goal, and build his soul above all fate
By holding an unbroken faith and taking courage for a mate.

Is not the fight itself enough that man must look to some behest?
Wherein does failure miss success if all engaged but do their best?
Where does the victor's cry come in for wreath of fame or laureled brow
If one he vanquished fought as well as weaker muscle would allow?

If my opponent in the fray should prove to be a stronger foe—
Not of his making but because the destinies ordained it so;
If he should win—and I should lose—although I did my utmost part,
Is my reward the less than his if he should strive with equal heart?

Brave life, I hold, is something more than driving upward to the peak;
Than smashing madly through the strong, and crashing onward through the weak;
I hold the man who makes his fight against the raw game's crushing odds
Is braver than his brothers are who hold the favor of the gods.

On by the skyline, faint and vague, in that far country all must know,
No laurel crown of fame may wait beyond the sunset's glow;
But life has given me the chance to train and serve within the fold,
To meet the test and be prepared for all the endless years may hold.

—GRANTLAND RICE.

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CHASTITY

There is not on this earth a lovelier vision; there is not for the skies a more angelic candidate than a young, modest maiden, robed in chastity; no matter what its habitation, whether it be the palace or the hut—

"So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal!"

Such is the supreme power of chastity, as described by one of our divinest bards, and the pleasure which I feel in the recitation of such a passage is not a little enhanced by the pride that few countries more fully afford its exemplification than our own. Let foreign envy decry us as it will, chastity is the instinct of the Irish female; the pride of her talents, the power of her beauty, the splendor of her accomplishments, are but so many handmaids of this vestal virtue; it adorns her in the court, it ennobles her in the cottage; whether she basks in prosperity, or pines in sorrow, it clings about her like the diamond of the morning on the mountain floweret, trembling even in the ray that at once exhibits and inhales it. Rare in our land is the absence of this virtue. Thanks to the modesty that venerates, thanks to the manliness that brands and avenges its violation.

But of all the ties that bound—of all the bounties that blessed her—Ireland most obeyed, most loved, most reverenced the nuptial contract. She saw it the gift of heaven, the charm of earth, the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the chastity of passion, the sacrament of love; the slender curtain that shades the sanctuary of her marriage-bed, has in its purity the splendor of the mountain snow, and for its protection the texture of the mountain adamant.

She was then in the very spring of life, and never did the sun of heaven unfold a lovelier blossom—her look was beauty and her breath was fragrance—the eye that saw her caught a luster from the vision; and all the virtues seemed to linger round her, like so many spotless spirits enamored of her loveliness.

Here I take my stand, and I say, under no earthly circumstances can a justification of the adulterer be adduced. No matter with what delinquent sophistry he may blaspheme through its palliation, God ordained, nature cemented, happiness consecrated that celestial union, and it is complicated treason against God, and man, and society, to intend its violation. The social compact through every fiber trembles at its consequences; not only policy, but law, not only law, but nature, not only nature, but religion deprecate and denounce it, parent and offspring, youth and age, the dead from the tombs, the child from its cradle, creatures scarce alive, and creatures still unborn; the grandsire, shivering on the verge of death; the infant quickening in the mother's womb; all with one assent re-echo God, and execrate adultery! I say, then, where it is once proved that husband and wife live together in a state of happiness, no contingency on which the sun can shine can warrant any man in attempting their separation.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

THE BRAIN

The brain—the dark continent of motive and desire—has never been explored. In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passion's tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that mockery has throned and crowned.—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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A good man has meekness in prosperity and fortitude in adversity.

Each man is put into this world to carry virtue to a higher point.

The purity of a woman's soul is her best protection.

To know the future you must read the past.

To be covered with glory sometimes buries us in debt.

Music is the soul expressing itself.

Genius is recognized by fate.

Latent powers become dynamic in a crisis.

Flattery produces egotism.

—Anderson M. Baten.

Living men are the stones of God's temple, and the church is more beautified by good manners than by rich walls.—St. Louis, King of France (1215-1270).

REPUTATION

Who shall estimate the cost of priceless reputation—that impress which gives this human dross its currency, without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it injured? Who can redeem it lost? Oh! well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison. Without it gold has no value, birth no distinction, station no dignity, beauty no charm, age no reverence; or, should I not rather say, without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life, stand, like the beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is danger—that its contact is death. The wretch without it is under eternal quarantine—no friend to greet, no home to harbor him.

The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge—a buoyant pestilence! But, gentlemen, let me not degrade into the selfishness of individual safety, or individual exposure, this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin. It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon; which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country; which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man; which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit immortality; which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory! Oh divine, oh delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can you conceive a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time: but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person affects that which medicine may remedy: but what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify: but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? Can there be an inquiry more deadly? Can there be a crime more cruel? It is without remedy—it is without antidote—it is without evasion! The reptile calumny is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities. Under such a visitation how dreadful would be the destiny of the virtuous and the good, if the providence of our constitution had not given you the power, as, I trust, you will have the principle, to bruise the head of the serpent, and crush and crumble the altar of its idolatry.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

Remember, my son, that a kingdom is a public trust, for the exercise of which you must render a strict account after your death.—KING LOUIS VI OF FRANCE (1137).

I had rather see the courtiers laugh at my avarice than my people weep on account of my expenses.—LOUIS XII OF FRANCE (1462-1515).

Live at peace with your neighbors.—LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE (1643-1715).

I serve.—KING JOHN OF BOHEMIA.

The most acceptable adoration in this world which a man can pay to his Creator is to discharge his duty faithfully toward his fellow-creatures, discarding passion and partiality, and without distinction of friend or foe, relative or stranger.—AKBAR, Sovereign Mogul Empire in India (16th Century).

What do I know?—MONTAIGNE (1533-1592).

Raleigh met death with manliness and dignity. He desired to see the ax, and felt the edge of it, remarking to the sheriff: "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618).

Nothing is so contemptible as a despised king.—CHARLES I OF ENGLAND (1600-1649).

Now or never.—EARL OF TYRCONNEL, Ireland (1689)

Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart-builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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The gathering orange stain
Upon the edge of yonder western peak
Reflects the sunset of a thousand years.
—JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is of all things the most shameful and vile.—PLATO (425-347 B.C.).

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body, as by the one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated: by the other virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed.—ADDISON (1672-1719).

Great men speak to us only so far as we have ears and souls to hear them: only so far as we have in us the roots, at least, of that which flowers out in them.—EMERSON (1803-1882).

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Those who live only for the world, and in the world, may be cast down by the frowns of adversity; but a man is not to be overcome by the reverses of fortune.—WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

EDUCATION

No doubt you have all personally considered, no doubt you have all personally experienced, that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance or bears a heavenlier aspect than education. It is a companion which no misfortunes can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave: at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament: it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and in the accident of their alternate ascendency shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

> A mighty maze, and all without a plan;

A dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth or ornament or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire, and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the scepter of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? What extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds?—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

THE LAST RACE

I have the mount on Courage today,
  And Death is riding the white,
Through the paddock gate, with a smile at fate,
  To the track in the slanting light.

The odds on Death are short, they say,
  And how shall a sportsman choose?
There is just one test, you must ride your best,
  Then you win, if you win or lose.

We face the flag on our hill-rimmed course,
  It falls to a perfect start,
No waiting race—we must set the pace,
  The pace that will break his heart.

On the long back stretch we lead by a length,
  Old Courage asserting his pride,
Till Death shows fight and calls on the white:
  He rides! for he has to ride.

As we swing to the straight, we are still in the van,
  My horse at the top of his speed,
With Death's coming fast—we are nearing the last,
  And the last is already decreed.

The horses, lapped to their saddle girths,
  Rush through like a storm-swept fire—
Death wins! Bravo! But I laugh in his face,
  As he noses me out at the wire.

—E. P. BAYNES.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim.
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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HOW DID YOU DIE

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that!
Come up with a smiling face.

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

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NAPOLEON

He is fallen!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipzig—he was still the same military despot!

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first (and it is to be hoped the last) emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just a little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other.

Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in the noiseless and invisible world of thought. First a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner, and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is this line from Shakespeare:

"Eyes that do mislead the morn."

—R. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—
  No lesson can braver be,
From the ways of the tapestry weavers
  On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs;
  They study it with care.
The while their fingers deftly work,
  Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides,
  Of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore,
  But works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,
  And the web is loosed and turned
That he sees his real handiwork—
  That his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty,
  How it pays him for all of the cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his
  Was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire,
  And giveth him praise as well;
And how happy the heart of the weaver is
  No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always,
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate.
We may not see how the right side looks,
We only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern,
No weaver need have fear.
Only let him look clear into heaven—
The perfect pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour
Forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,
His weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,
And the web is turned and shown,
We shall hear the voice of the master.
It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven,
To bear him thence, shall come down;
And God for his wage shall give him,
Not coin, but a golden crown.

—ANSON G. CHESTER.

From *Heaven's Distant Lamps.*
Publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Sheppard.

SHAKESPEARE

He had the observant eyes that really see, the ears that really hear, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf, and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas—and in his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions that produced it and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

He lived the life of all.

He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock and met the night of death tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiseled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Colosseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thoughts against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine—he offered every sacrifice, and every prayer—felt the consolation and the shuddering fear—mocked and worshiped all the gods—enjoyed all heavens and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding—sowing was harvest—and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.—R. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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THE LOOM OF YEARS

In the light of the silent stars that shine on the struggling sea,
In the weary cry of the wind and the whisper of flower and tree,
Under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide of tears,
I hear the loom of the weaver that weaves the web of years.

The leaves of the winter wither and sink in the forest mould
To color the flowers of April with purple and white and gold,
Light and scent and music die and are born again
In the heart of a gray-haired woman who wakes in a world of pain.

The hound, the fawn and the hawk, and the doves that croon and coo,
We are all one woof of the weaving and the one warp threads us through.
One flying cloud on the shuttle that carries our hopes and fears,
As it goes through the loom of the weaver that weaves the web of years.

The green uncrimpling fern and the rustling dew-drenched rose,
Pass with our hearts to the silence where the wings of music close,
Pass and pass to the timeless that never a moment mars,
Pass and pass to the darkness that made the suns and stars.

Has the soul gone out in the darkness? Is the dust sealed from sight?
Oh, hush, for the woof of the ages returns through the warp of the night!
Never that shuttle loses one thread of our hopes and fears,
As it comes through the loom of the weaver that weaves the web of years.

O, woven in one wide loom thro' the throbbing weft of the whole,
One in spirit and flesh, one in body and soul,
Tho' the leaf were alone in its falling, the bird in its hour to die,
The heart in its muffled anguish, the sea in its mournful cry.

One with the flower of a day, one the withered moon,
One with the granite mountain that melts into the noon,
One with the dream that triumphs beyond the light of the spheres,
We come from the loom of the weaver that weaves the web of years.

—ALFRED NOYES.

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MARRIAGE

I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage.

The grandest ambition that any man can possibly have is to so live, and so improve himself in heart and brain, as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea. There is no success in life without love and marriage. You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she empress of yours, than to be king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success.

Read [illegible] Oct 24, 69

EQUALITY OF MAN AND WOMAN

In my judgment, the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That is my doctrine. You are married; try and make the woman you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake. And so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of a family—the man who thinks he is "boss!" The fellow in the dugout used that word "boss"; that was one of his favorite expressions.

Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, "Now, here, let us settle who is 'boss'!" I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—I abhor a man who is "boss," who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks orders all the rest to be still as some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakably?

I hate above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of a day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at five cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon that man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman—the head of the family—the boss!

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I do not see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars, or ten millions of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber on the beach, where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea.

Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar? When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar, or for two dollars or fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it! I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar! If it has got to go, let it go!

Get the best you can for your family—try to look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how elegantly you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you looked like a prince. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose a woman is going to love you always looking as slovenly as you can? Think of it! Any good woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

Some people tell me, "Your doctrine about loving, and wives, and all that is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you tonight there is more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. The meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts. That is my doctrine! You cannot be so poor that you cannot help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that pays ten per cent, to borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We have a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man must be great, that he must be notorious; that he must be extremely wealthy, or that his name must be upon the putrid lips of rumor. It is a mistake. It is not necessary to be rich or to be great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man.

Happiness is the legal tender of the soul.

Joy is wealth.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a splendid flower, and she will fill your life with perfume and with joy.

And do you know it is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you? Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think that love is eternal. And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, while the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age.

I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love.

—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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A MORNING WALK

A walk on a summer morning; the glistening of the dew; the songs of the birds; the racing of the hare across the field; the lowing of the herd; the soaring of the lark; the cooing of the dove; the humming of the bee; the warbling of the bob-o-link; the verdure of the hills; the fragrance of the flowers; the laughter of sweet childhood; the chatter of the aged; the distant whistle of the youth as he goes out to harvest is a sweet blending of God's universal love. Truly, he is a fool who says in his heart "There is no God."—C. M. JOINER.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on:

then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs.

—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

THE SET OF THE SAIL

One ship drives east, another drives west.
While the selfsame breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales,
That bids them where to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the storm and strife.
—ELLA W. WILCOX (1855-1919).

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
—SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare saw things in their true light. He was a flashing glance of wisdom. His mind was arranged in order, connected, precise, exact, circumscribed, everything foreseen, authority. He is the sign-post of all ages. He is the acme of art. He has reached as far as history. He has made a punctuation in space. He spoke the universal language. He is the advance guard of humanity. He is the polar-star of the future. He is the gigantic rainbow. His brain is a blaze of light flashing from all points at once and illuminating all questions.

Shakespeare's enthusiasm runs wild in all quarters. He is the open mouth of the human mind. He announced the dawn, like the cry of the eagle calling to the sun. His heart pulsated with the great heart of humanity. He is the moral frontier. He was "that huge water-wheel of ideas, that gigantic apparatus of civilization, perpetually elevating the intellectual level throughout the entire universe, and setting free in the midst of humanity an enormous quantity of light." He is the luminous center of the world. He is a perpetual spring of description. His ideas flash out like meteors. He is the art of nature. He has passed from duration to immortality. He is something unheard of, gigantic, immeasurable.

Shakespeare is a total. He cannot grow less. Why? Because he cannot grow greater. He sums up the entire law of art. He is the sounding-line of all ages. He saw the rays of the unknown. No possibility failed him. He goes straight on, putting out of breath those who wish to follow. He is the rose-flush of perpetual dawn. He touched at will all the organ stops in our nature. Exhaustion with him is impossible. He never felt fatigue. Humanity was always his portrait. He is civilization summed up in harmony. He is power reaching its goal.

Shakespeare is the *verb* of literature. There is no limit to his horizon. He meets the imagination; he summed up the prodigious pyramid of civilization. The heaven was within him, and it was his conscience. He was governed by knowledge only. He lived through all the horizons of the brain. He is that daylight of the human soul. It is impossible for him to decay; and in all time to come, he will be pouring himself out in ecstasy in the midst of the universal radiance of creation.

Shakespeare had the book of natural law for his soul. His place is in the sun. He makes the universal mouth speak its language. He is a colossal constellation flashing in the measureless depths. He is that binomial theorem, that marvel fitting everything. He is dedicated *to time*. He is the loftiest monument of human civilization, and a solar system moving onward.

Shakespeare is the highest form of expression. He cultivates and kindles the imagination, and quickens the conscience. He throbs in unison with the great ebb and flow of universal opinion. He goes further than Einstein's relativity of physics, because Shakespeare is the *point* of contact; the *line* of logic; the *plane* of philosophy; the *square* of civilization; the *cube* of mental ability; the *fourth dimension* of Metaphysics, and the *fifth dimension* of *tomorrow,* which shines in the clear horizon, and ascending mingles with the vast dawn of the profundity of *time* and *space.*

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

DEATH

What is death we all so dread?
Is it the termination of a life that has fled,
Or is it a transition from cares of earth
To the realms of bliss and perpetual mirth?

If death is a transition from earth to bliss;
The meeting of loved ones long we have missed,
Why should we dread the narrow span;
The narrow divide to the spirit land?

The reason is plain when you come to think
That the laws of God are a dividing link,
And he who transgresses the laws that were giver
Stands aghast at the thought of the transition.

—C. M. JOINER.

AT A CHILD'S GRAVE

My friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear.

Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn.

Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word—or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "whence?" and every coffin "whither"? The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is nought, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: the dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—hope for the dead.

—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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GOOD PHILOSOPHY

The more a man knows the more liberal he is;
The less a man knows the more bigoted he is.
The less a man knows the more certain he is that he knows it,
And the more a man knows the better satisfied he is
That he is entirely ignorant.
Great knowledge is philosophic, and little, narrow,
Contemptible knowledge is bigoted and hateful.

—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

Permission C. P. Farrell.

Though bright and fair is Beauty's flower,
Too soon its fragrance must decay;
It blooms but for a little hour,
And then 'tis doomed to fade away.

But Virtue, pure and sacred, lives
Beyond the reach of change or time;
Its grace, its loveliness, survives,
To blossom in a heavenly clime.

—FIELD'S SCRAP BOOK.

The drying up a single tear hath more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

—BYRON.

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE

Be gentle! for you little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her, of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts
At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! none are perfect here—
Thou'rt dearer far than life:
Then husband, bear, and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

—F. S. B.

AFFECTION'S TEAR

There is a tear more pure and bright,
Than even morn's first blushing light;
It sparkles with a milder glow,
Than sunbeam on the woven snow;
It is a sweeter, purer gem,
Than ever breath'd on rose-bud stem:
Oh, yes, 'tis even lovelier far
Than evening's first bright glittering star;
For 'tis that holy, sacred tear,
Affection claims her offspring dear.

—F. S. B.

Only by pride cometh contention: but with the well advised is wisdom.

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labor shall increase. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.

Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge: but a fool layeth open his folly.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

—PROVERBS (1000 B.C.).

LOVE'S IMMORTAL WREATH

Who can separate hearts that have united, or divide waters that have met and mingled into one?

Think not, beloved, time can break
  The spell around us cast;
Or absence from my bosom take
  The memory of the past.
My love is not that silvery mist
From summer blooms by sunbeams kiss'd—
  Too fugitive to last:
A fadeless flower, it still retains
The brightness of its early stains.

Nor burns it like the raging fire
  In tainted breasts which glows;
All wild and thorny as the brier
  Without its opening rose:
A gentler, holier love is mine,
Unchangeable and firm, while thine
  Is pure as mountain snows;
Nor yet has passion dared to breathe
A spell o'er Love's immortal wreath.

And now, when grief has dimm'd thine eye,
  And sickness made thee pale,
Think'st thou I could the mourner fly,
  And leave thee to the gale?
Oh, no! may all those dreams depart
Hope sheds upon a youthful heart,
  If now my bosom fail,
Or leave thee, when the storm comes on,
To bear its turbulence alone.

To ivy round some lofty pile,
  Its twining tendril flings;
Though fled from thence be pleasure's smile,
  It yet the fonder clings;
As lonelier still becomes the place,
The warmer is its fond embrace,
  More firm its verdant rings;

As if it loved its shade to rear,
O'er one devoted to despair.

Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,
  Unchanged by gliding years;
Through fortune's rise, or her decline,
  In sunshine, or in tears;
And though between us oceans roll,
And rocks divide us, still my soul
  Can feel no jealous fears,
Confiding in a heart like thine,
Love's uncontaminated shrine!

To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,
  The dearer far art thou;
I loved thee when thy woes were few,
  And can I alter now?
That face, in joy's bright hour, was far
More beautiful since grief was there,
  Though somewhat pale thy brow;
And be it mine to soothe the pain
Thus pressing on the heart and brain.

Yes, Love! my breast, at sorrow's call,
  Shall tremble like thine own;
If from those eyes the teardrops fall,
  They shall not fall alone.
Our souls, like heaven's aerial bow,
Blend every light within their glow,
  Of joy or sorrow known:
And grief, divided with thy heart,
Were sweeter far than joys apart.

—ALBANY ADVERTISER.

From Field's Scrap Book.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "BY ORDER OF THE KING"

The wolf is comforted by its howl, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its finch, woman by her love, and the philosopher by his epiphonema.

Anyone who has lived a solitary life knows how deeply seated monologue is in one's nature. Speech imprisoned frets to find a vent. To harangue space is an outlet. To speak out aloud when alone is as it were to have a dialogue with the divinity which is within. It was, as is well known, a custom of Socrates; he declaimed to himself. Luther did the same.

The bowed frame of an old man is the settlement in the architecture of life. An old man is a thinking ruin.

In life the ass is a third person between our thoughts and ourselves, and acts as a restraint.

One admires one's like. It is a law.

We pass our life in passing on our way.

There is consent in a smile, while a laugh is often a refusal.

A rolling stone and a roving trader gather no moss.

Night is not so black as man.

We are wrong in saying the night falls; we should say night rises, for it is from the earth that obscurity comes. It was already night at the bottom of the cliff; it was still day at top.

To climb is the function of a man; to clamber is that of an animal.

Experience coming too early constructs, sometimes, in the obscure depths of a child's mind, some dangerous balance—we know not what—in which the poor little soul weighs God.

Excess of sensation has the effect of too much oil, and ends by putting out thought.

Trouble overcome is strength gained.

Reflection of children is shapeless, and the utmost they feel is the bitter aftertaste of that which, obscure to them, the man later on calls indignation. Let us add that a child has the faculty of quickly accepting the conclusion of a sensation; the distant fading boundaries which amplify painful subjects escape him. A child is protected by the limit of feebleness against emotions which are too complex. He sees the fact, and little else besides. The difficulty of being satisfied by half-ideas does not exist for him. It is not until later that experience comes, with its brief, to conduct the lawsuit of life. *Then* he confronts groups of facts which have crossed his path—the understanding cultivated and enlarged, draws comparisons—the memories of youth reappear under the passions, like the traces of a palimpsest under the erasure; these memories form the bases of logic, and that which was a vision in the child's brain becomes a syllogism in the man's. Experience is, however, various, and turns to good or evil according to natural disposition. With the good it ripens; with the bad it rots.

That faith in an inn is one of the convictions enrooted by God in man. To believe in a shelter is to believe in God.

Destiny is made up of cross-roads.

A wandering life produces premature old age, and indigence is made up of wrinkles.

Soliloquy is the smoke exhaled by the inmost fires of the soul.

In situations of extreme danger men are endowed with second sight.

Innocence is higher than virtue. Innocence is holy ignorance.

Ignorance is the guardian of Virtue. Where there is no perspective there is no ambition. The ignorant man is in useful darkness, which, suppressing sight, suppresses covetousness: whence innocence. He who reads, thinks; who thinks, reasons. But not to reason is duty; and happiness as well. These truths are incontestable; society is based on them.

Folly has its rights, but it has also its limits.

Death does just this much good to folks: it causes a little talk about them.

The danger in being handsome is being insipid.

It is sometimes more difficult to be second than first. It requires less genius but more courage. The first, intoxicated by the novelty, may ignore the danger; the second sees the abyss and rushes into it.

To be For is a power only on the condition of being at the same time Against.

To be malignant is an opulence.

There is one thing the most pressing of all: to be ungrateful.

Envy is good stuff to make a spy. There is a profound analogy between that natural passion, envy, and that social function, espionage. The spy hunts on others' account, like the dog. The envious man hunts on his own, like the cat.

Enormous baseness implies enormous vanity.

The teeth can look, just as the eye can bite.

He who does not possess his own thought does not possess his own deed.

Irony aimed at anyone except themselves has a charm for them.

Ambition, appetite; all such words signify someone sacrificed to someone satiated. It is sad that hope should be wicked. Is it that the outpourings of our wishes flow naturally to the direction to which we most incline, that of evil? One of the hardest labors of the just man is to expunge from his soul a malevolence which it is difficult to efface. Almost all our desires, when examined, contain what we dare not avow.

It is fearful to think that judgment within us is not justice. Judgment is the relative, justice is the absolute. Think of the difference between a judge and a just man.

Wicked men lead conscience astray with authority. There are gymnastics of untruth. A sophist is a forger, and this forger sometimes brutalizes good sense.

A certain logic, very supple, very implacable, and very agile, is at the service of evil and excels in stabbing truth in the dark. These are blows struck by the devil at Providence.

Every malicious pigmy is a phial in which is inclosed the dragon of Solomon. The phial is microscopic, the dragon immense.

Some human beings have a face shipwrecked into the mask of an animal.

Generations are passing breaths. Man respires, aspires and expires.

True love is never weary. Being all soul, it cannot cool.

Foundations of a work settle down in the mind of the public.

The physiognomy of man is modeled by conscience, and by the tenor of life, and is the result of a crowd of mysterious excavations.

To make people laugh is to make them forget. What a benefactor on earth is he who can bestow forgetfulness.

To have children is a glimpse of heaven. Have brats—wipe them, blow their noses, dirt them, wash them, and put them to bed. Let them swarm about you. If they laugh, it is well; if they howl, it is better—to cry is to live. Watch them suck at six months, crawl at a year, walk at two, grow tall at fifteen, fall in love at twenty. He who has these joys has everything.

The miser is blind; he sees gold and he does not see riches. The prodigal is blind; he sees the beginning and does not see the end. The coquette is blind; she does not see her wrinkles. The learned man is blind; he does not see his own ignorance. The honest man is blind; he does not see the thief. The thief is blind; he does not see God.

The shouts of one's enemies are useful and give point and vitality to one's triumph. A friend wearies sooner in praise than an enemy in abuse. To abuse does not hurt. Enemies are ignorant of this fact. They can not help insulting us, and this constitutes their use. They can not hold their tongues and thus keep the public awake.

We should beware of the nature of the reveries that fasten on us. Reverie has in it the mystery and subtlety of an odor. It is to thought what perfume is to the tuberose. It is at times the exudation of a venomous idea, and it penetrates like a vapor. You may poison yourself with reveries, as with flowers. An intoxicating suicide, exquisite and malignant. The suicide of the soul is evil thought. In it is the poison. Reverie attracts, cajoles, lures, entwines, and then makes you its accomplice. It makes you bear your half in the trickeries which it plays on conscience. It charms; then it corrupts you. We may say of reverie as of play, one begins by being a dupe, and ends by being a cheat.

We have an ear of light into which speaks the spirit, and an ear of darkness into which speaks the instinct.

Virginity is but the hope of maternity.

Explanations diminish interest.

But what is history? An echo of the past in the future; a reflex from the future on the past.

It is when storm-beaten and struggling in the invisible convulsions of the soul until he knows not whether he is in life or in death, that all the delicacy of a man's affection for his loved ones, being yet unimpaired, proves a heart true. When all else is swallowed up, tenderness still floats unshattered.

There is a certain stage of fright in which a man becomes terrible. He who fears everything fears nothing. He would strike the Sphinx. He defies the Unknown.

Alone has a synonym, which is Dead. Despair is an accountant. It sets itself to find its total, it adds up everything even to the farthings. It reproaches heaven with its thunderbolts and its pin-pricks. It seeks to find what it has to expect from fate. It argues, weighs and calculates, outwardly cool, while the burning lava is still flowing on within.

What we call rising in life is leaving the safe for the dangerous path. Which is, thenceforth, the straight line? Toward whom is our first duty? Is it toward those nearest to ourselves or is it toward mankind generally? Do we not cease to belong to our own circumscribed circle and become part of the great family of all? As we ascend we feel an increased pressure on our virtue. The higher we rise the greater is the strain. The increase of right is an increase of duty. We come to many cross-ways, phantom roads perchance, and we imagine that we see the finger of conscience pointing each one of them out to us. Which shall we take? Change our direction, remain where we are, advance, go back? What are we to do? That there should be cross-roads in conscience is strange enough; but responsibility may be a labyrinth. And when a man contains an idea, when he is the incarnation of a fact—when he is a symbolical man, at the same time that he is a man of flesh and blood—is not the responsibility still more oppressive?

Society is the stepmother. Nature is the mother. Society is the world of the body, Nature is the world of the soul. The one tends to the coffin, to the deal box in the grave, to the earth-worms, and ends there. The other tends to expanded wings, to transformation into the morning light, to ascend into the firmament, and there revives into new life.

In some situations of supreme importance nothing approaches so near an omniscient intelligence as the simple instinct of a faithful animal. An animal is a lucid somnambulist.

There are cases in which the dog feels that he should follow his master; others in which he should precede him. Then the animal takes the direction of sense. His imperturbable scent is a confused power of vision in what is twilight to us. He feels a vague obligation to become a guide. Does he know that there is a dangerous pass, and that he can help his master to surmount it? Probably not. Perhaps he does. In any case, someone knows it for him. As we have already said, it often happens in life that some mighty help which we have held to have come from below has, in reality, come from above. Who knows all the mysterious forms assumed by God?

What was this animal? Providence.

There are words which are at once words, cries and sobs, in which all ecstasy and all grief are mingled and burst forth together. They have no meaning, and yet tell all.

HATE

Hate for hate's sake exists. Art for art's sake exists in nature more than is believed. A man hates—he must do something. Gratuitous hate—formidable word! It means hate which is itself its own payment. The bear lives by licking his claws. Not indefinitely, of course. The claws must be revictualed. Something must be put under them.

Hate indistinct is sweet and suffices for a time; but one must end by having an object. An animosity diffused over creation is exhausting, like every solitary pleasure. Hate without an object is like a shooting-match without a target. What lends interest to the game is a heart to be pierced. One cannot hate solely for honor; some seasoning is necessary—a man, a woman, somebody, to destroy. This service of making the game interesting; of offering an end; of throwing passion into hate by fixing it on an object; of amusing the hunter by the sight of his living prey; of giving the watcher the hope of the smoking and boiling blood about to flow; of amusing the birdcatcher by the credulity of the uselessly-winged lark; of being a victim, unknowingly reared for murder by a master-mind; all this exquisite and horrible service, of which the person rendering it is unconscious.

The unexpected spreads, one knows not whence. The profound depths of life are dangerous. There is no small hate. Hate is always enormous. It preserves its stature in the smallest being, and remains a monster. An elephant hated by a worm is in danger.

TO BE OBLIGED IS TO BE SOLD

Never let anyone do you a service. They will abuse the advantage it gives them. Never allow yourself to be taken in the act of inanition. They would relieve you.

To be obliged is to be sold. The happy, the powerful, make use of the moment you stretch out your hand to place a penny in it, and at the crisis of your weakness make you a slave and a slave of the worst kind, the slave of an act of charity. A slave forced to love the enslaver. What infamy! what want of delicacy; what an assault on your self-respect! Then all is over. You are sentenced for life to consider this man good, that woman beautiful; to remain in the back rows; to approve, to applaud, to admire, to worship, to prostrate yourself, to blister your knees by long genuflections, to sugar your words when you are gnawing your lips with anger, when you are biting down your cries of fury, and when you have within you more savage turbulence and more bitter foam than the ocean!

It is thus that the rich make prisoners of the poor.

This slime of a good action performed toward you bedaubs and bespatters you with mud forever.

An alms is irremediable. Gratitude is paralysis. A benefit is a sticky and repugnant adherence which deprives you of free movement. Those odious, opulent and spoiled creatures whose pity has thus injured you are well aware of this. It is done—you are their creature. They have bought you—and how? By a bone taken from their dog and cast to you. They have flung that bone at your head. You have been stoned as much as benefited. It is all one. Have you gnawed the bone—yes or no? You have had your place in the dog kennel as well. Then be thankful. Be ever thankful. Adore your masters. Kneel on indefinitely. A benefit implies an understood inferiority accepted by you. It means that you feel them to be gods and yourself a poor devil. Your diminution augments them. Your bent form makes theirs more upright. In the tone of their voices there is an impertinent inflection. Their family matters, their marriages, their baptisms, their child-bearings, their progeny, all concern you. A wolf cub is born to them. Well! you have to compose a sonnet. You are a poet because you are low. Isn't it enough to make the stars fall! A little more, and they would make you wear their old shoes.

"Whom have you got there, my dear? How ugly he is! Who is that man?"

"I do not know. A sort of scholar, whom I feed."

Thus converse these idiots without even lowering their voice. You hear and remain mechanically amiable. If you are ill your masters will send for the doctor—not their own. Occasionally they may even inquire after you. Being of a different species from you, and at an inaccessible height above you, they are affable. Their height makes them easy. They know that equality is impossible. By force of disdain they are polite. At table they give you a little nod. Sometimes they absolutely know how your name is spelled. They only show that they are your protectors by walking unconsciously over all the delicacy and susceptibility you possess. They treat you with good-nature. Is all this to be borne?

THE SMUGGLER VIOLATES LAWS

It was a cold wintry night and the chain was screaming from the weight of the corpse, hanging from the tree of human invention. A body hung and tarred, and the wind blowing through the gibbet.

There was on the eminence a shape which in the mist looked like a tree.

By that mysterious law of amalgamation which throughout nature causes appearances to exaggerate realities, the place, the hour, the mist, the mournful sea, the cloudy turmoils on the distant horizon, added to the effect of this figure, and made it seem enormous.

The mass linked to the chain presented the appearance of a scabbard. It was swaddled like a child, and long like a man. There was a round thing at its summit, about which the end of the chain was rolled. The scabbard was riven asunder at the lower end and shreds of flesh hung out between the rents.

A feeble breeze stirred the chain and that which hung to it swayed gently. The passive mass obeyed the vague motions of space. It was an object to inspire indescribable dread. Horror, which disproportions everything, blurred its dimensions while retaining its shape. It was a condensation of darkness which had a defined form. Night was above and within the specter; it was a prey of ghastly exaggeration. Twilight and moonrise, stars setting behind the cliff, floating things in space, the clouds, winds from all quarters, had ended by penetrating into the composition of this visible nothing. The species of log hanging in the wind partook of the impersonality diffused far over sea and sky, and the darkness completed this phase of the thing which had once been a man.

It was that which is no longer.

To be nought, yet a remainder! Such a thing is beyond the power of language to express. To exist no more, yet to persist; to be in the abyss, yet out of it; to reappear above death so if indissoluble. There is a certain amount of impossibility mixed with such reality. Thence comes the inexpressible. This being—was it a being? This black witness was a remainder, and an awful remainder—a remainder of what? Of nature first, and then of society. Nought, and yet total.

The lawless inclemency of the weather held it at its will; the deep oblivion of solitude environed it; it was given up to unknown chances; it was without defence against the darkness which did with it what it willed. It was forever the patient; it submitted; the hurricane (that ghastly conflict of winds) was upon it.

The specter was given over to pillage. It underwent the horrible outrage of rotting in the open air; it was an outlaw of the tomb. There was no peace for it even in annihilation: in the summer it fell away into dust, in the winter into mud. Death should be veiled, the grave should have its reserve. Here was neither veil nor reserve: but cynically avowed putrefaction. It is effrontery in death to display its works; it offends all the calmness of shadow when it does its task outside its laboratory, the grave.

This dead being had been stripped. To strip one already stripped—relentless act! His marrow was no longer in his bones; his entrails were no longer in his body; his voice was no longer in his throat. A corpse is a pocket which death turns inside out and empties. If he ever had a Me, where was the Me? There still, perchance, and this was fearful to think of. Something wandering about something in chains—can one imagine a more mournful lineament in the darkness?

Realities exist here below which serve as issues to the unknown, which seem to facilitate the egress of speculation, and at which hypothesis snatches. Conjecture has its *compelle intrare.* In passing by certain places and before certain objects one can not help stopping—a prey to dreams into the realms of which the mind enters. In the invisible there are dark portals ajar. No one could have met this dead man without meditating.

In the vastness of dispersion he was wearing silently away. He had had blood which had been drunk, skin which had been eaten, flesh which had been stolen. Nothing had passed him by without taking somewhat from him. December had borrowed cold of him; midnight, horror; the iron, rust; the plague, miasma; the flowers, perfume. His slow disintegration was a toll paid to all—a toll of the corpse to the storm, to the rain, to the dew, to the reptiles, to the birds. All the dark hands of night had rifled the dead.

He was, indeed, an inexpressibly strange tenant, a tenant of the darkness. He was on a plain and on a hill, and he was not. He was palpable, yet vanished. He was a shadow accruing to the night. After the disappearance of day into the vast of silent obscurity, he became in lugubrious accord with all around him. By his mere presence he increased the gloom of the tempest and the calm of stars. The unutterable which is in the desert was condensed in him. Waif of an unknown fate, he commingled with all the wild secrets of the night. There was in his mystery a vague reverberation of all enigmas.

About him life seemed sinking to its lowest depths. Certainty and confidence appeared to diminish in his environs. The shiver of the brushwood and the grass, a desolate melancholy, an anxiety in which a conscience seemed to lurk, appropriated with tragic force the whole landscape to that black figure suspended by the chain. The presence of a specter in the horizon is an aggravation of solitude.

He was a sign. Having unappeasable winds around him, he was implacable. Perpetual shuddering made him terrible. Fearful to say, he seemed to be a center in space with something immense leaning on him. Who can tell? Perhaps that equity, half seen and set at defiance, which transcends human justice. There was in his unburied continuance the vengeance of men and his own vengeance. He was a testimony in the twilight and the waste. He was in himself a disquieting substance, since we tremble before the substance which is the ruined habitation of the soul. For dead matter to trouble us, it must once have been tenanted by spirit. He denounced the law of earth to the law of heaven. Placed there by man, he there awaited God. Above him floated, blended with all the vague distortions of the cloud and the wave, boundless dreams of shadow.

Who could tell what sinister mysteries lurked behind this phantom? The illimitable circumscribed by naught, nor tree, nor roof, nor passer-by, was around the dead man. When the unchangeable broods over us, when heaven, the abyss, the life, grave, and eternity appear patent, then it is we feel that all is inaccessible, all is forbidden, all is sealed. When infinity opens to us, terrible indeed is the closing of the gate behind.

The specter was tarred; here and there it shone. The face was coated over with pitch; and this mask, which appeared viscous and sticky, varied its aspect with the night shadows. The mouth could be seen, which was a hole; the nose, which was a hole; the eyes, which were holes. The body was wrapped and apparently corded up in coarse canvas, soaked in naphtha. The canvas was mouldy and torn. A knee protruded through it. A rent disclosed the ribs; partly corpse, partly skeleton. The face was the color of earth; slugs, wandering over it, had traced across it vague ribbons of silver.

The canvas, glued to the bones, showed in relief like the robe of a statue. The skull, cracked and fractured, gaped like a rotten fruit. The teeth were still human, for they retained a laugh. The remains of a cry seemed to murmur in the open mouth. There were a few hairs of beard on the cheek. The inclined head had an air of attention.

Some repairs had recently been done; the face had been tarred afresh, as well as the ribs and the knee which protruded from the canvas. The feet hung out below.

Just underneath in the grass were two shoes which snow and rain had rendered shapeless. These shoes had fallen from the dead man.

The wind, which had become more and more restless, was now and then interrupted by those pauses which foretell the approach of a storm. For the last few minutes it had altogether ceased to blow. The corpse no longer stirred; the chain was as motionless as a plumb line.

The tar gave the face a wet appearance; drops of pitch, congealed in what had once been the eyes, produced the effect of tears. However, thanks to the pitch, the ravage of death, if not annulled, was visibly slackened and reduced to the least possible decay.

The man was evidently precious. They had not cared to keep him alive, but they cared to keep him dead.

The gibbet was old, worm-eaten, although strong, and had been in use many years.

It was an immemorial custom in England to tar smugglers. They were hanged on the seaboard, coated over with pitch and left swinging. Examples must be made in public, and tarred examples last longest. The tar was mercy; by renewing it they were spared making too many fresh examples. They placed gibbets from point to point along the coast, as nowadays they do beacons. The hanged man did duty as a lantern. After his fashion, he guided his comrades, the smugglers. The smugglers from far out at sea perceived the gibbets. There is one, first warning; another, second warning. It did not stop smuggling, but the public order is made up of such things. The fashion lasted in England up to the beginning of this century. In 1822 three men were still to be seen hanging in front of Dover Castle. But, for that matter, the preserving process was employed not only with smugglers. England turned robbers, incendiaries and murderers to the same account.

This corpse had no eyes. It was a comprehensive glance, having an indescribable fixedness in which there was both light and darkness, and which emanated from the skull and teeth as well as the empty arches of the brow. The whole head of a dead man seems to have vision and this is awful. No eyeball, yet we feel that we are looked at. A horror of worms.

Winter was on. There is something of the traitor in winter.

Of a sudden it stirred. It was the wind beginning to blow again. Nothing stranger than this dead man in movement.

The corpse at the end of the chain, pushed by the invisible gust, took an oblique attitude; rose to the left, and then fell back, reascended to the right and fell and rose with slow and mournful precision. A weird game of see-saw. It seemed as though one saw in the darkness the pendulum of the clock of eternity.

This continued for some time.

The chain at every oscillation made a grinding sound with hideous regularity. It appeared to take breath and then to resume. This grinding was like the cry of a grasshopper.

An approaching squall is heralded by sudden gusts of wind. All at once the breeze increased into a gale. The corpse emphasized its dismal oscillations. It no longer swung, it tossed; the chain, which had been grinding, now shrieked. It appeared that its shriek was heard. If it was an appeal it was obeyed. From the depths of the horizon came the sound of a rushing noise.

It was the noise of wings.

An incident occurred, a stormy incident, peculiar to graveyards and solitudes. It was the arrival of a flight of ravens. Black flying specks pricked the clouds, pierced through the mist, increased in size, came near, amalgamated, thickened, hastening toward the hill, uttering cries. It was like the approach of a legion. The winged vermin of the darkness alighted on the gibbet.

Swarms obey words of command; the birds crowded on the gibbet, not one was on the corpse. They were talking among themselves. The croaking was frightful. The howl, the whistle, and the roar are signs of life; the croak is a satisfied acceptance of putrefaction. In it you can fancy you hear the tomb breaking silence. The croak is night-like in itself.

Then the ravens held silence. One of them perched on the skeleton. This was a signal: they all precipitated themselves upon it. There was a cloud of wings, then all their feathers closed up, and the hanged man disappeared under a swarm of black blisters struggling in the obscurity. Just then the corpse moved. Was it the corpse? Was it the wind? It made a frightful bound. The hurricane, which was increasing, came to its aid. The phantom fell into convulsions. The squall, already blowing with full lungs, laid hold of it and moved it about in all directions.

It became horrible; it began to struggle. An awful puppet with a gibbet chain for a string. Some humorist of night must have seized the string and been playing with the mummy. It turned and leaped as if it would fain dislocate itself; the birds, frightened, flew off. It was like an explosion of all those unclean creatures. Then they returned and a struggle began.

The dead man seemed possessed with hideous vitality. The winds raised him as though they meant to carry him away. He seemed struggling and making efforts to escape but his iron collar held him back. The birds adapted themselves to all his movements, retreating, then striking again, scared but desperate. On one side a strange flight was attempted, on the other the pursuit of a chained man. The corpse, impelled by every spasm of the wind had shocks, starts, fits of rage; it went, it came, it rose, it fell, driving back the scattered swarm. The dead man was a club, the swarms were dust. The fierce, assailing flock would not leave their hold and grew stubborn; the man, as if maddened by the cluster of beaks, redoubled his blind chastisement of space. It was like the blows of a stone held in a sling. At times the corpse was covered by talons and wings; then it was free. There were disappearances of the horde; then sudden furious returns. A frightful torment continuing after life was past. The birds seemed frenzied. The airholes of hell must surely give passage to such swarms. Thrusting of claws, thrusting of beaks, croakings, rendings of shreds no longer flesh, creakings of the gibbet, shudderings of the skeleton, jingling of the chain, the voices of the storm and tumult. What conflict more fearful? A hobgoblin warring with devils! A combat with a specter!

At times the storm, redoubling its violence, the hanged man, revolved on his own pivot, turning every way at once toward the swarm, as if he wished to run after the birds; his teeth seemed to try and bite them. The wind was for him, the chain against him. It was as if black deities were mixing themselves up in the fray. The hurricane was in the battle. As the dead man turned himself about, the flock of birds wound round him spirally. It was a whirl in a whirlwind. A great roar was heard from below. It was the sea.

Oh! does this not teach a great lesson to humanity, that if you violate the laws of society, you pay the penalty?

A DISTURBED OCEAN

The dark punishment of the waters, eternally tortured, was commencing. A lamentation arose from the whole main. Preparations, confused and melancholy, were forming in space.

A vast commotion, yet half latent but visible through the turmoils in space, increased and irritated more and more, the winds, the vapors, the waves. Nothing is so logical and nothing appears so absurd as the ocean. Selfdispersion is the essence of its sovereignty and is one of the elements of its redundance. The sea is ever for and against it. It knots that it may unravel itself; one of its slopes attacks, the other relieves. No apparition is so wonderful as the waves. Who can paint the alternating hollows and promontories, the valleys, the melting bosoms, the sketches? How render the thickets of foam, blending of mountains and dreams? The indescribable is everywhere there, in the rending, in the frowning, in the anxiety, in the perpetual contradiction, in the chiaroscuro, in the pendants of the cloud, in the keys of the ever-open vault, in the disaggregation without rupture, in the funereal tumult caused by all that madness!

All at once night grew awful.

There was no longer extent or space; the sky became blackness and closed in round the vessel. The snow began to fall slowly; a few flakes appeared. They might have been ghosts. Nothing else was visible in the course of the wind. They felt as if yielded up. A snare lurked in every possibility.

It is in this cavernous darkness that in our climate the Polar waterspout makes its appearance.

A great muddy cloud, like to the belly of a hydra, hung over the ocean, and in places its lividity adhered to the waves. Some of these adherences resembled pouches with holes, pumping the sea, disgorging vapor and refilling themselves with water. Here and there these suctions drew up cones of foam on the sea.

The boreal storm hurled itself on the hooker. The hooker rushed to meet it. The squall and the vessel met as though to insult each other.

In the first mad shock not a sail was clewed up, not a jib lowered, not a reef taken in, so much is flight a delirium. The mast creaked and bent back as if in fear.

Cyclones in our northern hemisphere circle from left to right in the same direction as the hands of a watch, with a velocity which is sometimes as much as sixty miles an hour. Although she was entirely at the mercy of that whirling power the hooker behaved as if she were out in moderate weather, without any further precaution than keeping her head on to the rollers, with the wind broad on the bow so as to avoid being pooped or caught broadside on. This semi-prudence would have availed her nothing in case of the wind's shifting and taking her aback.

A deep rumbling was brewing up in the distance. The roar of the abyss, nothing can be compared to it. It is the great brutish howl of the universe. What we call matter, that unsearchable organism, that amalgamation of incommensurable energies, in which can occasionally be detected an almost imperceptible degree of intention which makes us shudder, that blind, benighted cosmos, that enigmatical Pan, has a cry, a strange cry, prolonged, obstinate and continuous, which is less than speech and more than thunder. That cry is the hurricane. Other voices, songs, melodies, clamors, tones, proceed from nests, from broods, from pairings, from nuptials, from homes. This one, a trumpet, comes out of the Naught, which is All. Other voices express the soul of the universe, this one expresses the monster. It is the howl of the formless. It is the inarticulate finding utterance in the indefinite. A thing it is full of pathos and terror. Those clamors converse above and beyond man. They rise, fall, undulate, determine waves of sound, form all sorts of wild surprises for the mind, now burst close to the ear with the importunity of a peal of trumpets, now assail us with the rumbling hoarseness of distance. Giddy uproar, which resembles a language, and which, in fact, is a language. It is the effort which the world makes to speak. It is the lisping of the wonderful. In this wail is manifested vaguely all that the vast dark palpitation endures, suffers, accepts, rejects. For the most part it talks nonsense; it is like an access of chronic sickness and rather an epilepsy diffused than a force employed; we fancy that we are witnessing the descent of supreme evil into the infinite. At moments we seem to discern a reclamation of the elements, some vain effort of chaos to reassert itself over creation. At times it is a complaint. The void bewails and justifies itself. It is as the pleading of the world's cause. We can fancy that the universe is engaged in a lawsuit; we listen, we try to grasp the reasons given, the redoubtable for and against. Such a moaning of the shadows has the tenacity of a syllogism. Here is a vast trouble for thought. Here is the *raison d'être* of mythologies and polytheisms. To the terror of those great murmurs are added superhuman outlines melting away as they appear—Eumenides which are almost distinct, throats of furies shaped in the clouds, Plutonian chimeras almost defined. No horrors equal those sobs, those laughs, those tricks of tumult, those inscrutable questions and answers, those appeals to unknown aid. Man knows not what to become in the presence of that awful incantation. He bows under the enigma of those Draconian intonations. What latent meaning have they? What do they signify? What do they threaten? What do they implore? It would seem as though all bonds were loosened. Vociferations from precipice to precipice, from air to water, from the wind to the wave, from the rain to the rock, from the zenith to the nadir, from the stars to the foam—the abyss unmuzzled—such is that tumult, complicated by some mysterious strife with the evil consciences.

The loquacity of night is not less lugubrious than its silence. One feels in it the anger of the unknown.

Night is a presence. Presence of what?

For that matter we must distinguish between night and the shadows. In the night there is the absolute; in the darkness the multiple. Grammar, logic as it is, admits of no singular for the shades. The night is one, the shadows are many.

This mist of nocturnal mystery is the scattered, the fugitive, the crumbling, the fatal; one feels earth no longer, one feels the other reality.

In the shadow, infinite and indefinite, lives something or some one; but that which lives there forms part of our death. After our earthly passage, when that shadow shall be light for us, the life which is beyond our life shall seize us. Meanwhile it appears to touch and try us. Obscurity is a pressure. Night is, as it were, a hand placed on our soul. At certain hideous and solemn hours we feel that which is beyond the wall of the tomb encroaching on us.

Never does this proximity of the unknown seem more imminent than in storms at sea. The horrible combines with the fantastic. The possible interrupter of human actions, the old cloud-compeller, has it in his power to mold, in whatsoever shape he chooses, the inconsistent element, the limitless incoherence, the force diffused and undecided of aim. That mystery, the tempest, every instant accepts and executes some unknown changes of will, apparent or real.

Poets have in all ages called this the caprice of the waves. But there is no such thing as caprice. The disconcerting enigmas which in nature we call caprice, and in human life chance, are splinters of a law revealed to us in glimpses.

The characteristic of the snowstorm is its blackness.

Nature's habitual aspect during a storm, the earth or sea black and the sky pale, is reversed; the sky is black, the ocean white, foam below, darkness above; a horizon walled in with smoke; a zenith roofed with crepe. The tempest resembles a cathedral hung with mourning, but no light in that cathedral: no phantom lights on the crests of the waves, no spark, no phosphoresence, naught but a huge shadow. The Polar cyclone differs from the Tropical cyclone, inasmuch as the one sets fire to every light and the other extinguishes them all. The world is suddenly converted into the arched vault of a cave. Out of the night falls a dust of pale spots which hesitate between sky and sea. These spots, which are flashes of snow, slip, wander and float. It is like the tears of a winding sheet putting themselves into lifelike motion. A mad wind mingles with this dissemination. Blackness crumbling into whiteness, the furious into the obscure, all the tumult of which the sepulcher is capable, a whirlwind under a catafalque—such is the snowstorm. Underneath trembles the ocean, forming and reforming over portentous unknown depths.

In the Polar wind, which is electrical, the flakes turn suddenly into hailstones and the air becomes filled with projectiles, the water crackles, shot with grape.

No thunderstrokes: the lightning of boreal storms is silent.

What is sometimes said of the cat, "it swears," may be applied to this lightning. It is a menace proceeding from a mouth half open, and strangely inexorable. The snowstorm is a storm blind and dumb; when it has passed, the ships also are often blind and the sailors dumb.

To escape from such an abyss is difficult.

The cloud, full of winds, dragging its tumor over the deep, cramped and eat more and more into the sea round the hooker. Not a gull, not a seamew, nothing but snow. The expanse of the field of waves was becoming contracted and terrible; only three or four gigantic ones were visible.

Now and then a tremendous flash of lightning of a red copper color broke out behind the obscure superposition of the horizon and the zenith; that sudden release of vermilion flame revealed the horror of the clouds; that abrupt conflagration of the depths, to which for an instant the first tiers of clouds and the distant boundaries of the celestial chaos seemed to adhere, placed the abyss in perspective. On this ground of fire the snowflakes showed black; they might have been compared to dark butterflies flying about in a red-hot furnace—then all was extinguished.

The first explosion over, the squall, still pursuing the hooker, began to roar in thorough bass. This phase of grumbling is a perilous diminution of uproar. Nothing is so terrifying as this monologue of the storm. This gloomy recitative appears to serve as a moment of rest to the mysterious combating forces and indicates a species of patrol kept in the unknown.

The sky and sea were as of ink with jets of foam running higher than the mast.

All was fury.

SHIPWRECK

Shipwreck is the ideal of helplessness; to be near land, and unable to reach it; to float, yet not to be able to do so in any desired direction; to rest the foot on what seems firm and is fragile; to be full of life when o'ershadowed by death; to be the prisoner of space; to be walled in between sky and ocean; to have the infinite overhead like a dungeon; to be encompassed by the eluding elements of wind and waves; and to be seized, bound, paralyzed—such a load of misfortune stupefies and crushes us. We imagine that in it we catch a glimpse of the sneer of the opponent who is beyond our reach. That which holds you fast is that which releases the birds and sets the fishes free. It appears nothing, and is everything. We are dependent on the air which is ruffled by our mouths; we are dependent on the water which we catch in the hollow of our hands. Draw a glassful from the storm, and it is but a cup of bitterness—a mouthful is nausea, a waveful is extermination. The grain of sand in the desert, the foam-flake on the sea, are fearful symptoms. Omnipotence takes no care to hide its atom, it changes weakness into strength, fills naught with all; and it is with the infinitely little that the infinitely great crushes you. It is with its drops the ocean dissolves you. You feel you are a plaything.

A plaything; ghastly epithet!

THE SUDDEN FANTASIES OF OCEAN ARE UNCERTAIN

The sudden fantasies of ocean are uncertain. They are, perhaps, an embodiment of the perpetual; when at their mercy man must neither hope nor despair. They do and they undo. The ocean amuses itself. Every shade of wild, untamed ferocity is phased in the vastness of that cunning sea which is the great brute. To its claws and their gashings succeed soft intervals of velvet paws. Sometimes the storm hurries on a wreck, at others it works out the problem with care; it might almost be said that it caresses it. The sea can afford to take its time, as men in their agonies find out.

We must own that occasionally these lulls of the torture announce deliverance. Such cases are rare. However this may be, men in extreme peril are quick to believe in rescue; the slightest pause in the storm's threats is sufficient; they tell themselves that they are out of danger. After believing themselves buried, they declare their resurrection; they feverishly embrace what they do not yet possess; it is clear that the bad luck has turned; they declare themselves satisfied; they are saved; they cry quits with God. They should not be in so great a hurry to give receipts to the Unknown.

A HOLE IN THE KEEL

There was a hole in the keel. A leak had been sprung. When it happened no one could have said. Was it when they touched the Caskets? Was it off Ortach? Was it when they were whirled about the shallows west of Aurigny? It was most probable that they had touched some rock there. They had struck against some hidden buttress which they had felt in the midst of the convulsive fury of the wind which was tossing them. In tetanus who would feel a prick?

One of the sailors went down into the hold and came back on deck and said:

"There is about six feet of water in the hold." He added: "In less than forty minutes we shall sink."

Where was the leak? They couldn't find it. It was hidden by the water which was filling up the hold. The vessel had a hole in her hull somewhere under the water-line, quite forward in the keel. Impossible to find it—impossible to check it. They had a wound which they could not stanch. The water, however, was not rising very fast.

The chief called out:

"We must work the pump."

Galdeazun replied: "We have no pump left." "Then," said the chief, "we must make for land."

"Where is the land?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I."

"But it must be somewhere."

"True enough."

"Let some one steer for it."

"We have no pilot."

"Stand to the tiller yourself."

"We have lost the tiller."

"Let's rig one out of the first beam we can lay hands on. Nails—a hammer—quick—some tools."

"The carpenter's box is overboard; we have no tools."

"We'll steer all the same; no matter where."

"The rudder is lost."

"Where is the boat? We'll get in and row."

"The boat is lost."

"We'll row the wreck."

"We have lost the oars."

"We'll sail."

"We have lost the sails, and the mast."

"We'll rig one up with a pole and a tarpaulin for sail. Let's get clear of this and trust in the wind."

"There is no wind."

The wind, indeed, had left them, the storm had fled, and its departure, which they had believed to mean safety, meant, in fact, destruction. Had the sou'wester continued it might have driven them wildly on some shore. Might have beaten the leak in speed—might, perhaps, have carried them to some propitious sandbank, and cast them on it before the hooker foundered. The swiftness of the storm bearing them away might have enabled them to reach land, but no more wind, no more hope. They were going to die because the hurricane was over.

The end was near!

Wind, hail, the hurricane, the whirdwind—these are wild combatants that may be overcome; the storm can be taken in the weak point of its armor; there are resources against the violence which continually lays itself open, if off its guard, and often hits wide. But nothing is to be done against a calm; it offers nothing to the grasp of which you can lay hold.

The winds are a charge of Cossacks; stand your ground and they disperse. Calms are the pincers of the executioner.

The water, deliberate and sure, irrepressible and heavy, rose in the hold, and as it rose the vessel sank—it was happening slowly.

Those on board the wreck of the "Matutina" felt that most hopeless of catastrophes—an inert catastrophe undermining them. The still and sinister certainty of their fate petrified them. No stir in the air, no movement on the sea. The motionless is the inexorable. Absorption was sucking them down silently. Through the depths of the dumb waters—without anger, without passion, not willing, not knowing, not caring—the fatal center of the globe was attracting them downward. Horror in repose amalgamating them with itself. It was no longer the wide-open mouth of the sea, the double jaw of the wind and the wave, vicious in its threat, the grin of the water-spout, the foaming appetite of the breakers—it was as if the wretched beings had under them the black yawn of the infinite.

They felt themselves sinking into death's peaceful depths. The height between the vessel and the water was lessening—that was all. They could calculate her disappearance to the moment. It was the exact reverse of submersion by the rising tide. The water was not rising toward them, they were sinking toward it. They were digging their own grave. Their own weight was their sexton.

They were being executed, not by the law of man, but by the law of things.

The snow was falling, and as the wreck was now motionless, this white lint made a cloth over the deck and covered the vessel as with a winding sheet.

The hold was becoming fuller and deeper—no means of getting at the leak. They struck a light and fixed three or four torches in holes as best they could. Galdeazun brought some old leathern buckets, and they tried to bale the hold out, standing in a row to pass them from hand to hand, but the buckets were past use, the leather of some was unstitched, there were holes in the bottoms of the others, and the buckets emptied themselves on the way. The difference in quantity between the water which was making its way in and that which they returned to the sea was ludicrous—for a ton that entered a glassful was baled out; they did not improve their condition. It was like the expenditure of a miser trying to exhaust a million, halfpenny by halfpenny.

The chief said: "Let us lighten the wreck."

During the storm they had lashed together the few chests which were on deck. These remained tied to the stump of the mast. They undid the lashings and rolled the chests overboard through a breech in the gunwale. One of these trunks belonged to the Basque woman, who could not repress a sigh.

"Oh, my new cloak lined with scarlet! Oh, my poor stockings of birchenbark lace! Oh, my silver earrings to wear at Mass on May-day!"

The deck cleared, there remained the cabin to be seen to. It was greatly incumbered; in it were, as may be remembered, the luggage belonging to the passengers, and the bales belonging to the sailors. They took the luggage and threw it over the gunwale. They carried up the bales and cast them into the sea.

Thus they emptied the cabin. The lanthorn, the cap, the barrels, the sacks, the bales, and the water-butts, the pot of soup, all went over into the waves.

They unscrewed the nuts of the iron stove, long since extinguished: they pulled it out, hoisted it on deck, dragged it to the side and threw it out of the vessel.

They cast overboard everything they could pull out of the deck—chains, shrouds and torn rigging.

From time to time the chief took a torch, and throwing its light on the figures painted on the prow to show the draught of water, looked to see how deep the wreck had settled down.

The wreck being lightened was sinking more slowly, but none the less surely.

The hopelessness of their situation was without resource—without mitigation: they had exhausted their last expedient.

"Is there anything else we can throw overboard?"

The doctor, whom every one had forgotten, rose from the companion, and said:

"Yes."

"What?" asked the chief.

The doctor answered, "Our Crime."

They shuddered, and all cried out:

"Amen."

The doctor standing up, pale, raised his hand to heaven, saying:

"Kneel down."

They wavered—to waver is the preface to kneeling down.

The doctor went on:

"Let us throw our crimes into the sea, they weigh us down; it is they that are sinking the ship. Let us think no more of safety—let us think of salvation. Let us cast our crime from us. Let us ease our consciences of its weight. Let us strive that our souls be not swallowed up before God, for that is the awful shipwreck. Bodies go to the fishes, souls to the devils. Have pity on yourselves. Kneel down, I tell you. Repentance is the bark which never sinks. You have lost your compass! You are wrong! You still have prayer."

The wolves became lambs—such transformations occur in last agonies; tigers lick the crucifix; when the dark portal opens ajar belief is difficult, unbelief impossible.

However imperfect may be the different sketches of religion essayed by man, even when his belief is shapeless, even when the outline of the dogma is not in harmony with the lineaments of the eternity he foresees, there comes in his last hour a trembling of the soul.

There is something which will begin when life is over; this thought impresses the last pang.

A man's dying agony is the expiration of a term. In that fatal second he feels weighing on him a diffused responsibility. That which has been complicates that which is to be. The past returns and enters into the future. What is known becomes as much an abyss as the unknown. And the two chasms, the one which is full by his faults, the other of his anticipations, mingle their reverberations. It is this confusion of the two gulfs which terrifies the dying man.

They had spent their last grain of hope on the direction of life; hence they turned in the other. Their only remaining chance was in its dark shadow. They understood it. It came on them as a lugubrious flash, followed by a relapse of horror. That which is intelligible to the dying man is as what is perceived in the lightning. Everything, then nothing; you see, then all is blindness. After death the eye will reopen, and that which was a flash will become a sun.

They cried out to the doctor:

"Thou, thou, there is no one but thee. We will obey thee, what must we do? Speak."

The doctor answered:

"The question is how to pass over the unknown precipice and reach the other bank of life, which is beyond the tomb. Being the one who knows the most, my danger is greater than yours. You do well to leave the choice of the bridge to him whose burden is the heaviest."

He added:

"Knowledge is a weight added to conscience."

He continued:

"How much time have we still?"

Galdeazun looked at the water-mark, and answered:

"A little more than a quarter of an hour."

"Good," said the doctor.

The wreck was sinking more and more.

The water was rising in the hold; the wreck was sinking deeper and deeper into the sea. The sloping edges of the ship were covered by a thin gnawing wave, which was rising. All were crowded on the center of the deck.

The wreck was sinking.

Behind the doctor all the others were in a dream. Prayer mastered them by main force. They did not bow, they were bent. There was something involuntary in their contrition; they wavered as a sail flaps when the breeze fails. And the haggard group took by degrees, with clasping of hands and prostration of foreheads, attitudes various, yet of humiliation. Some strange reflection of the deep seemed to soften their villainous features.

The doctor returned toward them. Whatever had been his past, the old man was great in the presence of the catastrophe.

The deep reserve of nature which enveloped him preoccupied without disconcerting him. He was not one to be taken unawares. Over him was the calm of a silent horror: on his countenance the majesty of God's will comprehended.

This old and thoughtful outlaw unconsciously assumed the air of a pontiff.

He said:

"Attend to me."

He contemplated for a moment the waste of water, and added:

"Now we are going to die."

The torch was extinguished: all light disappeared. Nothing left but the huge, unfathomable shadow. It was like the filling up of the grave.

In the darkness, the doctor was heard saying:

"Let us pray."

All knelt down.

It was no longer on the snow, but in the water, that they knelt.

They had but a few minutes more.

The doctor alone remained standing.

The flakes of snow falling on him had sprinkled him with white tears, and made him visible on the background of darkness. He might have been the speaking statue of the shadow.

The doctor made the sign of the cross and raised his voice, while beneath his feet he felt that almost imperceptible oscillation which prefaces the moment in which a wreck is about to founder.

As they knelt, the waters had risen to the shoulders.

The doctor looked down. All their heads were under water. They had let themselves be drowned on their knees.

The wreck was going down. As he sank, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer.

For an instant his shoulders were above water, then his head, then nothing remained but his arm, as if he were showing it to the Infinite.

His arm disappeared; there was no greater fold on the deep sea than there would have been on a cask of oil.

The snow continued falling.

—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

MY MOTHER

There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart but it was the ornament of hers. She had been fifty-four years the delight of my father's heart, the sweetener of all his toils, the comforter of all his sorrows, the sharer and heightener of all his joys. It was but the last time when I saw my father that he told me, with an ejaculation of gratitude to the Giver of every good and every perfect gift, that in all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, through all the good report and evil report of the world, in all his struggles and in all his sorrows, the affectionate participation and cheering encouragement of his wife had been his never-failing support, without which he was sure he should never have lived through them.

Never have I known another human being the perpetual object of whose life was so unremittingly to do good. It was a necessity of her nature. Yet so unostentatious, so unconscious even of her own excellence that even the objects of her kindness often knew not whence it came. She had seen the world—its glories without being dazzled; its vices and follies without being infected by them. She suffered often and severely from fits of long and painful sickness, always with calmness and resignation. She had a profound, but not an obtrusive sensibility. She was always cheerful, never frivolous; she had neither gall nor guile.

Her attention to the domestic economy of her family was unrivaled—rising with the dawn, and superintending the household concerns with indefatigable and all-foreseeing care. She had a warm and lively relish for literature, for social conversation, for whatever was interesting in the occurrences of the time, and even in political affairs. She had been, during the war of our Revolution, an ardent patriot, and the earliest lesson of unbounded devotion to the cause of their country that her children received was from her. She had the most delicate sense of propriety of conduct, but nothing uncharitable, nothing bitter. Her price was indeed above rubies.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767-1848).

When thou art tempted to throw a stone in anger, try if thou canst pick it up without bending thy body; if not, stop thy hand.—F. S. B.

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill
  Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
  Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway some happier make;
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

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SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare has bequeathed to mankind a literary estate which time can never diminish or destroy. He breathed into the nostrils of the heavenly muse the breath of a new immortality. He was the Moses of modern poets. He smote the rock of poesy with the rod of his genius, and its living waters gushed forth to make the deserts of literature blossom as the rose. His mind was a towering Alp of light. From its teeming caverns there flowed a mighty river of song in whose placid depths he set the reflected image of all the passions of the soul—all the tragedy and bliss of life—the profounds of sorrow, the heights of joy, the abysms of despair, the summits of faith and hope, the glory, majesty and mystery of nature, and all the highest heavens of thought. His imagination was a Seraph, the light from whose wings could illumine a hemisphere. It explored all realms—natural and supernatural, seen and unseen. It sounded all depths, and measured all heights; it scoured all the Stygian gulfs and all the Cimmerian shores of Erebus; it saw all the black walls of sunless voids and ranged all the archipelagoes of God's created glory that smile under perennial noons where shine supernal orbs and placid spheres, isled in the blue illimitable. It touched the intangible, it saw the invisible, it heard the inaudible, it gave body and shape to the inconceivable. It gathered gems from all mines, gold from all sands, pearls from all seas, bloom from all fields, beauty and majesty from all heavens, and a song from every star!—ALFRED A. TAYLOR.

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IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
  But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
  Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
  On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
  That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
  At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
  And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
  Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
  That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
  There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
  The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
  Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
  That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

From *The Path to Home.*
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Man is incomprehensible without Nature, and Nature is incomprehensible apart from man. For the delicate loveliness of the flower is as much in the human eye as in its own fragile petals, and the splendor of the heavens as much in the imagination that kindles at the touch of their glory as in the shining of countless worlds.—HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE (1846-1916).

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NIAGARA FALLS

Before my balcony the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, "the Broad," steps proudly down to Ontario, "the Beautiful."

The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and back-water, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

Far away Niagara river is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream, these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.—EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

Permission from *London Telegraph.*

In every man there is something wherein I may learn of him, and in that I am his pupil.

When genius speaks to us we feel a ghostly reminiscence of having ourselves, in our distant youth, had vaguely this self-same thought which genius now speaks, but which we had not art or courage to clothe with form and utterance.

—EMERSON (1803-1882).

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Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose that they should happen as they do; and you shall live prosperously.—EPICTETUS (60-120).

A TOAST TO WOMEN

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Woman fulfills Einstein's relativity of physics—because she is the Point of interest; the Line of modesty; the Plane of culture; the Square of purity; the Cube of mental ability; the Fourth Dimension of love: and I will go further and say, she is the Fifth Dimension of *tomorrow*—Woman is that Binomial Theorem, that marvel fitting everything.

Who understands a woman's brain? Shakespeare gave it up!—The Brain—"The Brain"—Ingersoll had something to say on the subject of the Brain: "The dark continent of motive and desire has never been explored. In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passion's tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that mockery had throned and crowned."

There is a flower that blooms above the clouds among the Alpine Hills and only the freshness of the snow looks upon its chastity. This flower causes the morning sun to have a purpose. At night the stars sing songs in her honor. This flower is a divine woman. Woman is Utopia. She is the philosophy of purity. Woman is our pulse, our religion and our temple.

What can compare to the charm "of her innocence, the splendor of her beauty, the wealth of her tenderness, the power of her genius, and the treasure of her fidelity? To man she is the pulse of his heart, the joy of prosperity, and the solace of his misfortunes. Chastity is the instinct of woman," and anybody who violates this vestal virtue is reaching back into pre-historic history, and clutching the dagger that was left dripping with human blood from the hands of ancient tyrants, and which was again clutched by Alexander the Great, Hannibal, the bloody Cæsars, and the ambitious Napoleon, and he is crouching like a tiger, with all the barbarian devils in his brain, and he is springing like a streak of lightning upon the moral constitution of the world, and the blade is as sharp as Damascan steel, and as he stands there, he is stabbing at the bowels of the whole superstructure of civilization.

Woman fulfills "The Philosophy of Life," by serving humanity. Let me use the words of John Temple Graves: "No blaze in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of a useful life. After all there is nothing grander than noble living.

"I have seen the rays that gleam from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand.

"I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before the sea-borne gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glitter in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray, and I thought it was grand.

"I have seen the light that leaped at midnight, athwart the storm-swept sky shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor, and I knew it was grand.

"But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the almighty throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the everlasting God."—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

Science gives us knowledge but only philosophy can give us wisdom.

Perhaps all sin is error, partial vision, foolishness?

The intelligent man may have the same violent and unsocial impulses as the ignorant man, but surely he will control them better and slip less often into imitation of the beast. And in an intelligently administered society—one that returned to the individual, in widened powers, more than it took from him in restricted liberty—the advantage of every man would lie in social and loyal conduct and only clear sight would be needed to ensure peace and order and good will.

Woe to him who teaches men faster than they can learn.

Desire has its seat in the loins; it is a bursting reservoir of energy, fundamentally sexual. Emotion has its seat in the heart, in the flow and force of the blood; it is the organic resonance of experience and desire. Knowledge has its seat in the head; it is the eye of desire and can become the pilot of the soul.

Plato believes that a nation cannot be strong unless it believes in God.

Education should begin before birth.

A just man is a man in just the right place.

Men are not born for citizenship, but must be made fit for it.

Law is necessary because men are subject to passions; if all men were reasonable, law would be superfluous.

Laws against free speech are subversive of all law; for men will not long respect laws which they may not criticize.

All excellent things are as difficult as they are rare.

Passion without reason is blind; reason without passion is dead.

History is after all nothing but a pack of tricks which we play upon the dead; we transform the past to suit our wishes for the future, and in the upshot "history proves that anything can be proved by history."

Doubt is not a very agreeable state, but certainly is a ridiculous one.

When reason is against a man he will soon turn against reason.

It would be better to abandon our over-rapid development of the intellect and to aim rather at training the heart and the affections.

Education does not make a man good, it only makes him clever—usually for mischief.

Truths are true before experience; they do not depend on experience past, present, or to come.

Never mind your happiness; do your duty.

Morality is not properly the doctrine how we may make ourselves happy, but how we may make ourselves worthy of happiness.

When those who must do the fighting have the right to decide between war and peace, history will no longer be written in blood.

Seek ye first food and clothing and the kingdom of heaven shall be added unto you.

Man reaches his full height only through compulsions, responsibilities and suffering.

From Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*.
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THE POOR AVERAGE PEOPLE

How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity which under proper culture might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, "pregnant with celestial fire"; some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle the young Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected! Have not other nations witnessed those things, and who shall say that nature has peculiarly degraded the intellect of Ireland?—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
  I love not man the less, but nature the more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal
  From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle, with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
  Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
  The wrecks of all thy dead, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
  When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
  Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
  And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
  The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou;
  Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
  Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like bubbles, onward; from a boy
  I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
  Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
  For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And I trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

NAPOLEON

When Napoleon Bonaparte appeared above the horizon, in the stormy night of the revolution, it was as the friendly star which lights the tempest-lost mariner to safety. While this new luminary rapidly ascended and increased in brightness, the admiring world was in doubt whether it betokened good or evil; but when it had culminated to the zenith, it appeared a baleful meteor, casting a disastrous twilight on the surrounding gloom, and portending despotism to France and subjugation to the rest of Europe, until, descending yet more rapidly than it rose, it left a long track of glory in the heavens, which the world, now relieved from its fears, has not yet ceased to regard with wonder, curiosity and delight.—GEO. TUCKER (1775-1861).

OPPORTUNITY

With doubt and dismay you are smitten,
  You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written,
  The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
  The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet,
  Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager
  For things that you ought to create,
Its store of true wealth is still meager,
  Its needs are incessant and great,
It yearns for more power and beauty,
  More laughter and love and romance,
More loyalty, labor and duty,
  No chance—why there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
  The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
  The mightiest rivers aren't spanned,
Don't worry and fret, faint hearted,
  The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
  The best work hasn't been done.

—BERTON BRALEY.

From *A Banjo at Armageddon.*
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IMMORTALITY

If the father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will he leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If he stoops to whisper to the rosebush whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I live today!

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb; as I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the river Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.—WM. JENNINGS BRYAN (1860-1925).

Permission from Mrs. W. J. Bryan and her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen.

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilac, the violets and roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others—"I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

One thing only I know, and that is that I know nothing.
Know thyself.

—SOCRATES (468-399 B.C.).

Are not the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses, and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections?

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

—FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626).

I had rather excel in the knowledge of what is good than in the extent of my power and dominion.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT (356-323).

NAPOLEON

Napoleon was an artillery officer and he never forgot it. The foundation of this prodigious captain was the man who, in his report to the directory upon Aboukir, said: "Such of your balls killed six men." All his plans of battle were made for projectiles. To converge the artillery upon a given point was his key of victory. He treated the strategy of the hostile general as a citadel and battered it to a breach.

He overwhelmed the weak point with grape; he joined and resolved battles with cannon. There was marksmanship in his genius. To destroy squares, to pulverize regiments, to break lines, to crush and disperse masses, all this was for him, to strike, strike, strike incessantly, and he intrusted this duty to the cannon ball. A formidable method, which, joined to genius, made this somber athlete of the pugilism of war invincible for fifteen years.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Do good with what thou hast; or it will do thee no good. If thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition, and have an indifferency for more than what is sufficient.—WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718).

THE PLAY OF LIFE AND DEATH

The play of life and death we see everywhere—this transmutation of the old into the new. The day comes to us every morning, naked and white, fresh as a flower. But we know it is old. It is age itself. It is that very ancient day which took up the new-born earth in its arms, covered it with its white mantle of light, and sent it forth on its pilgrimage among the stars.

Yet its feet are untired and its eyes undimmed. It carries the golden amulet of ageless eternity, at whose touch all wrinkles vanish from the forehead of creation. In the very core of the world's heart stands immortal youth. Death and decay cast over its face momentary shadows and pass on; they leave no marks of their steps—and truth remains fresh and young.

This old, old day of our earth is born again and again every morning. It comes back to the original refrain of its music. If its march were the march of an infinite straight line, if it had not the awful pause of its plunge in the abysmal darkness and its repeated rebirth in the life of the endless beginning, then it would gradually soil and bury truth with its dust and spread ceaseless aching over the earth under its heavy tread. When every moment would leave its load of weariness behind, and decrepitude would reign on its throne of eternal dirt. But every morning the day is re-born among the newly blossomed flowers with the same message re-told and the same assurance renewed that death eternally dies, that the waves of turmoil are on the surface and that the sea of tranquillity is fathomless. The curtain of night is drawn aside and truth emerges without a speck of dust on its garment, without a furrow of age on its lineaments.—RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

From the book, *Sadhana,* 1913.
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EXPRESSIONS THAT MADE THACKERAY'S "VANITY FAIR" FAMOUS

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice.

Letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life who is really deserving of all the praises the stone-cutter carves over his bones—who is a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife, or husband; who actually does leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss—so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor.

Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural.

What causes young people to "come out" but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labor at piano-forte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln-green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some "desirable" young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Pshaw! they want to marry their daughters.

If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts and dominating their feelings—those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbor, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?)—if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in praesenti* might be acquired.

Are not there little chapters in everybody's life, that seem to be nothing, and yet affect all the rest of the history?

What instruction is more effectual than self-instruction?

Some women have nothing but their wax-doll face to recommend them. What is there in a pair of pink cheeks and blue eyes forsooth? these dear moralists ask and hint wisely that the gifts of genius, the accomplishments of the mind, the mastery of Mangnall's questions, and a lady-like knowledge of botany and geology, the knack of making poetry, the power of rattling sonatas in the Herz manner, and so forth, are far more valuable endowments for a female than those fugitive charms which a few years will inevitably tarnish. It is quite edifying to hear women speculate upon the worthlessness and the duration of beauty.

But though virtue is a much finer thing, and those hapless creatures who suffer under the misfortune of good looks ought to be continually put in mind of the fate which awaits them; and though, very likely, the heroic female character which ladies admire is a more glorious and beautiful object than the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little domestic goddess whom men are inclined to worship—yet the latter and inferior sort of women must have this consolation—that the men do admire them after all; and that, in spite of all our kind friends' warnings and protests, we go on in our desperate error and folly and shall to the end of the chapter.

If you are not allowed to touch the heart sometimes in spite of syntax and are not to be loved until you all know the difference between trimeter and tetrameter, may all poetry go to the deuce, and every schoolmaster perish miserably!

There's no fun in winning a thing unless you play for it.

The best of women (I have heard my grandmother say) are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us; how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily are traps to cajole or elude or disarm—I don't mean in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness and praise a woman for it; we call this pretty treachery truth.

When one man has been under very remarkable obligations to another, with whom he subsequently quarrels, a common sense of decency, as it were, makes of the former a much severer enemy than a mere stranger would be. To account for your own hardheartedness and ingratitude in such a case, you are bound to prove the other party's crime. It is not that you are selfish, brutal, and angry at the failure of a speculation—no, no—it is that your partner has led you into it by the basest treachery and with the most sinister motives. From a mere sense of consistency, a persecutor is bound to show that the fallen man is a villain—otherwise he, the persecutor, is a wretch himself.

And as a general rule, which may make all creditors who are inclined to be severe pretty comfortable in their minds, no men embarrassed are altogether honest, very likely. They conceal something; they exaggerate chances of good luck; hide away the real state of affairs; say that things are flourishing when they are hopeless; keep a smiling face (a dreary smile it is) upon the verge of bankruptcy—are ready to lay hold of any pretext for delay or of any money, so as to stave off the inevitable ruin a few days longer. "Down with such dishonesty," says the creditor in triumph and reviles his sinking enemy. "You fool, why do you catch at a straw"? calm good sense says to the man that is drowning. "You villain, why do you shrink from plunging into the irretrievable Gazette"? says prosperity to the poor devil battling in that black gulf. Who has not remarked the readiness with which the closest of friends and honestest of men suspect and accuse each other of cheating when they fall out on money matters? Everybody does it. Everybody is right, I suppose, and the world is a rogue.

One of the great conditions of anger and hatred is, that you must tell and believe lies against the hated object, in order as we said, to be consistent.

A long engagement is a partnership which one party is free to keep or to break, but which involves all the capital of the other.

Be cautious, then, young ladies; be wary how you engage. Be shy of loving frankly; never tell all you feel, or (a better way still) feel very little. See the consequences of being prematurely honest and confiding and mistrust yourselves and everybody. Get yourselves married as they do in France, where the lawyers are the bridesmaids and confidants. At any rate, never have any feelings which make you uncomfortable, or make any promises which you cannot at any required moment command and withdraw. That is the way to get on and be respected and have a virtuous character in Vanity Fair.

A skillful artist will make a few simple and pleasing phrases go farther than ever so much substantial benefit stock in the hands of a mere bungler. Nay, we know that substantial benefits often sicken some stomachs; whereas, most will digest any amount of fine words and be always eager for more of the same food.

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.

The hatred of vice is always a progress toward virtue.

I don't know any moralist more anxious to point his errors out to the world than his own relations.

Yes, if a man's character is to be abused, say what you will, there's nobody like a relation to do the business.

Managing women, the ornaments of their sex, women who order everything for everybody, and know so much better than any person concerned what is good for their neighbors, don't sometimes speculate upon the possibility of a domestic revolt, or upon other extreme consequences resulting from their overstrained authority.

There are some vipers that you warm, and they sting you afterward. There are some beggars that you put on horseback, and they are the first to ride you down.

There is that in woman's tenderness which induces her to believe too easily.

When don't ladies weep? At what occasion of joy, sorrow, or other business of life? and, after such an event as a marriage, mother and daughter were surely at liberty to give way to a sensibility which is as tender as it is refreshing. About a question of marriage I have seen women who hate each other kiss and cry together quite fondly. How much more do they feel when they love? Good mothers are married over again at their daughters' weddings; and as for subsequent events, who does not know how ultra-maternal grandmothers are?—in fact, a woman, until she is a grandmother, does not often really know what to be a mother is.

What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause, as those of bodily superiority, activity and valor? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to today, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

Have you ever had a difference with a dear friend? How his letters written in the period of love and confidence, sicken and rebuke you! What a dreary mourning it is to dwell upon those vehement protests of dead affection! What lying epitaphs they make over the corpse of love! What dark, cruel comments upon life and vanities! Most of us have got or written drawers full of them. They are closet-skeletons which we keep and shun.

Before a man goes to the devil himself he sends plenty of other souls thither.

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

Our luck may fail; our powers forsake us: our place on the boards be taken by better and younger minds—the chance of life roll away and leave us shattered and stranded. Then men will walk across the road when they meet you—or, worse still, hold you out a couple of fingers and patronize you in a pitying way—then you will know as soon as your back is turned, that your friend begins with a "Poor devil, what imprudences he has committed, what chances that chap has thrown away!" Well, well—a carriage and three thousand a year is not the summit of the reward nor the end of God's judgment of men. If quacks prosper as often as they go to the wall—if zanies succeed and knaves arrive at fortunes, and *vice versa,* sharing ill luck and prosperity for all the world like the ablest and most honest among us—I say, brother, the gifts and pleasures of Vanity Fair cannot be held of any great account, and that it is probable.

It *is* the pretty face which creates sympathy in the hearts of men, those wicked rogues. A woman may possess the wisdom and chastity of Minerva, and we give no heed to her, if she has a plain face. What folly will not a pair of bright eyes make pardonable? What dullness may not red lips and sweet accents render pleasant? And so, with their usual sense of justice, ladies argue that because a woman is handsome, therefore she is a fool. Oh, ladies, ladies! there are some of you who are neither handsome nor wise.

I know no sort of lying which is more frequent in Vanity Fair than this; and it may be remarked how people who practice it take credit to themselves for their hypocrisy, and fancy that they are exceedingly virtuous and praiseworthy, because they are able to deceive the world with regard to the extent of their means.

But those who know a really good woman are aware that she is not in a hurry to forgive and that the humiliation of an enemy is a triumph to her soul.

Could the best and kindest of us who depart from the earth have an opportunity of revisiting it, I suppose he or she (assuming that any Vanity Fair feelings subsist in the sphere whither we are bound) would have a pang of mortification at finding how soon our survivors were consoled. Those who will may follow his remains to the grave, whither they were borne on the appointed day, in the most becoming manner, the family in black coaches, with their handkerchiefs up to their noses, ready for the tears which did not come; the undertaker and his gentlemen in deep tribulation; the select tenantry mourning out of compliment to the new landlord; the neighboring gentry's carriages, at three miles an hour, empty, and in profound affliction; the person speaking out the formula about "our dear brother departed." As long as we have a man's body, we play our vanities upon it, surrounding it with humbug and ceremonies, laying it in state, and packing it up in gilt nails and velvet; and we finish our duty by placing over it a stone, written all over with lies.

A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton; but put him to starve, and see if he will not purloin a loaf.

Remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses—the very easiest to be deadened when awakened; and in some never wakened at all. We grieve at being found out, and at the idea of shame or punishment; but the mere sense of wrong makes very few people unhappy in Vanity Fair.

To part with money is a sacrifice beyond almost all men endowed with a sense of order. There is scarcely any man alive who does not think himself meritorious for giving his neighbor five pounds. Thriftless gives, not from a beneficent pleasure in giving, but from a lazy delight in spending.

Everybody is striving for what is not worth the having.

The greatest tyrants over women are women.

I know few things more affecting than that timorous debasement and self-humiliation of a woman. How she owns that it is she and not the man who is guilty; how she takes all the faults on her side; how she courts in a manner punishment for the wrongs which she has not committed, and persists in shielding the real culprit! It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them—they are born timid and tyrants, and maltreat those who are humblest before them.

The truth is, that by economy and good management—by a sparing use of ready money and by paying scarcely anybody—people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means.

If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be! Every man's hand would be against his neighbor in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilization would be done away with. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns; and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-Quatorze gimcracks, and old china, park hacks and splendid high-stepping carriage horses—all the delights of life, I say—would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhanged—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No. We shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes—civilization advances; peace is kept, new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire.

There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them; as the Ahrimanians worship the devil, but don't mention him; and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word breeches to be pronounced in her chaste hearing. And yet, madam, both are walking the world before our faces every day, without much shocking us. If you were to blush every time they went by, what complexions you would have! It is only when their naughty names are called out that your modesty has any occasion to show alarm or sense of outrage, and it has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially, to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody's fine feelings may be offended, but if one will peep down under the waves that are pretty transparent, and see it writhing and twirling, diabolically hideous and slimy, flapping among bones, or curling round corpses; but above the water-line, I ask, has not everything been proper, agreeable and decorous, and has any the most squeamish immoralist in Vanity Fair a right to cry fie! When, however, the siren disappears and dives below, down among the dead men, the water of course grows turbid over her, and it is labor lost to look into it ever so curiously. They look pretty enough when they sit upon a rock, twanging their harps and combing their hair, and sing, and beckon to you to come and hold the looking-glass; but when they sink into their native element, depend on it, those mermaids are about no good, and we had best not examine the fiendish marine cannibals, revelling and feasting on their wretched pickled victims.

—THACKERAY (1811-1863).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

A husbandman who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them up into a fagot, he told the lads, one after another, to take it up and break it. They all tried but tried in vain. Then, untying the fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father: "Thus, my sons as long as you remain united, you are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."—ÆSOP—A SLAVE (620-560 B.C.).

Cicero said loud-bawling men were driven to noise by their own weakness.—PLUTARCH (46-125 A.D.).

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against, and not with the wind.—HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE (1846-1916).

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You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the magic tissue of the universe of your life. No one can take it from you. It is uneatable. No one receives either more or less than you receive. Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt. You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste tomorrow; it is kept for you.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

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3-5-75

NAPOLEON

Napoleon was intuition, inseparation, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, prodigious art in disdainful impetuosity, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with destiny, river, plain, forest, hill; commanded, and in some sort forced to obey, the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battlefield, faith in a star joined to strategic science, increasing it, but disturbing it.

He had in his brain the cube of human faculties. He made codes like Justinian; he dictated like Cæsar; his conversation joined the lighting of Pascal to the thunderbolt of Tacitus; he made history and he wrote it; his bulletins are Illiads; he combined the figures of Newton with the metaphors of Mohammed; he left behind him in the Orient words as grand as the pyramids; at Tiket he taught majesty to emperors; at the Academy of Science he replied to Laplace; in the council of state he held his ground with Merlin; he gave a soul to the geometry of those, and to the trickery of these, he was legal with the attorneys, and sidereal with the astronomers; like Cromwell blowing out one candle when two were lighted, he went to the temple to cheapen a curtain tassel; he saw everything; which did not prevent him from laughing a good man's laugh by the cradle of his little child; and all at once, startled Europe "listened"; armies set themselves in march, packs of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, cries, trumpets, a trembling of the thrones everywhere, the frontiers of the kingdoms oscillated upon the map, the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath, men saw him—him—standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding in the thunder his two wings, the grand army, and the old guard, and he was the archangel of war.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

LOVE

Love is like a flower in the desert.

It is like the aloe of Arabia, that blooms but once and dies; it blooms in the salt emptiness of life, and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star is set upon a storm.

It hath the sun above that is the spirit and about it blows the air of its divinity.

At the echoing of a step love blooms, I say; I say love blooms and bends her beauty down to him who passeth by.

He plucketh it, yea, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey, and beareth it away; away across the desert, away till the flowers be withered, away till the desert is done.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life.

That flower is love!

There is only one fixed light in the mists of our wanderings.

That light is love!

There is only one hope in our despairing night.

That hope is love!

All else is false. All else is shadow moving upon water. All else is wind and vanity.

Who shall say what is the weight or measure of love?

It is born of the flesh, it dwelleth in the spirit. From each doth it draw its comfort.

For beauty it is as a star.

Many are its shapes, but are beautiful, and none know whence that star rose, or the horizon where it shall set.—H. RIDER HAGGARD (1856-1925).

From Haggard's Works.
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THE POOR AVERAGE MAN

Within those wretched bazaars of mud and misery, you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unconscious; their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom—not a wisdom borrowed from the dead, but that with which nature herself has inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent. Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect; try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude; attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people; he has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness; he has infused into the other simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue; he says audibly to us, "Give them cultivation."—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

DEMOCRACY

The author's idea of a true campaign speech for a state or Federal office

My friends, I am an average man, from the masses of the people of Texas. "I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the depths of things." I do not claim to be a genius in literature, or have the intellect of a scholar, the accomplishments of a parliamentarian, or the gift of a statesman. I am an average man, like the average working man, the average mechanic, the average clerk, and the average man that makes up the majority of humanity.

I come before you as a Democrat, standing on the same fundamental principles that our forefathers stood for. I come before you, not to boast of my virtues. I come before you not to boast of my ancestries. I come before you not to seek ambition, glory or fame, but I come before you to serve you, and give my life to the cause of service.

I come stripped of fictitious titles and insignia of lodges, and commercial clubs, and churches—yet I belong to a number of them—but far be it from me to profit by virtue of being connected with any of them, for I do not want their influence or prestige if I have to say things to gain their favor, for I am in the race, wanting the influence of the average man and the individual voter. I have no powerful political institution financing me. I have no gigantic newspaper syndicates to laud me to the four corners of the State.

I am running strictly as a free-born Democrat. I stand before you stripped of all influences, and free from all political bosses. I have not been locked up behind doors, planning or plotting with anyone. I am in the race on my own free will, and I owe allegiance to no one except my country and my God. I am the slave of no man and no organization. I want to serve you, my friends, and I realize that the responsibility upon my shoulders will be tremendous.

The right man for this position ought to be a man of integrity, "a man of superb moral courage." The right man for this position knows that this government should protect every citizen, regardless of his station in life. The right man for this position ought to have a political reputation beyond reproach; "he ought to be a man who has not had his eyes expanded with desire and the hard lines of greed wrinkled around his lips; he ought to be a man void of the conscience of a snake and the intellect of a hyena," and he ought to be one who believes in the everlasting God.

I do not think of you as men of different lodges, or of different churches, or of different commercial organizations, or of different races. *No!* I think of you as one great brotherhood of average people, striving for good.

The right man for this position ought not to be bought. I am running the only right way any candidate ought to run. There are no catches in my speech to throw any special organizations to myself. If I am entitled to it, give it to me. I do not want it through any tricks of politics. I do not seek office through any medium other than the individual voter. The mere fact if I advocate certain ideas, would throw a certain society to me, does not interest me at all. The only true way to attain office is through the individual voter over the country. That is the true Democratic way to attain office, and not through highly organized institutions.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

For centuries and centuries the average man has been a slave. They have prayed to their Gods to deliver them from their persecutions, and finally when America was discovered, some four hundred and fifty years ago, they came from England, France, Spain, Holland, Germany, and the smaller nations of Europe, hoping that this would be the land of liberty.

And, for the first time in the history of the world, the average man gained his freedom when the Declaration of Independence was drawn up.

And, since that instrument has been drawn up, "I think there is more human kindness, more real sweet human sympathy, a greater desire to help one another in this country, than in all the world."

The Declaration of Independence is the greatest protection that the average man has. When it was drawn up, it was humanity's greatest victory. "It is the embodiment of physical and moral courage, and of political wisdom." They laid down the doctrine that: "All men are created equal."

With one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down all the barbarian objections that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft had raised between man and man. They crashed to earth the idea that it was necessary for a king to be a beast, and all that had been taught through centuries of war, centuries of hypocrisy, centuries of injustice, they wiped away and utterly destroyed, and it was there, my friends, that the average man received his liberty.

They laid down the doctrine that every man had the right to express himself freely, and that the average man was entitled to what he produced with his brain and his hands. And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine that all men are the same clay—no difference. For the first time, it made human beings *men*. This document gave man his religious liberty.

Men like Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Adams, Lee and Hancock made it possible with their brains of genius to free the average man from bondage. They founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world. They laid down the doctrine that religion is an individual thing between each man and his Creator, and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires.

And, when they signed that Declaration of Independence, they knew what the Revolution would be, but the rich man gave his wealth, and the poor man gave his life, and at the battle of Yorktown, the average man won his liberty and equality.

Why all this carnage of battle for seven long years? For the principle that *all men are created equal.* What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man could have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Those who fought Liberty were Apostles of Atheism, and Anarchy, Bloodshed, and Plunder. They were "non-producing thieves, sitting on thrones, surrounded by vulgar greed, who had the conscience of a snake and the laugh of a hyena." Their seductive smiles and hypocritical faces fought democracy, and their idea of a government was an "egg that would produce a brood of moral consequences."

And for what else were they fighting? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the average people. They plow the land and cut down the forests.

Our ancestors were slaves. If a Bible was found in the home, a death sentence was given.

Our ancestors sold their children. Our ancestors, if they expressed their thoughts, were locked up in dungeons.

And, there was a time in history, which is even horrible to admit, when the average man did anything to displease those damnable scoundrels, they cut their tongues out; they cut their ears off; they gouged their eyes out, and not satisfied with that, they cut their hands and feet off and stood back and laughed in their vulgar ignorance at this horrible picture. They had no chance before a jury, for there was no such thing. One low-down corrupted reprobate of a king, at one of his great banquets, said that the greatest thrill he had ever had in his life was when he watched the lions and wild beasts crushing the bones and lapping the blood, and tearing to pieces the Christians in the Colosseum.

To do right, capital punishment was given, and the laboring man had rusty iron chains around his legs, and a vicious whip which cut the blood from his shoulders. This constituted his daily torment, and at night, thrown into dark and damp holes beneath the walls of ancient castles. "Honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive, and liberty in chains," and, my friends, this Declaration of Independence was the salvation of the average man.

There is no place in America for caste, or the idea that one man has more rights than another because he is famous and in high position. I say that men have equal rights. I say "that the man who acts best his part, who loves his friends the best, is most willing to help others, truest to the obligation, who has the best heart, the most feeling, the deepest sympathies and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, *is the best man.*"

REVOLUTION

And then came the bloody Revolution. Why, my friends, the soldiers of the Revolution had bad roads and forests to march through. The snow was covered with blood from the feet of the soldiers who had no shoes on. They fought through heavy mud, wading streams, drenched by torrential rains, sleeping on the naked ground, without tents, without fires, without food. Men died by the score from starvation.

As they were going through this terrible hell, they kept in mind what they left at home—their charming wives, pretty children, good beds, good food, all agreeable, all harmonious, and with a mental picture ever before them like this, they still fought on.

In their camps, all was confusion, smoke, cold, hunger, and filthiness. Heartbreaking and pitiful was the aspect of these soldiers of liberty. Their bare feet were seen through their worn-out shoes. Their clothes were not sufficient to cover their nakedness; their shirts hanging in strings; their hair clotted with blood and mud; their faces meager; their whole appearance pictures of persons forsaken and discouraged. They cry, with an air of wretchedness and despair: "We are sick; our feet lame; our legs sore; our bodies covered with this tormenting itch; our clothes are worn out; our constitutions are broken; our former activity is exhausted by fatigue, hunger and cold. We fail fast—we shall soon be no more."

The cold stung like a whip; the huts were like dungeons; and tar, pitch and powder had to be burned in them to drive away the awful stench. The horses died by the hundreds. The soldiers, staggering with weakness as they themselves were hitched to the wagons and did the necessary hauling. Sick men lay in filthy hovels, covered only by their rags, dying and dead comrades by their sides.

Those that were prisoners in the British headquarters at Philadelphia met with the most savage and inhuman treatments that barbarians are capable of inflicting. One of these poor unhappy men, driven to the last extreme by rage of hunger, ate his own fingers up to the first joint from the hand before he died. Others ate the clay, the lime, the stones of the prison wall. Several who died in the yards had pieces of bark, wood, clay and stones in their mouths which the ravings of hunger had caused them to take in the last agonies of life, and a peculiar disease rotted blood and bones.

Why did these men go through this terrible hell? For only one reason: That America might become a nation of liberty.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

But, my friends, the battle was not over for the average man even after the victory of Yorktown. The next serious thing that faced America was what kind of laws were these free people to be governed by, for bear in mind that governments are established among men for protecting the weak against the strong and selfish members of society. They are established to govern men in their social, business, and political contacts with each other.

So the Constitution of the United States was framed, as all men know, by the most intellectual body of patriots who ever assembled to perform any given work, and they spent months proposing, debating, and amending almost every sentence in that great charter. It was drawn up with a care unequaled, and when completed, it was submitted to the people for their approval through representatives especially selected for that purpose.

It was subjected again to the most exhaustive consideration in the conventions of the various states which ratified it, with the result that, in compliance with the demand of these states, and out of an abundant caution, ten amendments have been added tc it, but not one of them alters a single original principle embodied in it.

And this Constitution laid down the doctrine that "This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people: whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes."

Why did they spend all this time seriously? Because the average man's liberty was at stake, and those intellectual giants that drew up this immortal charter had chiseled in their brain the horrible picture of the Revolution. As they were working on this Constitution, they could see the horrible condition which Washington fought under, because we did not have, at that time, a strong Congress, and there was no central power for him to draw his troops from. Strong men were by his side, willing to die and to go through worse than death to make their dreams come true. Why this want of food for his soldiers? Why this scanty supply of arms? Why this avoidable sickness—this needless suffering—

this frightful waste? What was the matter? Surely something was at fault.

It must be in the power that assumed to direct the patriot army. But whence came that power? From Congress? No! Congress had no power; after a while it did not have influence. From the States? Yes! That was its source. There was plenty of power in the States, but what kind of power, and how displayed? One state did one thing, and another did another thing. One day state troops would come into camp, and the next day leave. How could war be conducted? How could battles be fought and won through such freakish, uncertain power as that?

The existing American system was a very masterpiece of weakness. The so-called Federal Government was helpless without its Constitution, and men like Ben Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Madison and Governor Morris, as they sat in that little hall in Philadelphia, knew that the responsibility of centuries hung on the decisions that they made, and it was there that a charter was drawn up that gave us the most powerful nation on earth, and this Constitution cemented the states together forever; and this Constitution came from the bosom of God, and it has voiced the harmony of the world. If there were only one man in the world, there would be no necessity for a constitution to defend his rights. His only obligation would be to his Maker. His rights would never be in jeopardy by reason of expression, but as that does not exist, we are bound to have laws.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

But, my friends, the battle was not over for the average man even after the Constitution had become the supreme law of the land. The dangerous thing that faced the American democracy was what kind of a president were they to put in office, for they were aware of the fact of the conditions that were existing in Europe at this very hour.

But the hand of Providence was watching over our interests and gave us the only man who could conduct the new democracy.

It was Washington's influence that won the Revolution. It was Washington's character that carried the Constitutional Convention, which he presided over. It was Washington's prudence that caused the Constitution to be ratified by the thirteen states. Washington laid down the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. He laid down the doctrine that all power should be derived from the people.

"Washington was a man of no ordinary genius, and a warrior of nothing less than transcendent abilities. In moral elevation, no warrior of ancient or modern times approaches him. The principles of religion were deeply engraved in his heart, and as there was no stain on his blade, he could go from the fierce fought field to the sacramental table."

"In the darkest night of adversity, he leaned in solemn faith on Him who is mightier than the mightiest." I can see him at Valley Forge, kneeling in prayer in behalf of his bleeding country—that voice which was never known to falter in the wildest of the conflict, choked with emotion; and I can see the Almighty lay His divine hand upon the brow of Washington, and all doubts and fears vanish, like the mist before the morning sun.

And I see Washington, as he rises with the sword of righteousness and with the power of God in his soul, proclaiming the average man's cause. Intrusted finally with almost supreme power, he never abused it, and laid it down, at last, more cheerfully than he had taken it up.

"His influence, and his alone, secured the quiet disbanding of the discontented army. That influence was as powerful after he had retired to Mount Vernon as before the resignation of his command. No man ever before rose out of the mass of the average people to such power, without abusing it, and history searches in vain for a military leader so much of whose life had been spent in the camp, and whose will was law to a grateful nation, who voluntarily resigned his rank and chose the humble, peaceful occupation of a farmer."

"He offered up his life and his fortune for his country. He lifted up his voice and arm for freedom. The knowledge that Washington favored anything superseded both argument and the necessity of information. He refused to accept a salary, either as commander-in-chief or as president. He was offered a crown, and Washington said: 'If you have any regard for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself, or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature.' "

Did Alexander the Great do this? *No!* Alexander violated Babylon. Did Cæsar do this? *No!* Cæsar enslaved Rome. Did Titus do this? *No!* Titus murdered Jerusalem.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

But, my friends, the battle was not over for the average man even after the wonderful administration of Washington, for bear in mind that there was a man in France at this very hour, who took advantage of his being first consul, and being head of the army: "Armies set themselves in march, packs of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane; cries, trumpets, a trembling of the thrones everywhere; the frontiers of the kingdoms isolated upon the map; the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath; men saw him standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands, and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding in the thunder his two wings, the grand army and the old guard, and he was the arch-angel of war." France had faith in Napoleon, and he violated it.

These average people in America looked into history and saw how men of Napoleon's ambition had wrecked empires, and they knew that the whole welfare of the nation depended upon whom they chose at this dangerous period of the republic, and they looked across the horizon and saw the fundamental democrat, Thomas Jefferson, who said: "I want a bill of rights to guard liberty against the legislative, as well as the executive branches of government; to secure freedom in religion; freedom of the press; freedom from monopolies; freedom from unlawful imprisonment." Jefferson believed, as he wrote, that: "Men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men." The kind of government in which he believed, he said, is: "A wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another; which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned." And this Apostle of Human Liberty practically procured the first ten amendments, which are the guarantees of rights.

JOHN MARSHALL

But, my friends, the battle was not over for the average man even after the doctrines were taught by the Apostle of Human Liberty.

Here we had the Supreme Court of the United States in its infancy. "It had almost lost its dignity and the influence that would make it a potent factor in national life. At this time, when so much was at stake, it was fortunate for constitutional government in the United States that such a strong man as John Marshall accepted the office of chief justice."

I can see him now as he notched and blazed the pathway through the untrodden wilderness and forest of constitutional liberty, under the supreme law of the land.

He established the principle of our national system of government and laid the foundation of American constitutional law.

And the fate of the National Government hung in the balance in the cases which he decided. John Marshall was a maker of the Constitution because of the influence of the principles he laid down for its interpretation.

"The Constitution received its permanent and final form from judgments rendered by the Supreme Court during the period in which Marshall was at its head. He upheld the Constitution as supreme over all else."

"He laid down the doctrine that no act of Congress, and no act of a State Legislature could be legal under the Constitution if it conflicted with the principles there laid down. John Marshall said: 'Let the end be legitimate; let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional.' "

"He bound together the business interests of the American people; did away with the cause of most quarrels between the states; at once elevated the power of the state governments and the power of the Federal Government, and made the Supreme Court of the United States a deciding factor in national life, a restraint, a power, a bond of union, a maintainer of the Constitution."

"The powerful mind of the chief justice put forth its strength, and America was quite as if touched by the wand of enchantment. America fell prostrate before his genius, as though they had looked upon the dazzling brightness of Mt. Sinai. Those who doubted him yielded; even the faithful were found wavering, and the unconvinced found no opening in his armor of defense. America fell asleep under his wand. John Marshall personified the static forces of society." And when John Marshall died in 1835, the grief was even too great for the old Liberty Bell, hanging in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, for while the old bell was tolling out its loss to America, its very soul burst with sadness, and she cracked from bottom to top, never to ring again; and today, "the strands of that mighty cable woven by him have kept the American people together as a united and imperishable nation."

"And today the Supreme Court is the most democratic of all; senators represent their states, and representatives their constituents; but this court stands for the whole country. It has no power to legislate, it cannot appropriate a dollar of money; it carries neither the purse nor the sword; but it possesses the power of declaring the law, and in that is found the safeguard which keeps the whole mighty fabric of government from rushing to destruction. This negative power, the power of resistance, is the only safety of a popular government."

CIVIL WAR

But, my friends, liberty did not reign supreme even after John Marshall had guided the Supreme Court through the rocks and rapids.

So the Civil War came on, and its achievements were two: "The destruction of slavery, and the preservation of the Union. America's motives in striking at the evil of slavery were the same as those held by millions of its countrymen, that slavery was a political evil and a drawback to civilization. But America's motives in saving the Union were higher than those of mere party politics. They saw the principle of democracy, of self-government was at stake, that the welfare of the whole family of man was wrapped up in the issue, and the result was the thirteenth amendment and freeing of slavery, and making this the perfect democracy of the world."

And America, "when the forces of freedom were in jeopardy, held the reins of government with a master hand, and if it had not been for the consummate ability of many of the great men of that period, the Union would not have been saved."

CHECKS AND BALANCES IN OUR GOVERNMENT

And today, the American system is an elaborate system of checks and balances. "The states are balanced against the general government. The House of Representatives is balanced against the Senate, and the Senate against the House."

"The executive authority is in some degree balanced against the legislature. The judiciary is balanced against the legislature, the executive, and the state governments. The Senate is balanced against the president in all appointments to office, and in all treaties. The people hold in their own hands the balance against their own representatives, by periodical elections. The legislatures of the several states are balanced against the Senate by sexennial elections."

"The electors are balanced against the people in the choice of a president and vice-president; but, above all in our democratic form of government, is the Supreme Court of the United States."

"It has averted many a storm which threatened our peace, and has lent its powerful aid in uniting us together in bonds of law and justice. Its very existence has proven a beacon of safety."

THE HOME

What makes a nation great? Would you say its high raised battlements? Would you say its great national capital?—its well filled treasures of glittering gold and shining silver?—its stocks and bonds that indicate a teeming nation's wealth and power? Would you say its churches?—its cathedrals?—it temples?—and architectural wonder? Would you say its fertile fields?—its mines?—and splendid forests? I would say: *"Yes,"* these are an evidence of a nation's wealth, power and prosperity. But, this alone does not constitute a nation's greatness or make a nation great.

The true greatness of a nation is in its homes; the unity of man and woman in the home. The true greatness of a nation is based upon the homes of the nation. The home is the foundation of the government; from it issues the real strength of a nation.

The home is the castle of the average man—the bulwark of the nation. The dweller there—be he humble or otherwise—one who loves his home, his family, his country—these are they that make a nation great. A country filled with homes—the homes of the average man, where mother is divine—at the altar where children are taught to reverence God and respect the laws of their country—this, and this alone, makes a nation truly great. This is a nation of the average man!

THE AVERAGE MAN AND WOMAN

"The average man has broken through the crust of caste that has been forming for centuries, and they have revealed to the nations a new society—the one more free and the other more generous than have hitherto been permitted to exist."

"The average man is widening the boundaries of human thought and is increasing the happiness of men."

"It has been the average man who has struggled against the selfishness of men and the ignorance of the ages."

"The soul of the common, ordinary man is not too small to comprehend the noble aim in life, and if you but look, you will find in the lowly walks of humanity men who understand and practice the sublimest principles of life without reference to human praises; men who demand nothing except what is right, and sumbit to nothing that is wrong; men who perform their duties with a relentless and unbending spirit, careless of beholders. To these men belong the real brawn and valor, the true heroic virtue that fights and bleeds and wins the battle."

PLATFORM

As I stand here tonight under the protection of the American flag, the eagle and the stars and stripes, I tell you my platform is the Constitution. This platform is broad enough and strong enough to uphold every interest of the United States, and I will be found standing on this Constitution until my last days. I have been entrusted with some part of this Constitution, and that part is to obey the laws.

The eighteenth amendment is part of the Constitution of the United States, and I stand upon that law, and if our forefathers could look down tonight and hear my words, they would say it was good enough for them, and it is good enough for posterity.

Every time you sneer, or laugh, or mock, or violate the eighteenth amendment, you are reaching back into pre-historic history, and clutching the dagger that was left dripping with human blood from the hand of ancient tyrants and which was again clutched by Alexander the Great, Hannibal, the bloody Cæsars, and the ambitious Napoleon, and you are crouching like a tiger, with all the barbarian evils in your brain, and you are springing like a streak of lightning upon the Constitution of the United States, and the blade is as sharp as Damascan steel, and as you stand there, you are stabbing at the bowels of the whole superstructure of American government.

If we do away with the eighteenth amendment, pretty soon we will be tampering with the nineteenth amendment, and pretty soon we will be tampering with some other part of the Constitution, and then down goes democracy off of the face of the globe. The world is watching America, and the hope of the average man is America. Let us teach the world that we can live up to the laws we enact.

This Constitution is my inheritance from the forefathers, and I will not yield my foothold on the Constitution and the Union; and the flag that waves over the Constitution is my banner, and if you are standing upon the Constitution of America, you are standing on the eighteenth amendment.

But let me go further—my moral platform is the Bible, and I believe it is the inspired word of God. The innate ideas in my soul tell me there is a God, and I know the Bible is divine because it finds me out.

But if we and "our posterity reject religious instructions and authority; violate the rules of eternal justice; trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political Constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

But we as American citizens are not going to let this happen. We are going to stand by the principles of the Declaration of Independence; we are going to uphold the Constitution; we are not going to insult the name of Washington, or go back on the apostle of human liberties, Thomas Jefferson; we are not going to drag the law that was upheld by John Marshall through the mire and filth of political hydrophobia and gutter politics. We are going to save America for the average man.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

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* * *

If you do not want to commit suicide, always have something to do. A long life has time to combat time. Books rule the world. Nothing enfranchises like education. When once a nation begins to think, it is impossible to stop it.—VOLTAIRE (1694-1778).

* * *

The greatest good is the knowledge of the union which the mind has with the whole nature.

Conceit makes men a nuisance to one another; the conceited man relates only his own great deeds, and only the evil ones of others; he delights in the presence of his inferiors, who will gape at his perfections and exploits; and becomes at last the victim of those who praise him; for none are more taken in by flattery than the proud.—SPINOZA (1632-1677).

That which is necessary does not offend me.—NIETZSCHE (1844-1900).

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THE STARS

Those burning stars! what are they? I have dreamed
That they were blossoms from the tree of life,
Or glory flung back from the outspread wings
Of God's Archangels; or that yon blue skies,
With all their gorgeous blazonry of gems,
Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
From the far wall of Heaven! And I have sat
And drunk their gushing glory, till I felt
Their flash electric trembling with the deep
And strong vibration down the living wire
Of chainless passion; and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To buoy me up, where I might ever roam
'Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
And dwell with those bright stars, and see their light
Poured down upon the sleeping earth like dew
From the bright urns of Naiads!
                                        Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts
A fount that heaves beneath you, like the deep
Beneath the glories of the midnight moon!
And list!—your Eden-tones are floating now
Around me like an element: so slow,
So mildly beautiful, I almost deem
That ye are there, the living harps of God,
O'er which the incense-winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy
As well might wander down to this dim world
To fashion dreams of Heaven! Peal on, peal on,
Nature's high anthem! for my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as a sweet and glorious tone
Of wild star-music!

Blessed, blessed things!
Ye are in heaven, and I on earth. My soul,
Even with a whirlwind's rush, can wander off
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
Like your own ancient Pleiad, from its height,
To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!
This earth is very beautiful. I love
Its wilderness of flowers, its bright clouds,
The majesty of mountains, and the dread
Magnificence of ocean—for they come
Like visions on my heart; but when I look
On your unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where ye repose
Upon your boundless heaven, like parted souls
On an eternity of Blessedness.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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Endeavor to gain the good will of all men.

Esteem a worthy friend as your greatest blessing.

Yield rather to persuasion than to compulsion.

The most miserable man is he who cannot endure misery.

Form your plans with deliberation, but execute them with vigor.

Do not praise an unworthy man for the sake of his wealth.

It is better to decide a difference between your enemies than your friends; for, in the former case, you will certainly gain a friend, and in the latter lose one.

—BIAS OF PRIENE (About 525 B.C.).

In prosperity, be moderate; in adversity, be prudent. Pleasure is fleeting; honor is immortal. Prudence can accomplish all things. The intention of crime is as sinful as the act. Perform whatever you have promised.—Periander (664-584 B.C.).

Forget not that life is like a flower, which no sooner is blown than it begins to wither.—F. S. B.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—F. S. B.

HOME

There is a world where no storms intrude, a haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraces it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the well-ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.—F. S. B.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND

Concerning the man you call your friend: tell me, will he weep with you in the house of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapon at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life in which you cannot appear with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirits? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart?—F. S. B.

THE ROSE

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed again, and, behold, it was gone—its stem was leafless—its roots had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it; he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and besides it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stalk which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not highminded, but fear."—MRS. SIGOURNEY (1791-1865).

The young man who works his way through college has a degree that is too precious to be given by human hands; too sacred to be scrolled upon sheep-skin.

Poverty in youth is the nutrition of character.

Extensive reading will weaken our egotistical nature.

The sooner we come to understand that things can be done without our assistance, the sooner we reach our philosophy of life.

Egotism keeps us ignorant, and we are helpless to receive our right education.

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

THE BELOVED DEAD

These words were spoken by Max Ehrmann, the author, at the funeral of his brother-in-law

How peaceful lie the dead! Why do we weep, since they mourn not? Well-beaten is the path they take into the great unknown. We follow them a little way, till dusk to darkness turns, then parting wave farewell. We do not know if dreamless sleep or waking bliss attend them at their journey's end. But as we trust the sun will rise each morn, so trust we that death's mystery will be explained one day, and we shall be content. . . . Farewell, thou gentle sleeper—we will not say forever, but for a few brief suns and moons. The ever-dawning, deathless hope of all the ages tells us we shall know thee again. Art thou already seated near the helmsman of the universe, in wonder cruising some celestial sea of worlds? Dost thou with kindly memory still look upon our little earth? And wilt thou sometimes think of us, remembering happy hours we spent together in this radiant sun-kissed world? Thus shall we not be all alone; for often thou wilt come to us, and we shall see thee by our side, and in the stillness hear thy voice. O speak to us in spirit lisps when sorrow bears us down! Thy placid face now tells us not to grieve, for peace is thine. Farewell, thou gentle sleeper. How still thou art!—MAX EHRMANN.

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THE LAST WORDS OF ROBERT EMMET

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warm and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient. I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask on my departure from this world—it is the charity of silence. Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not until then, let my epitaph be written.—ROBERT EMMET (1778-1803).

An empty head and a full purse are more respected than the man of sense whose purse has been lightened by the unavoidable shafts of misfortune.

True magnanimity.—Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.—F.S.B.

LOVE

With man, love is never a passion of such intensity and sincerity as with woman. She is a creature of sensibility, existing only in the outpourings and sympathies of her emotions; every earthly blessing, nay every heavenly hope, will be sacrificed for her affections. She will leave the sunny home of her childhood, the protecting roof of her kindred, forget the counsels of her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother on whose bosom her head has been pillowed, forsake all she has clung to in her years of girlish simplicity, do all that woman can do consistently with honor, and throw herself into the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would forsake a woman, after these testimonies of affection, is too gross a villain to be called a man. The wrath of Heaven will pursue him, the brand of Cain is upon his brow, and the curse of Judas will rankle at his heart. Unrequited love with man is to him never a cause of perpetual misery; other dreams will flow in upon his imagination; the abstraction from business, the meteor of ambition, or the pursuit of wealth will win him away from his early infatuation. It is not thus with woman. Although the scene may change, and years, long, withering, and lingering years, steal away the rose from the cheek of beauty, the ruins of a breaking heart cannot be amalgamated: the memories of that idle vision cannot be obliterated from the soul; she pines, nerves herself anew with pride, and pines away again, until her gentle spirit bids adieu to the treacheries of earth, and flits away into the bosom of her God.—F. S. B.

WOMAN

To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear.

Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded—but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman! Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.—JUDGE STORY (1779-1845).

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "TOILERS OF THE SEA"

Houses are like the human beings who inhabit them.

Sobriety, however, can only count as a virtue when there are other virtues to support it.

Solitude either develops the mental powers, or renders men dull and vicious.

At the moment when men become rich, how often comes paralysis—the sorrowful crowning of a laborious life!

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.

A good conscience expects to be treated with perfect confidence.

There is such a thing as the intolerance of the tolerants, as well as the violence of moderates.

There is a latent danger in an education not sufficiently serious, which cannot be too much insisted on.

The unknown unfolds itself by degrees.

There is something of the character of a spy in every human heart.

A deserved success has always its detractors.

Nothing looks more awkward and confused sometimes than honesty unjustly condemned. It is out of its element, and is almost sure to commit itself.

Insolence in the face of danger rallies the cowardly, and inspirits them to go on.

A well-timed burst of anger sometimes removes responsibility, and sometimes shifts it onto other shoulders.

There are secret recesses in hypocrisy; or rather the hypocrite is himself a secret recess.

It is remarkable how easily knaves are persuaded that they deserve to succeed.

There is a good deal of curiosity generally mingled with the haste of condolences.

You may have false friends; poverty will disperse them, and leave you alone.

To bend obstacles to our purpose is a great step towards triumph.

To be steeped too deeply in realities is in itself a cause of visionary moods.

Human intelligence combating with brute force experiences an ironical joy in demonstrating the stupidity of its antagonist, and compelling it to serve the very objects of its fury.

Great tempests are always followed by a calm.

It might be imagined that ill fortune is contagious, and that the unsuccessful have a plague, so rapidly are they put in quarantine.

Conjecture is a healthful occupation for the mind. Reason is awakened: logic is called into play.

The scent of the public is keen and true. Its instinct excels in those discoveries of truth by pieces and fragments.

Where there is no motive, it is natural to infer that there was no act.

There is such a thing as a mental sobbing.

Men feel a satisfaction in having witnesses of their joys. The sort of scattered support which a crowd presents pleases them at such times; their delight draws new life from it.

A MAIDEN

The human body might well be regarded as a mere simulacrum; but it envelops our reality, it darkens our light, and broadens the shadow in which we live. The soul is the reality of our existence. Strictly speaking, the human visage is a mask. The true man is that which exists under what is called man. If that being, which thus exists sheltered and secreted behind that illusion which we call the flesh, could be approached more than one strange revelation would be made. The vulgar error is to mistake the outward husk for the living spirit. Yonder maiden, for example; if we could see her as she really is, might she not figure as some bird of the air?

A bird transmuted into a young maiden—what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it beautiful. Delicious creature! One might be almost tempted to say, "Good-morning, Mademoiselle Goldfinch." The wings are invisible, but the chirping may still be heard. Sometimes, too, she pipes a clear, loud song. In her childlike prattle the creature is, perhaps, inferior; but in her song, how superior to humanity! When woman-hood dawns this angel flies away; but sometimes returns, bringing back a little one to a mother. Meanwhile, she who is one day to be a mother is for a long while a child; the girl becomes a maiden, fresh and joyous as the lark. Noting her movements, we feel as if it were good of her not to fly away. The dear familiar companion moves at her own sweet will about the house; flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires; plumes her wings, or rather combs her hair, and makes all kinds of gentle noises—murmurings of unspeakable delight to certain ears. She asks a question and is answered; is asked something in return and chirps a reply. It is delightful to chat with her when tired of serious talk; for this creature carries with her something of her skyey element. She is, as it were, a thread of gold interwoven with your somber thoughts; you feel almost grateful to her kindness in not making herself invisible, when it would be so easy for her to be even inpalpable; for the beautiful is a necessary of life. There is, in this world, no function more important than that of being charming. The forest-glade would be incomplete without the humming-bird. To shed joy around, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, and the very spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service? Does not beauty confer a benefit upon us, even by the simple fact of being beautiful? Here and there we meet with one who possesses that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of this magical influence, which is, however, for that reason, only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like a cheerful warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the Aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be: she makes an Eden of the house; Paradise breathes from her; and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living, in common, drag behind them?

Virtue and probity have known before now to be brought to strange passes. We must not judge always by appearances, even in the palace or at the galleys. Public respect, as well as universal reprobation, requires testing. Surprising results sometimes spring from this principle. An angel may be discovered in the stews; a pearl in the dunghill. Such sad and dazing discoveries are not altogether unknown.

Man's inner nature, like that external world about him, has its electric phenomena. An idea is like a meteor; at the moment of its coming, the confused meditations which preceded it open a way, and a spark flashes forth. Bearing within oneself a power of evil, feeling an inward prey, brings to some minds a pleasure which is like a sparkle of light. The triumph of an evil purpose brightens up their visages. The success of certain cunning combinations, the attainment of certain cherished objects, the gratification of certain ferocious instincts, will manifest themselves in sinister but luminous appearances in their eyes. It is like a threatening dawn, a gleam of joy drawn out of the heart of a storm. These flashes are generated in the conscience in its states of cloud and darkness.

To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood is to suffer unknown tortures. To be premeditating indefinitely a diabolical act, to have to assume austerity; to brood over secret infamy seasoned with outward good fame; to have continually to put the world off the scent; to present a perpetual illusion, and never to be one's self—is a burdensome task. To be constrained to dip the brush in that dark stuff within, to produce with it a portrait of candor; to fawn, to restrain and suppress one's self, to be ever on the *qui vive;* watching without ceasing to mask latent crimes with a face of healthy innocence; to transform deformity into beauty; to fashion wickedness into the shape of perfection; to tickle, as it were, with the point of a dagger, to put sugar with poison, to keep a bridle on every gesture and keep a watch over every tone, not even to have a countenance of one's own—what can be harder, what can be more torturing? The odiousness of hypocrisy is obscurely felt by the hypocrite himself. Drinking perpetually of his own imposture is nauseating. The sweetness of tone which cunning gives to scoundrelism is repugnant to the scoundrel compelled to have it ever in the mouth; and there are moments of disgust when villainy seems on the point of vomiting its secret. To have to swallow that bitter saliva is horrible. Add to this picture his profound pride. There are strange moments in the history of such a life, when hypocrisy worships itself. There is always an inordinate egotism in roguery. The worm has the same mode of gliding along as the serpent, and the same manner of raising its head. The treacherous villain is the despot curbed and restrained, and only able to attain his ends by resigning himself to play a secondary part. He is summed-up littleness capable of enormities. The perfect hypocrite is a Titan dwarfed.

Universal execration derives a grandeur even from its vastness.

To be unmasked is a humiliation; but to unmask one's self is a triumph. There is an intoxication in the position, an insolent satisfaction in its contempt for appearances, a flaunting insolence in the nakedness with which it affronts the decencies of life

These ideas in a hypocrite appear to be inconsistent, but in reality are not. All infamy is logical.

It is the nature of hypocrisy to be sanguine. The hypocrite is one who waits his opportunity. Hypocrisy is nothing, in fact, but a horrible hopefulness; the very foundation of its revolting falsehood is composed of that virtue transformed into a vice.

Strange contradiction. There is a certain trustfulness in hypocrisy. The hypocrite confides in some power, unrevealed even to himself, which permits the course of evil.

THE SEA

Ordinarily the sea conceals her crimes. She delights in privacy. Her unfathomable deeps keep silence. She wraps herself in a mystery which rarely consents to give up its secrets. We know her savage nature, but who can tell the extent of her dark deeds? She is at once open and secret; she hides away carefully, and cares not to divulge her action; wrecks a vessel, and, covering it with the waves, engulfs it deep as if conscious of her guilt. Among her crimes is hypocrisy. She slays and steals, conceals her booty, puts on an air of unconsciousness, and smiles.

The sea, too, is composite in its nature. Under its waves of water which we see, it has its waves of force which are invisible. Its constituents are innumerable. Of all the elements the ocean is the most indivisible and the most profound.

Endeavor to conceive this chaos so enormous that it dwarfs all things to one level. It is the universal recipient, reservoir of germs of life, and mould of transformations. It amasses and then disperses. It accumulates and then sows, it devours and then creates. It receives all the waste and refuse waters of the earth, and converts them into treasure. It is solid in the iceberg, liquid in the wave, fluid in the estuary. Regarded as matter, it is a mass; regarded as a force, it is an abstraction. It equalizes and unites all phenomena. It may be called the infinite in combination. By force and disturbance, it arrives at transparency. It dissolves all differences, and absorbs them into its own unity. Its elements are so numerous that it becomes identity. One of its drops is complete, and represents the whole. From the abundance of its tempests, it attains equilibrium. Plato beheld the mazy-dances of the spheres. Strange fact, though not the less real, the ocean, in the vast terrestrial journey round the sun, becomes with its flux and reflux, the balance of the globe.

It is not until a task is fairly grappled with that its difficulties and perils become fully manifest. There is nothing like making a commencement for making evident how difficult it will be to come to the end. Every beginning is a struggle against resistance. The first step is an exorable undeceiver. A difficulty which we come to touch pricks like a thorn.

There is nothing more remarkable than the timidity of ignorance, unless it be its temerity. When ignorance becomes daring, she has sometimes a sort of compass within herself—the intuition of the truth, clearer oftentimes in a simple mind than in a learned brain.

Ignorance invites to an attempt. It is a state of wonderment, which, with its concomitant curiosity, forms a power. Knowledge often enough disconcerts and makes over-cautious.

Exhaustion of the bodily strength does not necessarily exhaust the will. Faith is only a secondary power; the will is the first. The mountains, which faith is proverbially said to move, are nothing beside that which the will can accomplish.

Life is a voyage; the idea is the itinerary. The plan of their course gone, they stop. The object is lost, the strength of purpose gone. Fate has a secret discretionary power. It is able to touch with its rod even our moral being. Despair is almost the destitution of the soul. Only the greatest minds resist, and for what?

Despair has its backward stages. From overwhelmment we rise to dejection; from dejection to affliction; from affliction to melancholy. Melancholy is a twilight state; suffering melts into it and becomes a somber joy. Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.

Life seems a perpetual succession of events, to which man submits. We never know from which direction the sudden blow will come. Misery and happiness enter or make their exit, like unexpected guests. Their laws, their orbit, their principle of gravitation, are beyond man's grasp. Virtue conducts not to happiness, nor crime to retribution: conscience has one logic, fate another, and neither coincide. Nothing is foreseen. We live confusedly, and from hand to mouth. Conscience is the straight line, life is the whirlwind, which creates above man's head either black chaos or the blue sky. Fate does not practice the art of gradations. Her wheels turn sometimes so fast that we can scarcely distinguish the interval between one revolution and another, or the link between yesterday and today.

A GRADUAL FALL FROM A SOCIAL POSITION

No thought is more bitter than that of one's own gradual fall from a social position.

Ruin is simple enough. A violent shock; a cruel turn of fate; a catastrophe once for all. Be it so. We submit, and all is over. You are ruined: it is well; you are dead? No; you are still living. On the morrow you know it well. By what? By the pricking of a pin. Yonder passer-by omits to recognize you; the tradesmen's bills rain down upon you; and yonder is one of your enemies, who is smiling. Perhaps he is thinking of Arnal's last pun; but it is all the same. The pun would not have appeared to him so inimitable but for your ruin. You read your own sudden insignificance even in looks of indifference. Friends who used to dine at your table become of opinion that three courses were an extravagance. Your faults are patent to the eyes of everybody; ingratitude having nothing more to expect, proclaims itself openly; every idiot has foreseen your misfortunes. The malignant pull you to pieces; the more malignant profess to pity. And then come a hundred paltry details. Nausea succeeds to grief. You have been wont to indulge in wine; you must now drink cider. Two servants, too! Why, one will be too many. It will be necessary to discharge this one and get rid of that. Flowers in your garden are superfluous; you will plant it with potatoes. You used to make presents of your fruit to friends; you will send them henceforth to market. As to the poor, it will be absurd to think of giving anything to them. Are you not poor yourself? And then there is the painful question of dress. To have to refuse a wife a new ribbon, what a torture! To have to refuse one who has made you a gift of her beauty a trifling article; to haggle over such matters like a miser! Perhaps she will say to you, "What! rob my garden of its flowers, and now refuse one for my bonnet!" Ah me! to have to condemn her to shabby dresses. The family table is silent. You fancy that those around it think harshly of you. Beloved faces have become clouded. This is what is meant by falling fortunes. It is to die day by day. To be struck down is like the blast of the furnace; to decay like this is the torture of the slow fire.

An overwhelming blow is a sort of Waterloo, a slow decay, a St. Helena. Destiny, incarnate in the form of Wellington, has still some dignity; but how sordid in the shape of Hudson Lowe. Fate becomes then a paltry huckster. We find the man of Campo Formio quarrelling about a pair of stockings; we see that dwarfing of Napoleon which makes England less. Waterloo and St. Helena! Reduced to humbler proportions, every ruined man has traversed those two phases.

THE OCEAN WINDS

They come from the immeasurable deep. Their wide wings need the breath of the ocean gulf, the spaciousness of desert solitudes. The Atlantic, the Pacific—those vast blue expanses—are their delight. They hasten thither in flocks. Commander Page witnessed, far out at sea, seven waterspouts at once. They roam there, wild and terrible! The eternal flux and reflux is their work. The extent of their power, the limits of their will, no one knows. They are the sphinxes of the deep: Gama was their Œdipus. In that dark, ever-moving expanse, they appear with faces of cloud. He who perceives their pale lineaments in that wide arena, the horizon of the sea, feels himself in presence of an unsubduable power. It might be imagined that the proximity of human intelligence disquieted them, and that they revolted against it. The mind of man is invincible, but the elements baffle him. He can do nothing against these ubiquitous powers which no one can bind. The gentle breeze becomes a gale, smites with the force of a war-club, and then become gentle again. The winds attack with a terrible crash, and defend themselves by relapsing into nothingness. He who would contend with them must use artifice. Their varying tactics, their swift redoubled blows, confuse one. They fly as often as they attack. They are tenacious and impalpable. Who can circumvent them? The prow of the Argo, cut from an oak of Dodona's grove, that mysterious pilot of the bark, spoke to them, and they insulted that pilot-goddess. Columbus, beholding their approach towards the "Pinta," mounted upon the poop, and addressed them with the first verses of St. John's Gospel. Surcouf defied them: "Here come the gang," he used to say. Napier greeted them with cannon balls. They assume the dictatorship of chaos.

Chaos is theirs, in which to wreak their mysterious vengeance; the cave of the winds is more appalling than that of lions. How many corpses lie in its deep recesses, where the howling gusts sweep relentlessly over that obscure and ghastly mass! The winds are heard wheresoever they go, but they give ear to none. Their acts resemble crimes. No one knows upon whom they may hurl their hoary surf; with what ferocity they hang over shipwrecks, looking at times as if they flung their impious foam-flakes in the face of heaven. They are the tyrants of unknown regions. "Luoghi spaventosi," murmured the Venetian mariners.

The fields of space are subjected to their fierce assaults. Strange things happen in those lonely regions. Sometimes a horseman rides through the gloom; sometimes the air is full of a faint rustling as in a forest; again nothing is visible, but the tramp of a cavalcade is heard. The noonday is overcast with sudden night: a tornado passes. Or midnight suddenly becomes bright as day: the polar lights are in the heavens. Whirlwinds pass in opposite directions, and in a sort of hideous dance, a stamping of the storm fiends upon the waters. An over-burdened cloud opens and falls to earth. Other clouds filled with lurid light, flash and roar, then frown again ominously. Emptied of their lightnings, they are but as spent brands. Pent-up rains dissolve in mists. Yonder sea looks like a fiery furnace, into which the rains are falling; flames seem to issue from the waves. The white gleam of the ocean under the shower is reflected to marvelous distances. The different masses transform themselves into uncouth shapes. Monstrous whirlpools make strange hollows in the sky. The vapours revolve, the waves spin, the giddy Naiads roll. The sea, solid and yielding, moves, but does not change place; all is livid; shrieks as of despair resound through the air.

Great sheaves of shadow and darkness are gathered up in the distant sky. Now and then comes a convulsion. The murmur becomes uproar as the wave becomes surge. The horizon, a confused mass of strata oscillating ceaselessly, mutters in a continual undertone. Strange and abrupt outbursts break the monotony. Cold blasts burst forth, followed by hot blasts. The restlessness of the sea betokens anxious expectation, agony, profound terror. Suddenly the hurricane sweeps down, like a wild beast, to drink of the ocean: a monstrous draught! The sea rises to the invisible mouth; a mound of water is formed; the swell increases, and the water-spout appears; the Prester of the ancients, stalactite above, stalagmite below, a whirling double-inverted cone, the kiss of two mountains—a mountain of foam ascending, a mountain of vapor descending—terrible coition of the cloud and the wave. Like the column in Holy Writ, the waterspout is dark by day and luminous by night. In its presence the thunder itself is silent and seems cowed.

The vast commotion of these solitudes has its gamut, a terrible crescendo. There are the gust, the squall, the storm, the gale, the tempest, the whirlwind, and the waterspout—the seven chords of the wind's lyre, the seven notes of the great deep. The heavens are a huge arena; the sea a vast round; but a breath passes, they have vanished, and all is fury and wild confusion.

Such are these inhospitable realms.

The winds rush, fly, swoop down, die away, commence again, hover about, whistle, roar, and smile; they are frenzied, wanton, unbridled, or sink to ease upon the raging waves. Their howlings have a harmony of their own. They make the entire heavens resound. They blow in the cloud as in a trumpet; they sing through infinite space with the mingled tones of clarions, horns, bugles, and trumpets—a sort of Promethean fanfare.

Such was the music of ancient Pan. Their harmonies are terrible. They revel in darkness. They drive and disperse great ships. Night and day, in all seasons, from the tropics to the pole, there is no truce; sounding their fatal trumpet through the tangled thickets of clouds and waves, they pursue their grim chase of vessels in distress. They have their packs of bloodhounds, and amuse themselves by setting them to barking at the rocks and billows. They drive the clouds together, and then roughly disperse them. They mould and knead the supple waters as with a million hands.

The water is supple because it is incompressible. It slips away without effort. Borne down on one side, it escapes on the other. It is thus that water becomes waves, and the billows are a token of its liberty.

OCEAN STORM

All the while the storm was increasing in fury. In a tempest, blow hastily follows blow. That is its strength; but it is also its weakness. Its very fury gives human intelligence an opportunity to discover its weak points. Man defends himself, but under what overwhelming difficulties! No respite, no interruption, no truce, no pause for taking breath. There seems to be unspeakable cowardice in that prodigality of inexhaustible resources.

All the tumult of the wide expanse rushed towards the Douvres. Voices were heard in the darkness. What could they be? At times shouts were heard, as if some one was uttering words of command. There were wild clamours, strange trepidation, and then that majestic roar which mariners call the "cry of ocean." The flying eddies of wind whistled, while curling the waves and flinging them like giant quoits, cast by invisible hands against the rocks. The surf dashed over the rocks. There were torrents above, dashing foam below. Then the roar redoubled. No uproar of men or beasts could give one any idea of the wild din which mingled with the incessant breaking of the surf. The clouds cannonaded, the hailstones poured down in volleys, the surf mounted to the assault. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was white; ten leagues of yeasty water filled the horizon. Doors of fire were opened, clouds seemed burned by clouds, and something like smoke rose above a nebulous red mass, resembling burning embers. Floating conflagrations rushed together and amalgamated, each changing the shape of the other. A huge arsenal seemed to be emptied from the middle of the dark roof, hurling downward pell-mell, waterspouts, hail, torrents, purple fire, phosphoric gleams, darkness, and lightnings.

OCTOPUS

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled him.

Some living thing, thin, rough, flat, cold, and slimy had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In another instant the same mysterious spiral form had wound around his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit.

Gilliatt recoiled, but he had scarcely power to move! He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand gripping the knife, he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm; but he only succeeded in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated, and narrow issued from the crevice like a tongue out of monstrous jaws.

It seemed to lick his naked body; then suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin, and wound itself around him. At the same time a terrible sensation of pain, utterly unlike any he had ever known, made all his muscles contract. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened themselves in his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock, seemed to feel its way around his body to lash itself around his ribs like a cord, and fix itself there.

Intense agony is dumb. Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had wound themselves about him.

A fourth ligature—but this one swift as an arrow—darted towards his stomach, and wound around him there.

It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly around his body, and which were adhering to it at a number of points. Each of these points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It seemed as if innumerable small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, ribbon-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly around his chest. The compression increased his sufferings. He could scarcely breathe.

These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword towards its hilt. All five evidently belonged to the same center. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like so many mouths, change their position from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from beneath the crevice. It was the center; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the hub of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the beginning of three other similar tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass were two eyes.

These eyes were fixed on Gilliatt.

He recognized the devil fish.

THE MONSTER

It is difficult for those who have not seen it to believe in the existence of the devil-fish.

Compared with this creature, the ancient hydras are insignificant.

At times we are tempted to imagine that the shadowy forms which haunt our dreams may encounter, in the realm of the possible, attractive forces which have the power to create living beings out of these visions of our slumbers. The unknown is cognizant of these strange visions, and concocts monsters out of them.

Orpheus, Homer and Hesiod created only fabulous monsters. Providence created the devil-fish.

When God chooses, he excels in creating what is execrable. The wherefore of this perplexes and affrights the devout thinker.

If terror were the object of its creation, nothing more perfect than the devil-fish could be imagined.

The whale is enormous in bulk, the devil-fish is comparatively small; the jararaca makes a hissing noise, the devil-fish is mute; the rhinocerous has a horn, the devil-fish has none; the scorpion has a dart, the devil-fish has no dart; the shark has sharp fins, the devil-fish has no fins; the vespertilio-bat has wings with claws, the devil-fish has no wings; the porcupine has his spines, the devil-fish has no spines; the sword-fish has his sword, the devil-fish has none; the torpedo has its electric spark, the devil-fish has none; the toad has its poison, the devil-fish has none; the viper has its venom, the devil-fish has no venom; the lion has its claws, the devil-fish has no claws; the griffon has its beak, the devil-fish has no beak; the crocodile has its jaws, the devil-fish has no jaws.

The devil-fish has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breast-plate, no horn, no dart, no claw, no tail with which to hold or bruise; no cutting fins, or wings with nails, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no poison, no claws, no beak, no jaws. Yet he is of all creatures the most formidably armed.

What, then, is the devil-fish? It is a huge cupping-glass.

The swimmer who, attracted by the beauty of the spot, ventures among reefs far out at sea, where still waters hide the wonders of the deep, or in the hollows of unfrequented rocks, or in unknown caverns abounding in marine plants, testacea and crustacea, under the deep portals of the ocean, runs the risk of meeting it. If that fate should be yours, be not curious, but fly. The intruder enters there dazzled, but quits the spot in terror.

This frightful monster, which is so often encountered amid the rocks in the open sea, is of a grayish color, about five feet long, and about the thickness of a man's arm. It is ragged in outline, and in shape strongly resembles a closed umbrella, without a handle. The irregular mass advances slowly towards you. Suddenly it opens, and eight radii issue abruptly from around a face with two eyes. These radii are alive; their undulation is like lambent flames; they resemble, when opened, the spokes of a wheel measuring four or five feet in diameter.

This monster winds itself around its victim, covering and entangling him in its long folds. Underneath it is yellow; above, it is of a dull grayish hue. It is spider-like in form, but its tints are those of the chameleon. When irritated it becomes violent. Its most horrible characteristic is its softness.

Its folds strangle; its contact paralyzes.

It has the aspect of gangrened or scabrous flesh. It is a monstrous embodiment of disease.

It clings closely to its prey, and cannot be torn away—a fact which is due to its power of exhausting air. The eight antennae, large at their roots, diminish gradually, and end in needle-like points. Underneath each of these feelers are two rows of suckers, decreasing in size, the largest ones near the head, the smallest at the extremities. Each row contains twenty-five of these. There are, therefore, fifty suckers to each feeler, and the creature possesses four hundred in all. These suckers act like cupping-glasses.

They are cartilaginous substances, cylindrical, horny, and livid. Upon the large species they diminish gradually from the diameter of a five-franc piece to the size of a split pea. These small tubes can be thrust out and withdrawn by the animal at will. They are capable of piercing to a depth of more than an inch.

This sucking apparatus has all the regularity and delicacy of a key-board. It projects one moment and disappears the next. The most perfect sensitiveness cannot equal the contractibility of these suckers; always proportioned to the internal movement of the animal, and its exterior circumstances. The monster is endowed with the qualities of the sensitive plant.

This animal is the same as those which mariners call poulps; which science designates cephalopods, and which ancient legends call krakens. It is the English sailors who call them "devil-fish," and sometimes bloodsuckers. In the Channel Islands they are called *pieuvres*.

They are rare in Guernsey, and very small in Jersey; but near the island of Sark they are numerous as well as very large.

An engraving in Sonnini's edition of Buffon represents a cephalopod crushing a frigate. Denis Montfort, in fact, considers the polypus, or octopod, of high latitudes, strong enough to destroy a ship. Bory Saint Vincent doubts this; but he shows that in our latitude they will attack men. Near Brecq-Hou, in Sark, they show a cave where a devil-fish seized and drowned a lobster-man a few years ago. Peron and Lamarck are mistaken in their belief that the polypus having no fins cannot swim. The writer of these lines once saw with his own eyes a *pieuvre* pursuing a bather among the rocks called the Boutiques, in Sark. When captured and killed, this specimen was found to be four English feet broad, and it possessed four hundred suckers. The monster thrust them out convulsively in the agony of death.

According to Denis Montfort, one of those observers whose marvelous intuition degrades or elevates them to the level of magicians, the polypus is almost endowed with the passions of man: it has its hatreds. In fact, in the animal world to be hideous is to hate.

Hideousness has to contend against the natural law of elimination, which necessarily renders it hostile.

While swimming, the devil-fish remains, so to speak, in its sheath. It swims with all its parts drawn close together. It might be likened to a sleeve sewed up with a closed fist within. This protuberance, which is the head, pushes the water aside and advances with an undulatory movement. The two eyes, though large, are indistinct, being the color of the water.

When it is lying in ambush, or seeking its prey, it retires into itself as it were, becomes smaller and condenses itself. It is then scarcely distinguishable in the dim, submarine light. It looks like a mere ripple in the water. It resembles anything except a living creature.

The devil-fish is crafty. When one is least expecting it, it suddenly opens.

A glutinous mass, endowed with a malevolent will, what could be more horrible?

It is in the most beautiful azure depths of limpid water that this hideous voracious sea-monster delights.

It always conceals itself—a fact which increases its terrible associations. When they are seen, it is almost invariably after they have captured their victim.

At night, however, and particularly in the breeding season, it becomes phosphorescent. These horrible creatures have their passions, their submarine nuptials. Then it adorns itself, glows, and illumines; and from some rock it can sometimes be discerned in the deep obscurity of the waves below, expanding with a pale irradiation—a spectral sun.

The devil-fish not only swims, but crawls. It is part fish, part reptile. It crawls upon the bed of the sea. At such times, it makes use of its eight feelers, and creeps along after the fashion of a swiftly moving caterpillar.

It has no blood, no bones, no flesh. It is soft and flabby; a skin with nothing inside. Its eight tentacles may be turned inside out like the fingers of a glove.

It has a single orifice in the center of its radii, which appears at first to be neither the vent nor the mouth. It is in fact both. The orifice performs a double function.

The entire creature is cold.

The jelly-fish of the Mediterranean is repulsive. Contact with that animated gelatinous substance, in which the hands sink, and at which the nails tear ineffectually; which can be rent in twain without killing it, and which can be plucked off without entirely removing it, that soft and yet tenacious creature which slips through the fingers—is disgusting; but no horror can equal the sudden apparition of the devil-fish, that Medusa with its eight serpents.

No grasp is like the sudden strain of the cephalopod.

It is with the sucking apparatus that it attacks. The victim is oppressed by a vacuum drawing at numberless points; it is not a clawing or a biting, but an indescribable scarification. A tearing of the flesh is terrible, but less terrible than a sucking of the blood. Claws are harmless in comparison with the terrible action of these natural cupping-glasses. The claws of the wild beast enter your flesh; but with the cephalopod, it is you who enter the creature that attacks you.

The muscles swell, the fibers of the body are contorted, the skin cracks under the loathsome oppression, the blood spurts out and mingles horribly with the lymph of the monster, which clings to its victim by innumerable hideous mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man becomes one with the hydra. The specter lies upon you; the tiger can only devour you; the horrible devil-fish sucks your life-blood away. He draws you to and into himself; while bound down, glued fast, powerless, you feel yourself gradually emptied into this horrible pouch, which is the monster itself.

To be eaten alive is terrible; to be absorbed alive is horrible beyond expression.

Science, in accordance with its usual excessive caution, even in the face of facts at first rejects these strange animals as fabulous; then she decides to observe them; then she dissects, classifies, catalogues, and labels them; then procures specimens, and exhibits them in glass cases in museums. They enter then into her nomenclature; are designated mollusks, invertebrata, radiata: she determines their position in the animal world a little above the calamaries, a little below the cuttle-fish; she finds an analogous creature for these hydras of the sea in fresh water called the argyronectes; she divides them into large, medium, and small kinds; she more readily admits the existence of the small than of the large species, which is, however, the tendency of science in all countries, for she is rather microscopic than telescopic by nature. Classifying them according to their formation, she calls them cephalopods; then counts their antennae, and calls them octopods.

This done, she leaves them. Where science drops them, philosophy takes them up.

Philosophy, in her turn, studies these creatures. She goes farther and yet not so far. She does not dissect, she meditates. Where the scalpel has labored, she plunges the hypothesis. She seeks the final cause. Eternal perplexity of the thinker. These creatures disturb his ideas of the Creator. They are hideous surprises. They are the death's-head at the feast of contemplation. The philosopher determines their characteristics in dread. They are the concrete forms of evil. What attitude can he assume in regard to this treachery of creation against herself? To whom can he look for the solution of this enigma?

The possible is a terrible matrix. Monsters are mysteries in a concrete form. Portions of shade issue from the mass, and something within detaches itself, rolls, floats, condenses, borrows elements from the ambient darkness; becomes subject to unknown polarizations, assumes a kind of life, furnishes itself with some unimagined form from the obscurity, and with some terrible spirit from the miasma, and wanders ghost-like among living things. It is as if night itself assumed the forms of animals. But for what good? With what object? Thus we come again to the eternal question.

These animals are as much phantoms as monsters. Their existence is proved and yet improbable. It is their fate to exist in spite of *a priori* reasonings. They are the amphibia of the shore which separates life from death. Their unreality makes their existence puzzling. They touch the frontier of man's domain and people the region of chimeras.

We deny the possibility of the vampire, and the devil-fish appears to disconcert us. Their swarming is a certainty which disconcerts our confidence. Optimism, which is nevertheless in the right, becomes silenced in their presence. They form the visible extremity of the dark circles. They mark the transition of our reality into another. They seem to belong to that commencement of terrible life, which the dreamer sees confusedly through the loop-hole of the night.

This multiplication of monsters, first in the invisible, then in the possible, has been suspected, perhaps perceived by magi and philosophers in their austere ecstasies and profound contemplations. Hence the conjecture of the material hell. The demon is simply the invisible tiger. The wild beast which devours souls has been presented to the eyes of human beings by Saint John, and by Dante in his vision of hell.

If, in truth, the invisible circles of creation continue indefinitely, if after one there is yet another, and so on and on in illimitable progression; if that chain, which we for our part are resolved to doubt, really exists, the devil-fish at one end proves Satan at the other.

It is certain that the wrong-doer at one end proves wrongdoing at the other.

Every malignant creature, like every perverted intelligence, is a sphinx.

A terrible sphinx propounding a terrible riddle—the riddle of the existence of evil.

It is this perfection of evil which has sometimes sufficed to incline powerful intellects to a belief in the duality of the Deity, towards that terrible bifrons of the Manichæans.

A piece of silk stolen during the last war from the palace of the Emperor of China represents a shark eating a crocodile, who is eating a serpent, who is devouring an eagle, who is preying on a swallow, who in his turn is eating a caterpillar.

All nature, which is under our observation, is thus alternately devouring and devoured. The prey prey upon each other.

Learned men, however, who are also philosophers, and therefore optimists in their view of creation, find, or think they find, an explanation. Among others, Bonnet of Geneva, that mysterious, exact thinker, who was opposed to Buffon, as in later times Geoffroy St. Hillaire has been to Cuvier, was struck with the idea of the final object. His notions may be summed up thus: universal death necessitates universal sepulture; the devourers are the sextons of the system of nature.

Every created thing eventually enters into and forms a part of some other created thing. To decay is to nourish. Such is the terrible law from which not even man is exempt.

In our world of twilight this fatal order of things produces monsters. You ask for what purpose. We find the solution here.

But *is* this the solution? Is this the answer to our questionings? And if so, why not some different order of things? Thus the question returns.

We live: so be it. But let us try to believe that death means progress. Let us aspire to an existence in which these mysteries shall be made clear.

Let us obey the conscience which guides us thither.

For let us never forget that the best is only attained through the better.

ANOTHER KIND OF SEA-COMBAT

Such was the creature in whose power Gilliatt had fallen.

The monster was the mysterious inmate of the grotto; the terrible genius of the place; a kind of marine demon.

The splendors of the cavern existed for it alone.

The shadowy creature, dimly discerned by Gilliatt beneath the rippling surface of the dark water on the occasion of his first visit, was the monster. This grotto was its home. When he entered the cave a second time in pursuit of the crab, and saw a crevice in which he supposed the crab had taken refuge, the *pieuvre* was there lying in wait for prey.

No bird would brood, no egg would burst to life, no flower would dare to open, no breast to give milk, no heart to love, no spirit to soar, under the influence of that impersonation of evil watching with sinister patience in the dim light.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it.

It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on one side, and to its human prey on the other, it chained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, each finger of which was nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

As we have said, it is impossible to tear one's self from the clutches of the devil-fish. The attempt only results in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its efforts increase with those of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures.

Gilliatt had but one resource—his knife.

His left hand only was free; but the reader knows with what power he could use it. It might have been said that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand.

The antennae of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance upon which a knife makes no impression; it slips under the blade; its position in attack, too, is such that to sever it would be to wound the victim's own flesh.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know it, and so does any one who has seen them execute certain abrupt movements in the sea. Porpoises know it, too; they have a way of biting the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of headless pen-fish, polypuses, and cuttle-fish.

In fact, its only vulnerable part is its head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

He had never seen a devil-fish of this size. His first encounter was with one of the largest species. Any other man would have been overwhelmed with terror.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain instant in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers his neck; it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. One who loses that moment is irrevocably doomed.

The events we have described occupied only a few seconds. Gilliatt, however, felt the increasing power of the monster's innumerable suckers.

The monster is cunning; it tries first to stupefy its prey. It seizes and then pauses awhile.

Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking increased.

He looked at the monster which seemed to return the look.

Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and darting it at him, seized him by the left arm.

At the same moment it advanced its head with a quick movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful.

He avoided the antenna, and at the very instant the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clinched in his left hand.

There were two convulsive movements in opposite directions—that of the devil-fish, and that of its prey.

The movements were as rapid as a double flash of lightning.

Gilliatt had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whiplash in the air, had described a circle round the two eyes, and wrenched off the head as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The slimy bands relaxed. The air-pump being broken, the vacuum was destroyed. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could dimly discern on the stones at his feet two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the rest of the monster on the other.

Nevertheless, fearing a convulsive return of the death agony, he recoiled to be out of the reach of the dreaded tentacles.

But the monster was quite dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

They may chain the tongues of men; they cannot touch their minds.

Read first the best books. The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know.

Do not get excited over the noise you have made.

—DESIDERIUS ERASMUS (1466-1536).

A man can die for another's life work; but if he go on living, he must live for his own.—HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906).

WILL

You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word "environment,"
But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space,
It cows that boastful trickster Chance,
And bids the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown and fill a servant's place.

The human Will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless Soul,
Can hew the way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands;
When spirit rises and commands
The gods are ready to obey.

The river seeking for the sea
Confronts the dam and precipice,
Yet knows it cannot fail or miss;
You will be what you will to be!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (1855-1919).

From *Poems of Power.*
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SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's works seem as if they were performances of some celestial genius descending among men, to make them by the mildest instructions acquainted with themselves. They are no fictions! You would think, while reading them, you stood before the enclosed awful books of fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro. The strength and tenderness, the power and peacefulness of this man have so astonished and transported me that I long vehemently for the time when I shall have it in my power to read further.

I wish I could but disclose to you all that is going on within me even now. All the anticipations I have ever had regarding man and his destiny, which have accompanied me from youth upward, often unobserved by myself, I find developed and fulfilled in Shakespeare's writings. It seems as if he cleared up every one of our enigmas to us, though we cannot say, here or there is the word of solution. His men appeár like natural men, and yet they are not. These, the most mysterious and complex productions of creation, here act before us as if they were watches, whose dial-plates and cases were of crystal, which pointed out according to their use their course of the hours and minutes; while at the same time you could discern the combination of wheels and springs that turn them. The few glances I have cast over Shakespeare's world incite me, more than anything beside, to quicken my footsteps forward into the actual world, to mingle in the flood of destinies that is suspended over it; and at length, if I shall prosper, to draw a few cups from the great ocean of true nature and to distribute them from off the stage among the thirsting people of my native land.—GOETHE (1749-1832).

SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair;
But, grieved to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolved into a tear.

—F. S. B.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial: appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.—F. S. B.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention; beauty may inflame the heart with love: but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.—F. S. B.

HAPPINESS

To be without desire is to be content. But contentment is not happiness. And in contentment there is no progress. Happiness is to desire something, to work for it, and to obtain at least a part of it. In the pursuit of beloved labor the busy days pass cheerfully employed, and the still nights in peaceful sleep. For labor born of desire is not drudgery, but manly play. Success brings hope, hope inspires fresh desire, and desire gives zest to life and joy to labor. This is true whether your days be spent in the palaces of the powerful or in some little green by-way of the world. Therefore, while yet you have the strength, cherish a desire to do some useful work in your little corner of the world, and have the steadfastness to labor. For this is the way to the happy life; with health and endearing ties, it is the way to the glorious life.—MAX EHRMANN.

By permission.

Before you quit your house, consider what you have to do; and when you return, reflect whether it has been done. Be more attentive than talkative. Educate your children. Detest ingratitude. Endeavor always to employ your thoughts on something worthy.—CLEOBULUS (634-564 B.C.).

The rights of every people are consequently confined within the limits of what is just.—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE (1805-1859).

Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum.* All things should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing.

I have no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours: it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music: he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom—only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths and depths of truth—have I been able to gather.

If a man could make a single rose we should give him an empire; yet roses and flowers no less beautiful are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

—MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546).

GO PLACIDLY

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember the peace there is in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others; they, too, have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for there always will be greater and smaller persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for there are many persons whose word is worthless. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.—MAX EHRMANN.

By permission.

THE ROSEBUD

I marked the rosebud of the spring. It was beautiful in the morning. It sparkled with the dripping dew; then drooped with the descending rain. It hung down in modesty, and seemed to shrink from the approaching storm. It remained uninjured, while the gnarled oak was splintered by the lightning, and the towering pine uptorn by the tornado. With calmness, I was reflecting upon the moral impressed upon the senses by the sublime workings of nature, when the storm suddenly subsided. The sun darted its cheering rays through the dispersing clouds; and light, and warmth, and serenity again delighted the earth. The pine and the oak no more revived. Their foliage, branches and trunks lay scattered to decay. With genial heat, the rosebud expanded its crimson petals and poured forth its fragrance in gratitude to the sun; delighting the eye of the beholder, and loading the atmosphere with its reviving perfume. I marked it as it rose upon its stem and expanded its blushing flower. To my imagination, it seemed animated with consciousness, and to smile, as they passed, upon every beholder with entreaties to spare it yet a little while, that it might wave in the sunshine, display its graceful form, its glowing hues, and pour upon the altar of the air and upon the wandering zephyrs its thankful incense. And yet, thought I, would not its vanity be mortified were it doomed to bloom in a wilderness, instead of the parterre of which it is the grace and the ornament?

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Its entreaties spoke to my feelings too plainly to be disregarded. I was captivated. I suffered no rude hand to pluck it or offer violence to its modest charms. I placed my seat near the parterre, and watched the opening beauties of my little friend. The day passed; and yet another and another witnessed its loveliness. I gazed upon and admired until my imagination inflamed; I thought it immortal. Others saw it withering; I knew it not; saw it not; believed it not! Alas! the laws of nature are immutable. To be changed is stamped upon all her works! "All that is made must be destroyed! All that is born must die!" The fourth day came and my eyes were opened. The blossom had withered and the leaves of the flower were strewed on the ground. All its graceful beauty and fragrance were blown away by the winds, and nothing remained of so much loveliness. Weep! child of mortality, that death is in the world! And yet, without death, how "shall all tears be wiped away from our eyes?"—F. S. B.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—W. IRVING (1783-1859).

Minds are conquered not by arms but by greatness of soul.—SPINOZA (1632-1677).

NAPOLEON

Napoleon shed a splendor around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. He had many faults; I do not seek to palliate them. He deserted his principles; I rejoice that he has suffered. But still let us be generous even in our enmities. How grand was his march! How magnificent his destiny! Say what we will, sir, he will be the landmark of our times in the eye of posterity. The goal of other men's speed was his starting-post; crowns were his play-things, thrones his foot-stool; he strode from victory to victory; his path was "a plane of continued elevations." Surpassing the boast of the too confident Roman, he but stamped upon the earth, and not only armed men, but states and dynasties, and arts and sciences, all that mind could imagine, or industry produce, started up, the creation of enchantment. He has fallen. "You made him and he unmade himself." His own ambition was his glorious conquerer. He attempted, with a sublime audacity, to grasp the fires of Heaven, and his heathen retribution has been the vulture and the rock.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

POMPEII

And lo, a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze from the mountains. It floats in majesty like the echo of thunder! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs! Let the nations hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of vineclad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quays; it rises from the amphitheater and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety, and of joy. There togaed royalty drowns itself in dissipation; the lion roars over the martyred Christian; and the bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city.

There is blackness on the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountains. Hark! a roar! a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean! It boils above the wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

Ages roll on; silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons! Lo! Other generations live above the dusk of long lost glory; and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and somber, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts, and her colonnades, the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst when the reflected luster from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

There in gloomy boldness, stands her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the watercourses of the desert. There, too, are her gardens; but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheater, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories which cluster around thee! Their loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are their sojourners. Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.

He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan are in his musing, and he visits their very homes. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast and art still. No Goth nor Vandal thundered at thy gates, or reveled in their spoil.

Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wast scathed by the finger of Him alone who knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of His power," and like thine ancient sisters of the plain, their judgment was sealed in fire.

GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD

Get away from the crowd for a while, and think. Stand on one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are on a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of one of those private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man.—ROBERT BURDETTE (1844-1914).

Permission from Mrs. Burdette.

For it is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, and not to those who enslave them by violence, that we owe our reverence.

Man is woman's last domesticated animal.

God created woman only to tame mankind.

The little good I have done is my best work.

—VOLTAIRE (1694-1778).

THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW

(EXCERPTS)

I heard a great master play on the wondrous violin. His bow quivered like the wing of a bird; in every quiver there was a melody, and every melody breathed a thought in language sweeter than was ever uttered by human tongue. I was conjured—I was mesmerized by his music. I thought I fell asleep under its power and was rapt into the realm of visions and dreams. The enchanted violin broke out in tumult, and through the rifted shadows in my dream I thought I saw old ocean lashed to fury. The wing of the storm-god brooded above it, dark and lowering with night and tempest and war. I heard the shriek of the angry hurricane, the loud-rattling musketry of rain and hail, and the louder and deadlier crash and roar of the red artillery on high. Its rumbling batteries, unlimbered on the vapory heights and manned by the fiery gunners of the storm, boomed their volleying thunders to the terrible rhythm of the strife below. And in every stroke of the bow fierce lightnings leaped down from their dark pavilions of cloud and, like armed angels of light, flashed their trenchant blades among the phantom squadrons marshaling for battle on the field of the deep. I heard the bugle-blast and battle-cry of the charging winds, wild and exultant, and then saw the billowy monsters rise, like an army of Titans, to scale and carry the hostile heights of Heaven. Assailing again and again, as often hurled back headlong into the ocean's abyss, they rolled and surged and writhed and raged till the affrighted earth trembled at the uproar of the warring elements. I saw the awful majesty and might of Jehovah, flying on the wings of the tempest, planting his footsteps on the trackless deep, veiled in darkness and in clouds.

There was a shifting of the bow. The storm died away in the distance and the morning broke in floods of glory. Then the violin revived and poured out its sweetest soul. In its music I heard the rustle of a thousand joyous wings and a burst of song from a thousand joyous throats. Mocking birds and linnets thrilled the glad air with their warblings; goldfinches, thrushes and bobolinks trilled their happiest tunes, and the oriole sang a lullaby to her hanging cradle that rocked in the wind. I heard the twitter of skimming swallows and the scattered covey's piping call. I heard the robin's gay whistle, the croaking of crows, the scolding of blue-jays and the melancholy cooing of a dove. The swaying treetops seemed vocal with bird songs while he played, and the labyrinths of leafy shade echoed back the chorus. Then the violin sounded the hunter's horn, and the deep-mouthed pack of fox hounds opened loud and wild, far in the ringing woods, and it was like the music of a hundred chiming bells.

There was a tremor of the bow, and I heard a flute play, and a harp, and a golden-mouthed cornet; I heard the mirthful babble of happy voices and peals of laughter ringing in the swelling tide of pleasure; then I saw a vision of snowy arms, voluptuous forms of light, fantastic, slippered feet, all whirling and floating in the mazes of the misty dance. The flying fingers now tripped upon the trembling strings like fairy feet dancing on the nodding violets, and the music glided into a still sweeter strain. The violin told a story of human life. Two lovers strayed beneath the elms and oaks, and down by the river's side, where daffodils and pansies bend and smile to rippling waves, and there, under the bloom of incense-breathing bowers, under the soothing sound of humming bees and splashing waters—there the old, old story—so old and yet so new—conceived in Heaven, first told in Eden, and then handed down through all the ages—was told over and over again. Ah, those downward-drooping eyes, that mantling blush, that trembling hand in meek submission pressed, that fluttering heart, that heaving breast, that whispered "yes," wherein a heaven lies—how well they told of victory won and Paradise regained. . . .

The violin laughed like a child, and my dream changed again. I saw a cottage amid the elms and oaks, and a little curly-head toddled at the door. I saw a happy husband and father return from his labors in the evening and kiss his happy wife and frolic with his baby. The purple glow now faded from the western skies; the flowers closed their petals in the dewy slumbers of the night; every wing was folded in the bower; every voice was hushed; the full-orbed moon poured silver from the east and God's eternal jewels flashed on the brow of night. . . .

The bow now brooded like a gentle spirit over the violin and the music eddied into a mournful tone; another year intervened; a little coffin sat by the empty cradle; the prints of baby fingers were on the windowpanes; the toys were scattered on the floor; the lullaby was hushed; the sobs and cries, the mirth and mischief, and the tireless little feet were no longer in the way to vex and worry; sunny curls drooped above eyelids that were closed forever; two little dimpled cheeks were bloodless and cold, and two dimpled hands were folded upon a motionless breast. The vibrant instrument sighed and wept; it rang the church bell's knell; and the second story of life, which is the sequel to the first, was told.

Then I caught glimpses of a half-veiled Paradise and a sweet breath from its flowers; I saw the hazy stretches of its landscapes, beautiful and gorgeous as Mahomet's vision of Heaven; I heard the faint swells of its distant music, and saw the flash of white wings that never weary wafting to the bosom of God an infant spirit. A string snapped—the music ended—my vision vanished. The old master is dead, but his music will live forever!

All that remains to us of Paradise lost clings about the home. Its purity, its innocence, its virtue, are there, unclouded by sin, untainted by guile. There woman shines, scarcely dimmed by the fall, reflecting the loveliness of Eden's first wife and mother. The grace, the beauty, the sweetness of the wifely relations, and the tenderness of maternal affection, the graciousness of manner which once charmed angel guests still glorify the home.

If you would make your home happy, you must make the children happy. Get down on the floor with your prattling boys and girls and play horse with them; don't kick up and buck, but be a good and gentle old steed, and join in a hearty horse laugh in their merriment; take the baby on your knee and gallop him to town; let him practice gymnastics on top of your head and take your scalp; let him puncture a hole in your ear with his little teeth, and bite off the end of the paternal nose. Make your homes beautiful with your duty and your love; make them bright with your mirth and your music. . . .

I would rather dwell in a log cabin in the beautiful land of the mountains where I was born and reared, and sit at its humble hearthstone at night, and in the firelight play the humble rural tunes on the fiddle to my happy children, and bask in the smiles of my sweet wife, than to be the "archangel of war," with my hands stained with human blood, or to make the "frontiers of kingdoms oscillate on the map of the world," and then, away from home and kindred and country, die at last in exile and in solitude. . . .

How sweet are the lips of morning that kiss the waking world; how sweet is the bosom of night that pillows the world to rest! But sweeter than the lips of morning and sweeter than the bosom of night is the voice of music that wakes a world of joys and soothes a world of sorrows. It is like some unseen ethereal ocean whose silver surf forever breaks in songs, forever breaks on valley, hill and crag in ten thousand symphonies. There is a melody in every sunbeam, a sunbeam in every melody; there is a flower in every song, a love-song in every flower; there is a sonnet in every gurgling fountain, a hymn in every brimming river, an anthem in every rolling billow. Music and light are twin angels of God, the firstborn of Heaven, and mortal ear and mortal eye have caught only the echo and the shadow of their celestial glories. . . .

Music called back the happy days of my boyhood; the old-field schoolhouse, with its batten door creaking on wooden hinges, its windows innocent of glass, and its great, yawning fireplace cracking and roaring and flaming like the infernal regions, rose from the dust of memory and stood once more among the trees; the limpid spring bubbled and laughed again at the foot of the hill; flocks of nimble, noisy boys turned somersaults, and skinned the cat, and ran and jumped half hammond on the old playground. The grim old teacher stood in the door; he had no brazen-mouthed bell to ring then as we have now, but he shouted at the top of his voice, "Come to books!" and they came. Not to come meant "war and rumors of war." The backless benches, high above the floor, groaned under the weight of irrepressible young America; the multitude of mischievous, shining faces, the bare legs and feet swinging to and fro, and the mingled hum of happy voices, spelling aloud life's first lessons, prophesied the future glory of the State. The curriculum of the old-field school was the same everywhere—one Webster's blue-back elementary spelling book, one thumb-paper, one stonebruise, one sore toe and *Peter Parley's Travels.*

And the music brought back other memories. I heard the watch-dog's honest bark. I heard the guinea's merry "potrack." I heard a cock crow. I heard the din of happy voices in the "big house," and the sizz and songs of boiling kettles in the kitchen. It was an old-time quilting—the May day of the glorious ginger cake and cider era of the American Republic, and the needle was mightier than the sword. The pen of Jefferson announced to the world the birth of the child of the ages; the sword of Washington defended it in its cradle, but it would have perished there had it not been for the brave women of that day who plied the needle and made the quilts that warmed it, and who nursed it and rocked it through the perils of its infancy into the strength of a giant.

It would be difficult for those reared amid the elegancies and refinements of life in city and town to appreciate the enjoyments of the gatherings and merrymakings of the great masses of the people who live in the rural districts of our country. The historian records the deeds of the great; he consigns to fame the favored few but leaves unwritten the "short and simple annals of the poor," the lives and actions of the millions. The modern millionaire, as he sweeps through our valley and around our hills in his palace car, ought not to look with derision on the cabins of America, for from their thresholds have come more brains, and courage, and true greatness than ever emanated from all the palaces in this world. The fiddle, the rifle, the ax and the Bible—the palladium of American liberty, symbolizing music, prowess, labor, and free religion, the four grand forces of our civilization—were the trusty friends and faithful allies of our pioneer ancestry in subduing the wilderness and erecting the great commonwealths of the Republic. Wherever a son of freedom pushed his perilous way into the savage wilds and erected his log cabin, these were the cherished penates of his humble domicile—the rifle in the rack above the door, the ax in the corner, the Bible on the table, and the fiddle, with its streamers of ribbon, hanging on the wall. Did he need the charm of music to cheer his heart, to scatter sunshine and drive away melancholy thoughts? He touched the responsive strings of his fiddle and it burst into laughter. Was he beset by skulking savages or prowling beasts of prey? He rushed to his deadly rifle for protection and relief. Had he the forest to fell and the fields to clear? His trusty ax was in his stalwart grasp. Did he need the consolation, the promises and precepts of religion to strengthen his faith, to brighten his hope and to anchor his soul to God and Heaven? He held sweet communion with the dear old Bible. . . .

The glory and strength of the Republic today are its plain working people.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The spirit of music, like an archangel, presides over mankind and the visible creation. Her afflatus, divinely sweet, divinely powerful, is breathed on every human heart, and inspires every soul to some nobler sentiment, some higher thought, some greater action.

O music! Sweetest, sublimest ideal of omniscience—first-born of God—fairest and loftiest seraph of the celestial hierarchy, muse of the beautiful—daughter of the universe!

In the morning of eternity, when the stars were young, her first grand oratorio burst upon raptured Deity and thrilled the wondering angels. All Heaven shouted. Ten thousand times ten thousand jeweled harps, ten thousand times ten thousand angel tongues caught up the song, and ever since through all the golden cycles, its breathing melodies, old as eternity yet ever new as the flitting hours, have floated on the air of Heaven, lingering like the incense of its flowers on plumed hill and shining vale, empurpled in the shadow of the eternal throne.

The seraph stood with outstretched wings on the horizon of Heaven clothed in light, ablaze with gems and, with voice attuned, swept her burning harp-strings, and lo, the blue infinite thrilled with her sweetest note. The trembling stars heard it and flashed their joy from every flaming center. The wheeling orbs that course the crystal paths of space were vibrant with the strain and pealed it back into the glad ear of God. The far off milky way, bright gulf stream of astral glories, spanning the ethereal deep, resounded with its harmonies, and the star-dust isles, floating in that river of opal, re-echoed the happy chorus from every sparking strand.—BOB TAYLOR (1850-1912).

From *Bob & Alf Taylor—Their Lives and Lectures.*
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Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread.—FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626).

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.—W. IRVING (1783-1859).

The throne we honor is the people's choice.—ROMAN EXPRESSION.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it.—HORACE MANN (1796-1859).

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW TRAIL

Life is an ever-changing trail that leads from the cradle to the grave.

And when I reach its distant end and start on the long journey, from which no traveler has ever returned, I hope to leave behind, a world, made better, by my having lived.

I want to leave in exchange for my every wrong, a right; for every frown, a smile; and for each and every doubt, a ray of sunshine and hope.

To leave a flower, wherever I perchanced to place a thorn. And in exchange for every heartache and sorrow I may have caused, I want to leave a wealth of joy and happiness.

And in the meantime, as I jog my way along life's winding pathway, I want to believe: that, somewhere out beyond the "purple distance," there is a better "after life" awaiting those who follow the straight and narrow trail.—JACK MAXWELL.

ONE POINTS THE WAY, ANOTHER ENTERS IN

We climb and climb but do not reach the stars,
  We madly grapple with opposing fate,
And longing look up at the shining bars
  Which slowly lead up to Fame's Golden Gate;
And struggle on, nor deem it loss of time
  That high and higher we essay to climb.

We can not fetter the immortal mind,
  E'en tho' encumbered heavily with clay;

Of heavenly nature, joyous, unconfined,
  It bursts its feeble bonds and soars away
To loftier, more congenial regions, where
It revels in a softer, purer air.

And still at once we do not reach the skies,
  Since Heaven has denied to mortals wings;
But one by one our patient footsteps rise
  Toward the goal of our imaginings;
Upward and on our pathway lies, and yet
We may not reach the mark that we have set.

But perhaps, where our footsteps halt
  Will prove the starting point for other feet,
Which, walking on with a more youthful zest,
  Shall make the journey we commenced complete;
For since the world was, it has often been
One points the way, another enters in.
—MRS. LOU SINGLETARY BEDFORD.

Calmness of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom. It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control. Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought.

Self-control is strength; right thought is masterly; calmness is power.—JAMES ALLEN.

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From the book *As a Man Thinketh.*

Struggle is the law of growth; character is built in the storm and stress of the world.

We do not want a thing because we have found reasons for it, we find reasons for it because we want it.

No one is more liable to mistakes than he who acts only on reflection.

Character lies in the will and not in the intellect; character too is continuity of purpose and attitude: and these are will.

Brilliant qualities of mind win admiration, but never affection; and all religions promise a reward—for excellences of the will or heart, but none for excellences of the head or understanding.

A better recipe for the avoidance of revolutions is an equitable distribution of wealth.

A man's friends will seldom practice a higher philosophy in their relations with him than that which he professes in his treatment of them.

Do not betray even to your friend too much of your real purposes and thoughts; in conversation ask questions oftener than you express opinions; and when you speak, offer data and information rather than beliefs and judgments.

Truth knows no parties.

From Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy.*
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THE WIFE

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—W. IRVING (1783-1859).

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more.
—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).

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WATERLOO

The battle of Waterloo is an enigma as puzzling to those who won it as to him who lost it. To Napoleon it was a panic; Blucher saw nothing in it but fire; Wellington did not understand it at all. Look at the reports—the bulletins are confused; the commentaries are involved; the one stammer, the other stutter. Jomini divides the battle of Waterloo into four moments; Muffling cuts it into three acts; Charras, although we do not entirely agree with all his opinions, is the only one who caught with his haughty and comprehensive glance the characteristic lineaments of that catastrophe of human genius contending with divine chance. All other historians suffer from a certain bewilderment in which they grope helplessly about. It was a day of lightning flashes; in truth, the overthrow of the military monarchy, which, to the great stupor of kings, dragged down all kingdoms in its fall—the downfall of strength and the defeat of war.

In this event, which bears the stamp of superhuman necessity, men played but a small part.

If we take Waterloo from Wellington and Blucher, does that deprive England and Germany of anything? No. Neither illustrious England nor august Germany share in the problem of Waterloo; for, thank Heaven! nations are great without the mournful achievements of the sword. Neither Germany nor England nor France is contained in a scabbard; at this day, when Waterloo is only a clash of swords, Germany has a Goethe as well as a Blucher, and England a Byron as well as a Wellington. A mighty dawn of ideas is peculiar to our age; and in this dawn England and Germany have their own magnificent auroral light. They are majestic because they think. The high level which they bring to civilization is intrinsic with them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. Any aggrandizement which they may possess in the nineteenth century cannot boast of Waterloo as its fountain-head; for only barbarous nations grow suddenly after a victory—it is the transient vanity of torrents swollen by a storm. Civilized nations, especially at the present day, are neither elevated nor debased by the good or evil fortune of a captain; and their specific weight in humanity results from something more than a battle. Their honor, thank God! Their dignity, enlightenment, and genius are not numbers which those gamblers—heroes and conquerors—can stake in the lottery of battles. Very often a battle lost is progress gained; and less of glory may mean more liberty. The drum is silent and reason speaks; it is a game which he who loses wins. Let us, therefore, review Waterloo coldly and impartially, and render to chance the things that belong to chance, and to God what belongs to God. What is Waterloo—a victory? No; a prize in the lottery—a prize won by Europe and paid by France.

It was hardly worth while to place the statue of a lion there.

Waterloo, by the way, is the strangest encounter recorded in history; Napoleon and Wellington are not enemies, but contraries. Never did God, who delights in antitheses, produce a more striking contrast or a more extraordinary comparison.

On one side, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, an assured retreat, reserves prepared, an obstinate coolness, an imperturbable method, strategy taking every advantage of the ground, tactics to counterbalance battalions, carnage measured by a plumb-line, war regulated watch in hand, nothing voluntarily left to chance, the antique classic courage and absolute correctness. On the other side, we have intuition, divination, military strangeness, superhuman instinct, a flashing glance; something that gazes like the eagle and strikes like lightning, prodigious art with tremendous impetuosity, all the mysteries of a profound soul, association with destiny; the river, the plain, the forest, and the hill summoned, and to some extent compelled to obey, the despot even going so far as to tyrannize over the battlefield; faith in a star blended with strategic science, heightening but disturbing it. Wellington was the Bareme of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo; and on this occasion genius was conquered by calculation.

On both sides some one was expected; and it was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, who did not come; Wellington waited for Blucher, and he came.

Wellington is classic war taking its revenge. Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met it in Italy and superbly defeated it; the old owl fled before the young vulture. The antique tactics were not only overthrown, but put to shame. Who was this Corsican of six-and-twenty years of age? What meant this splendid ignoramus who, having everything against him, nothing in his favor, without provisions, ammunition, guns, shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against masses, dashed at allied Europe, and absurdly gained impossible victories? Whence came this raging madman who, almost without taking breath, and with the same set of warriors in his hand, reduced the five armies of the German emperor to powder, one after the other—tumbling Beaulieu upon Alvinzi, Wurmser upon Beaulieu, Melas upon Wurmser, and Mack upon Melas? Who was this novice in war who possessed the effrontery of a planet? The academic military school excommunicated him, as they fled; hence arose the implacable rancour of the old Cæsarism against the new, of the old saber against the flashing sword, and of the exchequer against genius. On June 18, 1815, this rancour had the last word; and beneath Lodi, Montebello, Montenotte, Mantua, Marengo, and Arcola, it wrote—Waterloo. It was a triumph of mediocrity, sweet to the majority; and destiny consented to this irony. In his decline, Napoleon found a young Wurmser before him.

In fact, it was only necessary to blanch Wellington's hair, to have a Wurmser.

Waterloo is a battle of the first order, won by a captain of the second order.

What we should admire in the battle of Waterloo is England—the English firmness, the English resolution, the English blood; and the really superb thing about England was (without offense) herself. It was not her captain, but her army.

Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declares in his dispatch to Lord Bathurst, that his army—the one which fought on June 18, 1815—was a "detestable army." What does the dreadful pile of bones buried in the trenches of Waterloo think of this?

England has been too modest to herself in her treatment of Wellington. To make Wellington so great is to belittle herself. Wellington is merely a hero like many another hero. The Scotch Grays, the Life Guards, Maitland and Mitchell's regiments, Pack and Kempt's infantry, Ponsonby and Somerset's cavalry, those Highlanders playing the bagpipes under the shower of grape-shot, Ryland's battalions, those raw recruits who could hardly handle a musket, and yet held their ground against the veterans of Essling and Rivoli—all this is grand. Wellington was tenacious; that was his merit, and we do not deny it to him. But the lowest of his privates and troops was quite as steadfast as he; and the iron soldier is as good as the iron duke. For our part, all our glorification is offered to the English soldier, the English army, the English nation; and if there must be a trophy, it is to England that this trophy is due. The Waterloo column would be more just, if, instead of the figure of a man, it raised to the clouds the statue of a people.

But this great England will be angered by what we write; for she still cherishes the feudal illusion, after her 1688 and the French 1789. She believes in heredity and hierarchy; and while no other people excel her in power and glory, she regards herself as a nation and not as a people. As a people, she readily subordinates herself, and takes a lord for her head; the workman submits to be despised; the soldier puts up with flogging.

It will be remembered that at the battle of Inkermann a sergeant, who, it appears, had saved the British army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan because the military hierarchy does not allow any hero below the rank of an officer to be mentioned in a dispatch.

What we admire above all, in an encounter like Waterloo, is the prodigous skill of chance. The night rain, the wall of Hougomont, the hollow way of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to the cannon, Napoleon's guide deceiving him, Bulow's guide enlightening him—all this cataclysm is marvellously managed.

Altogether, let us say it frankly, Waterloo was more of a massacre than a battle.

Waterloo, of all pitched battles, is the one which had the smallest front for such a number of combatants. Napoleon, three-quarters of a league; Wellington, half a league; seventy-two thousand combatants on either side. From this close pressure came the carnage.

The following calculation has been made, and the following proportion established: loss of men at Austerlitz, French, fourteen per cent; Russian, thirty per cent; Austrian, forty-four per cent; at Wagram, French, thirteen per cent; Austrian, fourteen per cent; at the Moskowa, French, thirty-seven per cent; Russian, forty-four per cent; at Bautzen, French, thirteen per cent; Russian and Prussian, fourteen per cent; at Waterloo, French, fifty-six per cent; the Allies, thirty-one per cent—total for Waterloo, forty-one per cent, or out of one hundred and forty-four thousand fighting men, sixty thousand killed.

The field of Waterloo today possesses that calm which belongs to the earth—the impassive support of man; and it resembles all plains. But at night a sort of visionary mist rises from it, and if any traveller walk about it, and listen and dream like Virgil on the fateful plain of Philippi, the hallucination of the catastrophe seizes upon him. The frightful eighteenth of June lives again; the false monumental hillock is levelled; the lion disappears; the battlefield resumes its reality; lines of infantry undulate over the plain; the furious gallop of horses traverses the horizon; the startled dreamer sees the flash of sabers, the gleam of bayonets, the red light of shells, the monstrous collision of thunderbolts; he hears, like a death groan from the tomb, the vague clamour of the phantom battle. Those shadows are grenadiers; those flashes are cuirassiers; this skeleton is Napoleon; this other skeleton is Wellington. All this non-existent, and yet it still contains combats; and the ravines are stained purple, and the trees rustle, and there is fury even in the clouds and in the darkness, while all the stern heights, Mont St. Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte and Plancenoit, seem confusedly crowned by hosts of specters exterminating one another.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. . . . Young men, in the conduct and management of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue absurdly some few principles which they have chanced upon; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences. . . .

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compel employments of both . . . because the virtues of either may correct the defects of both.—FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626).

When fifty-one per cent of all the people want to give instead of to grab, I'll believe in Socialism.

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing. Too much is absolutely fatal.

I'd rather be a good honest wild ass of the desert with long fuzzy ears, than a poor imitation bird of paradise, stuffed by one hundred and seventeen geniuses.

Every man is a damn fool for at least five minutes every day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the limit.

The man with the hoe and the spade holds the destiny of us all in his calloused hand.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

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THE OLD PLANTATION

I sat on a balcony in a great city by the sea. I looked down on the bustling streets below and beheld every phase of character and every grade and condition of life mixing and mingling together in that great mart of modern civilization. I saw youth and beauty chasing the rainbows and butterflies of pleasure, and old age shambling along, bent under the crushing weight of years. I saw exultant hope peer over the shoulder of despair, and radiant joy pass and touch the black veil of sorrow. I saw the anarchist rub against the money king, and the Quaker jostle the clown. I saw the Christian brush the infidel, and the Gentile elbow the Jew. I saw eager thrift and impatient competition flit by like wing-footed Mercuries, and close at their heels sharp-faced and lynx-eyed avarice rushed on in hot pursuit of the gilded god of Mammon. I saw enterprise seizing opportunity by the forelock, and success throwing back mock kisses at the pouting lips of disappointment. I saw pride and vanity flash their jewels and flaunt their silken skirts in the tear-stained face of humility, and the chariot of Dives throw contemptuous dust from its glittering wheels on the tattered garments of Lazarus. I saw ambition battling for power, greed struggling for wealth, and poverty begging for bread.

I heard the rumbling of heavy wheels and the clatter of countless hoofs on the stony streets. I heard the footfalls of the moving throngs, and the murmur of multitudinous voices like the eternal roar of ocean waves breaking on rock-bound shores. . . .

I saw every extreme of society and every striking contrast of virtue and vice, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, of wealth and rags, of glory and shame—I saw these pass like phantoms before me. . . .

I left the balcony of the palace and loitered along the teeming thoroughfares. I saw opulence lolling in elegant ease and feasting and drinking in luxurious dining halls and rich cafes, while ragged children, with hungry looks and watering mouths, stood without and gazed through the broad and plated windows. I saw gilded saloons, magnificent with crystal and silver and gold, and hung with costly paintings, where wine flowed like ruby fountains, and liquors old and mellow enticed and tempted alike the prosperous and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the philosopher and the fool, the youth in his teens and tottering old age. There I saw statesmen drink bumpers with ward politicians, and perfumed and dainty swells clink glasses with brawny and swaggering champions of the prize ring; there many an innocent boy, just from the old plantation, with his mother's last kiss still warm on his lips and his father's benediction still fresh in his heart, poured out his first libation to the god of wine and entered the world of sin through the beautiful gate of temptation.—ROBERT L. TAYLOR (1850-1912).

From *Bob & Alf Taylor—Their Lives and Lectures.*
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WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth today;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for it's well understood,
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to rate a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs, is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough! you will find too, I ween,
There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others share
Your portion of labor and worry and care?
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (1855-1919).

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Some things are so rotten you can't criticize them.

Initiative, is doing the right thing without being told.

Get your happiness out of your work—or you'll never know what happiness is.

Responsibilities gravitate to the shoulders that can carry them, and power flows to the one who knows how.

An executive is one who makes an immediate decision and is sometimes right.

An argument makes not a right—but a riot.

That business is bossed best, that is bossed least.

I gather that each man is really the creator of the world in which he lives.

The great man is great on account of certain positive qualities that he possesses, not through the absence of faults.

What others think of me concerns me little; what I think of myself concerns me much.

Blessed is that man who has found his work.

The more we stick to simple foods and work with our hands, cleave to the great out of doors and the sunshine—the better for us.

When one reaches the so-called jumping-off place, he discovers that by God's gracious goodness the world is round.

We talk one way and live another.

I believe in fresh air, sleep of nights, and the moral effects of old-fashioned work with one's hands.

Enemies are only friends who misunderstand us.

I believe in a humanity towards all dumb animals and in a gentle and kindly treatment of children: for the strong can always afford to be generous.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

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The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
  Were toiling upward in the night.
—H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

He who loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.—ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677).

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.

I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy.

Josephine was truly a most lovely woman, refined, affable, and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashion originated with her. Every thing she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France.

My extreme youth when I took command of the army of Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power.

The word "impossible" is not in the French language.

Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along.

Every hour of time is a chance of misfortune for future life.

Occupation is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes, but I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application.

My ambition was great, but it rested on the opinion of the masses.

Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, a career open to talent without distinction of birth.

—NAPOLEON (1769-1821).

STORM ON THE OCEAN

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts; the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight.—W. IRVING (1783-1859).

The glow of great souls revolves around the horizon only to show men how to fly from the tempest, or to govern their ship in the tempest.

Life changes its instruments and its decorations, but never its internal rhythm or essence. Man wears diverse cloths, but always the same heart.

—ELIE FAURE.

From *The Dance Over Fire and Water.*
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FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand—and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mezraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." . . .

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults which now spring so loftily, shall be in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the winds shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hand its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name passes from recollection; his history is a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

Ideals are like stars: you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of

waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them, you reach your destiny.—CARL SCHURZ (1829-1906).
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A great thing is a great book; but a greater thing than all is the talk of a great man.—DISRAELI (1766-1848).

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.—SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784).

NAPOLEON

Let us not either in our estimate of his character forget the complexion of the times in which he lived; times of portent and prodigy, enough to perplex the counsel of the wise, and daunt the valor of the warrior—in such extremities, experience becomes an infant, and calculation a contingency. From the terrific chaos of the French revolution, a comet rose and blazed athwart our hemisphere, too splendid not to allure, too ominous not to intimidate, too rapid and too eccentric for human speculation. The whole continent became absorbed in wonder; kings and statesmen and sages fell down and worshipped, and the political orbs, which had hitherto circled in harmony and peace, hurried from our system into the train of its conflagration. There was no order in politics; no consistency in morals; no steadfastness in religion.

Upon the tottering throne the hydra of democracy sat grinning; upon the ruined altar a wretched prostitute received devotion, and waved in mockery the burning cross over the prostrate murmurs of the new philosophy! All Europe appeared spellbound; nor like a vulgar spell did it perish in the waters. It crossed the channel. There were not wanting in England abundance of anarchists to denounce the king, and of infidels to abjure the Deity; turbulent demagogues who made the abused name of freedom the pretense for their own factious selfishness; atheists looking to be worshipped, republicans looking to be crowned; the nobles of the land were proscribed by anticipation, and their property partitioned by the disinterested patriotism of these Agrarian speculators. What do you think it was, during that awful crisis, which saved England from the hellish Saturnalia which inverted France?—Charles Phillips (1787-1859).

It is difficult, however, to estimate a man of genius properly who is daily before our eyes. He becomes mingled and confounded with other men. His great qualities lose their novelty, and we become too familiar with the common materials which form the basis even of the loftiest character.—Washington Irving (1783-1859).

MOSCOW

Moscow stood as splendid, as secure. Fair rose the morn on the patriarchal city—the empress of her nation, the queen of commerce, the sanctuary of strangers; her thousand spires pierced the very heavens, and her domes of gold reflected back the sunbeams. The spoiler came; he marked for his victim, as if his very glance was destiny, even before the night-fall, with all her pomp, and wealth, and happiness, she withered from the world! A heap of ashes told where once stood Moscow!—Charles Phillips (1787-1859).

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man—
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are;
It may be nearer when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.
—Anonymous.

The same measure of gratitude which we show our parents, we may expect from our children. It is better to adorn the mind than the face. It is not the length of a man's tongue that is the measure of his wisdom. Never do that yourself which you blame in others. The most happy man is he who is sound in health, moderate in fortune and cultivated in understanding.

The greatest of all things is space, for it comprehends all things; the most rapid is the mind, for it travels through the universe in a single instant; the most powerful is necessity, for it conquers all things; the most wise is time, for it discovers all things.—THALES OF MILETUS (640-550 B.C.).

FROM THANATOPSIS

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

Men are homesick amid this mad rush for wealth and place and power. The calm of the country invites and we would fain do with less things and go back to simplicity.

It's not so much what a man gets in money wages, but it's what he gets in terms of life and living that counts.

When you die all that you will take with you in your clenched hands will be the things you have given away.

There's so much bad in the best of us, it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us.

A little honesty is not a dangerous thing.

Men are only great as they are kind.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

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MEN ARE FOUR

He who knows not, and
Knows not he knows not—
He is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not, and
Knows he knows not—
He is a child—trust him.

He who knows, and
Knows not he knows—
He is asleep—wake him.

He who knows, and
Knows he knows—
He is wise—follow him.
—Arabian Proverb.

Who misses or who wins the prize, go lose or conquer, as you can; but, if you fall, or if you rise, be each, pray God, a gentleman.—WM. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863).

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

If you have knowledge, let others light their candle at it.
—MARGARET FULLER (1810-1850).

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.—LINCOLN (1809-1865).

Equality causes no war.—SOLON (639-559 B.C.).

Being is the vast affirmative.—EMERSON (1803-1882).
Permission Houghton Mifflin Co.

Of the spoken word thou art the slave, but of the word not yet spoken thou art the master.—Old Proverb.

I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour beforehand—LORD NELSON (1758-1805).

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919).
Permission from Charles Scribner's Sons.

I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He colored it, and that was painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama. —CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN (1816-1876).

You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty. The writers who have nothing to say are the ones you can buy: the others have too high a price. A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product, the reason isn't because duty says he shouldn't but because passion says he couldn't.—WALTER LIPPMAN.

There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if ever you wish to be of real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race salvation, it will be because a little child has led.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Six evils must be overcome in this world by a man who desires prosperity: sleep, sloth, fear, anger, idleness and procrastination.—Hindu Proverb.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—CAVOUR (1810-1861).

EPIGRAMS FROM "THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

The attainment of genius is not possible; the attainment of probity is a possibility.

Long-continued suspicion blunts the intellect and wears itself out by fruitless alarms.

I should see an enemy of my country in any one who would change by force that which has been established by law.

Where there is might the people lose their rights.

Shorthand reproduces everything except life. Stenography is an ear. It hears and sees not.

Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger.

Malice is an unproductive outlay.

Getting into debt leads one to commit crimes.

Crimes are only glorious during the first moment; they fade quickly.

The twistings of the viper can not be foreseen.

Crime sometimes boasts of its blackness.

He who becomes detestable ceases to be ridiculous.

Premeditation haunts criminals, and it is in this manner that treason begins. The crime is a long time present in them, but shapeless and shadowy, they are scarcely conscious of it; souls only blacken gradually. Such abominable deeds are not invented in a moment; they do not attain perfection at once and at a single bound; they increase and ripen, shapeless and indecisive, and the center of the ideas in which they exist keeps them living, ready for the appointed day, and vaguely terrible.

Under certain circumstances it is selfish to be merely a hero. A man accomplishes it at once, he becomes illustrious, he enters into history, all that is very easy. He leaves to others behind him the laborious work of a long protest, the immovable resistance of the exile, the bitter, hard life of the conquered who continues to combat the victory. Some degree of patience forms a part of politics. To know how to await revenge is sometimes more difficult than to hurry on its catastrophe. There are two kinds of courage—bravery and perseverance; the first belongs to the soldier, the second belongs to the citizen. A haphazard end, however dauntless, does not suffice. To extricate one's self from the difficulty by death, it is only too easily done: what is required, what is the reverse of easy, is to extricate one's country from the difficulty.

Conscience is so constituted that it puts nothing above itself.

All life is an abyss, and conscience illuminates it around me.

Women always know where Providence lies.

But what the present appears to lose, the future gains, the hand which scatters is also the hand which sows.

I have only one stone in my sling, but that stone is a good one; that stone is justice.

Right is invincible, and truth is immortal.

Destiny never hurries, but it always comes. At its hour, there it is. It allows years to pass by, and at the moment when men are least thinking of it, it appears.

Bluntness handles an open wound badly.

An invasion of armies can be resisted; an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted.

SEDAN SEPTEMBER, 1871

The vegetation was so thick that the moor-hens, on reaching it, plunged beneath it and disappeared. The river wound through a valley, which appeared like a huge garden. Apple trees were there, which reminded one of Eve, and willows, which made one think of Galatea. It was, as I have said, in one of those equinoctial months when may be felt the peculiar charm of a season drawing to a close. If it be winter which is passing away, you hear the song of approaching spring; if it be summer which is vanishing, you see glimmering on the horizon the indefinable smile of autumn. The wind lulled and harmonized all those pleasant sounds which compose the murmur of the fields; the tinkling of the sheep-bells seemed to soothe the humming of the bees; the last butterflies met together with the first grapes; this hour of the year mingles the joy of being still alive with the unconscious melancholy of fast approaching death; the sweetness of the sun was indescribable. Fertile fields streaked with furrows, honest peasants' cottages; under the trees a turf covered with shade, the lowing of cattle as in Virgil, and the smoke of hamlets penetrated by rays of sunshine; such was the complete picture. The clanging of anvils rang in the distance, the rhythm of work amid the harmony of nature, I listened, I mused vaguely. The valley was beautiful and quiet, the blue heavens seemed as though resting upon a lovely circle of hills; in the distance were the voices of birds, and close to me the voices of children, like two songs of angels mingled together; the universal purity enshrouded me: all this grace and all this grandeur shed a golden dawn into my soul.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

ORGAN

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound.

How well do their volume and grandeur accord this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults and breathe their awful harmony through those of death and make the silent sepulcher vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.

And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven; again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences; what solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense, and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls, the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and flowing upward on this swelling tide of harmony.—W. Irving (1783-1859).

THE QUITTER

When you're lost in the wild and you're scared as a child,
  And death looks you bang in the eye;
And you're sore as a boil; it's according to Hoyle
  To cock your revolver and die.
But the code of a man says fight all you can,
  And self-dissolution is barred;
In hunger and woe, oh it's easy to blow—
  It's the hell served for breakfast that's hard.

You're sick of the game? Well now, that's a shame!
  You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

You've had a raw deal, I know, but don't squeal.
  Buck up, do your damnedest and fight!
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
  So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit—
  It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten and die,
  It's easy to crawfish and crawl,
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight,
  Why, that's the best game of them all.
And though you come out of each grueling bout,
  All broken and beaten and scarred—
Just have one more try. It's dead easy to die,
  It's the keeping on living that's hard.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE.

From *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone.*
Published by Barse & Co., Newark, N. J.

The more the mind knows, the better it understands its forces and the order of nature; the more it understands its forces or strength, the better it will be able to direct itself and lay down the rules for itself; and the more it understands the order of nature, the more easily it will be able to liberate itself from useless things; this is the whole method.

No one ever neglects anything which he judges to be good, except with the hope of gaining a greater good.

The foundation of virtue is no other than the effort to maintain one's being; and man's happiness consists in the power of so doing.

One who despises himself is the nearest to a proud man.

—SPINOZA (1632-1677).

AS A MAN THINKS

Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your own thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less.

Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration: in the beautiful words of Stanton Kirkham Davis, "You may be keeping accounts, and presently you shall walk out of the door that for so long has seemed to you the barrier of your ideals, and shall find yourself before an audience—the pen still behind your ear, the inkstains on your fingers—and then and there shall pour out the torrent of your inspiration. You may be driving sheep, and you shall wander to the city—bucolic and open-mouthed; shall wander under the intrepid guidance of the spirit into the studio of the master, and after a time he shall say, 'I have nothing more to teach you!' And now you have become the master, who did so recently dream of great things while driving sheep. You shall lay down the saw and the plane to take upon yourself the regeneration of the world.

"The thoughtless, the ignorant, and the indolent, seeing only the apparent effects of things and not the things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, and chance. Seeing a man grow rich, they say, 'How lucky he is!' Observing another become intellectual, they exclaim, 'How highly favored he is!' And noting the saintly character and wide influence of another, they remark, 'How chance aids him at every turn!' They do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these men have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their experience; have no knowledge of the sacrifices they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, of the faith they have exercised, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable, and realize the vision of their heart. They do not know the darkness and the heartaches; they only see the light and joy, and call it luck; do not see the long and arduous journey, but only behold the pleasant goal, and call it 'good fortune'; do not understand the process, but only perceive the result, and call it chance."

In all human affairs there are *efforts,* and there are *results,* and the strength of the effort is the measure of the result. Chance is not. "Gifts," powers, material, intellectual, and spiritual possessions are the fruits of effort; they are thoughts completed, objects accomplished, visions realized. The vision that you glorify in your mind, the ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become.—JAMES ALLEN (1849-1925).

From the book *As a Man Thinketh.*
Permission from Thomas Y. Crowell.

To see how short life is, one must have lived long.—SCHOPENHAUER (1788-1860).

We sometimes take in a much larger quantity of matter than we can organize.—SPENCER (1820-1903).

Permission D. Appleton & Co.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.—SENATOR G. G. VEST (1830-1904).

A USEFUL LIFE

No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of a useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than noble living. I have seen the rays that gleam from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the hazy darkness like mist before the sea borne gale, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glitter in the myriad of diamonds of the morning ray, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight, athwart the storm-swept sky shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God.—JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

From *Selected Orations.*
Permission from Cokesbury Press.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

Formerly, in hearing men, I heard their words, and gave them credit for their conduct; now I hear their words and observe their conduct.

A man's life depends on virtue; if a bad man lives, it is only by good fortune.

Some proceed blindly to action, without knowledge; I hear much, and select the best course.

I daily examine myself in a threefold manner: in my transactions with men, if I am upright; in my intercourse with friends, if I am faithful; and whether I illustrate the teachings of my master in my conduct.—CONFUCIUS (551-479 B.C.).

Faith is the best wealth to a man here.

Let the wise man guard his thoughts; they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list; thoughts well guarded bring happiness.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly. But like a beautiful flower, full of color and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly.

He who lives a hundred years, vicious and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting.—BUDDHA (500 B.C.).

NAPOLEON

But after all, when the roar of cannon had died in the distance, and the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away, and Napoleon had returned to the dust from whence he came, he taught the world one great lesson—he laid down the doctrine that this is a world for democracy, yet he was an emperor!

It was his military genius that kept Great Britain from demolishing the United States in 1812. It was his star of ambition that caused South America to become a democratic continent.

His code of jurisprudence today is a mighty factor in Europe. It has influenced the statesmen and philosophers for one hundred years, and it will continue until the end of time. And even today the State of Louisiana is using this code. It is the great masterpiece of his life.

He laid down the doctrine that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft, had demoralized humanity. "With one word, with one blow, he wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war—centuries of hypocrisy—centuries of injustice."

He laid down the doctrine that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. He changed the ideas of the people with regard to the source of political power—yet he was an emperor! He fought for fifteen years—for what?—for the principle that all men are created equal—yet he was an emperor!

What else was he fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people—and yet he was an emperor! In those days, "to do right was a capital offence, and in those days chains and whips were the incentive to labor, and the preventive of thought." "Honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive, and liberty in chains." And Napoleon was the salvation of Europe, South America, and the United States—yet Napoleon was an emperor!

Napoleon laughed, mocked and violated the laws of kings, priests and potentates, and dragged the law that was upheld by them through the mire and filth of political hydrophobia and gutter politics. He reached back into pre-historic history, and clutching the dagger that was left dripping with human blood from the hand of ancient tyrants, and which was again clutched by the ambitious Alexander, Hanibal, the bloody Cæsars, and the Emperor Napoleon, crouching like a tiger, with all the barbarian devils in his brain, sprang like a streak of lightning upon the rotten constitutions of king-ridden Europe, and the blade in his hand was as sharp as Damascan steel, and as he stood there, he was stabbing at the bowels of the whole superstructure of autocratic Europe.

The powerful mind of Napoleon put forth its strength, and the world was quiet as if touched by the wand of enchantment. The world fell prostrate before his genius, as though it had looked upon the dazzling brightness of Mt. Sinai. The world fell asleep under his wand. Napoleon personified the static forces of society, and brought the world to its senses by declaring that all men are equal—yet Napoleon was an emperor.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—WILLIAM E. CHANNING (1780-1842).

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.—CONFUCIUS (551-479 B.C.).

AMERICAN SCENERY

Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine—no, never need an American look beyond his country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.—WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud:
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been:
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow;
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, and the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—WILLIAM KNOX (1789-1825).

NAPOLEON

Napoleon is the world's greatest example of the will-to-power, perhaps without an equal in his individual mastery over conditions and over men.

It has been said of him, "he leaped the Mediterranean; he dashed across the desert; threw himself against the gate of the Orient, and its hinges, rusted by five hundred years of disuse, were shattered. He smote slothful Europe, and its medieval systems crumbled to dust. He infused armies, lawyers, artists, builders, with the electric force of the revolution, and, at his command, codes were formulated, arches and bridges were built, roads were made and canals were dug. The ruler of Italy at twenty-six, the despot of Egypt at twenty-eight, the dictator of France at thirty, the master of Europe at thirty-two, and for twenty years thereafter the central figure and the most dramatic of the world's history.

His dispatches are filled with the words: Success, riches, glory, fame—these were the talismanic words of Napoleon, and yet there is in all the tragic story of man no sadder failure.—WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS.

From the work *Starr King*
Permission Paul Elder & Co.

Hubbard agreed with Herbert Spencer, that before a man can be a good man he must be a good animal.

No man liveth unto himself alone; our interests are all bound up together.

As we grow better we meet better people.

Life is in the journey and not at journey's end.

God will not look you over for medals, degrees or diplomas but for scars.

Life writes its record on the face.

If you work for a man, for God's sake work for him. If he pays you your bread and butter think well of him, speak well of him.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

From *Felix Shay's Book.*
Permission from The Roycrofters.

SOUTHERN PLANTATION DAYS

Where is the old-time southerner who would banish it from his memory? Slavery is dead, and I thank God for it, but I never shall forget the visions I have seen of the cotton fields, stretching away to the horizon, alive with toiling Negroes, who sang as they toiled from early morn till close of day.

I never shall forget the white-columned mansions rising in cool, spreading groves, where the roses bloomed, and the orange trees waved their sprays of snowy blossoms, and the gay palms shook their feathery plumes.

I have seen pomp and pride revel in banquet halls and feast on the luxuries of every zone. I have heard the soft, voluptuous swell of music, where youth and jeweled beauty swayed and floated in the mazes of the misty dance under glittering chandeliers. There I have seen the lords and ladies of the plantation, mounted on their thoroughbreds, fleet as the wind, dash away and vanish like phantoms in the forest in pursuit of the fleeing fox, where the music of the running hounds rose and fell and fell and rose from hill to hollow and from hollow to hill like the chiming of a thousand bells. Every day was a link in the golden chain of pleasure. It was a superb civilization. The outside world will never know the enjoyments and wealth and glory of the imperial white masters and the songs and sermons and mirth and merriment of the slaves mingled together like the joyous waters of a sparkling river.—ROBERT L. TAYLOR (1850-1912).

From *Bob and Alf Taylor—Their Lives and Lectures.*
Permission from Morristown Book Co., Morristown, Tenn.

ON REVISITING BROWN UNIVERSITY

It is the noon of night. On this calm spot,
Where passed my boyhood's years, I sit me down
To wander through the dim world of the past.

The past! the silent past! pale Memory kneels
Beside her shadowy urn, and with a deep
And voiceless sorrow weeps above the grave
Of beautiful affections. Her lone harp
Lies broken at her feet, and, as the wind
Goes o'er its moldering chords, a dirge-like sound
Rises upon the air, and all again
Is an unbreathing silence.
                                        Oh, the past!
Its spirit as a mournful presence lives
In every ray that gilds those ancient spires,
And like a low and melancholy wind
Comes o'er yon distant wood, and faintly breathes
Upon my fevered spirit. Here I roved
Ere I had fancied aught of life beyond
The poet's twilight imaging. Those years
Come o'er me like the breath of fading flowers,
And tones I loved fall on my heart as dew
Upon the withered rose-leaf. They were years
When the rich sunlight blossomed in the air,
And fancy, like a blessed rainbow, spanned
The waves of Time, and joyous thoughts went off
Upon its beautiful unpillared arch
To revel there in cloud, and sun, and sky.

Within yon silent domes, how many hearts
Are beating high with glorious dreams. 'Tis well;
The rosy sunlight of the morn should not
Be darkened by the portents of the storm
That may not burst till eve. Those youthful ones,
Whose thoughts are woven of the hues of heaven,
May see their visions fading tint by tint,
Till naught is left upon the darkened air
Save the gray winter cloud; the brilliant star
That glitters now upon their happy lives

May redden to a scorching flame and burn
Their every hope to dust; yet why should thoughts
Of coming sorrows cloud their hearts' bright depths
With an untimely shade? Dream on—dream on,
Ye thoughtless ones—dream on while yet ye may!
When life is but a shadow, tear, and sigh,
Ye will turn back to linger round these hours
Like stricken pilgrims, and their music sweet
Will be a dear though melancholy tone
In Memory's ear, sounding forever more.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

Permission from Stewart Kidd, Publishers.

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?

Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee. Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser: teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.

Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counselors there is safety.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretyship is sure.

The lip of truth shall be established forever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment.

A prudent man concealeth knowledge: but the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

—SOLOMON (1000 B.C.).

VISIONS AND DREAMS

We hear the song of the cricket on the hearth and the joyful hum of the bees among the poppies; we hear the light-winged lark gladden the morning with her song and silver-throated thrush warble in the tree top. What are these and all the sweet melodies we hear but echoes from the realm of visions and dreams?

The humming bird, that swift fairy of the rainbow, fluttering down from the land of the sun when June scatters her roses northward, and poising on wings that never weary, kisses the nectar from the waiting flowers; how bright and beautiful is the horizon of his little life! How sweet is the dream of the covert in the deep mountain gorge to the trembling, panting deer in his flight before the hunter's horn and the yelping hounds! How dear to the heart of the weary ox is the vision of green fields and splashing waters! And when the cows come home at sunset, fragrant with the breath of clover blossoms, how rich is the feast of happiness when the frolicsome calf bounds forward to the flowing udder, and with his walling eyes reflecting whole acres of calf heaven and his little tail wiggling in speechless bliss, he draws his evening meal from nature's commissariat! The snail lolls in his shell and thinks himself a king in the grandest palace in the world. And how brilliant is the horizon of the firefly when he winks his other eye!

Not long ago I wandered back to the scenes of my boyhood, on my father's plantation on the bank of the river, in the beautiful land of my native mountains. I rambled again in the familiar woods with my rifle on my shoulder. I sat on the old familiar logs amid the falling leaves of autumn and heard the squirrels bark and shake the branches as they jumped from tree to tree. I heard the katydid sing and the whippoorwill, and the deep basso-profundo of the bullfrog on the bank of the pond. I heard the drumming of a pheasant and the hoot of a wise old owl away over in "Sleepy Hollow." I heard the tinkling of bells on the distant hills, sweetly mingling with the happy chorus of the song birds in their evening serenade. Every living creature seemed to be chanting a hymn of praise to its God, and as I sat there and listened to the weird, wild harmonies, a vision of the past opened before me.

I thought I was a boy again and played around the cabins of the old-time darkies and heard them laugh and sing and tell their stories as they used to long ago.

O, beautiful isle of memory, lighted by the morning star of life, where the roses bloom by the door, where the robins sing among the apple blossoms, where bright waters ripple in eternal melody! There are echoes of song that are sung no more, tender words spoken by lips that are dust, blessings from hearts that are still! There's a useless cradle and a broken doll, a sunny tress and an empty garment folded away! There's a lock of silver hair and an unforgotten prayer, and mother is sleeping there!—ROBERT L. TAYLOR (1850-1912).

From *Bob and Alf Taylor—Their Lives and Lectures.*
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The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581-1613).

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.—DR. FRANK CRANE (1861-1928).

The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is of all things the most shameful and vile.—PLATO (425-347 B.C.).

When egotism goes out, true philosophy enters the soul.

Poverty brings the best out of us, and develops the latent power in all its greatness.

When genius is born in poverty, the tomorrow of that character is a mountain peak.

No man is a coward under certain circumstances.

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep:
No more: and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep:
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

OPPORTUNITY

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

From *Julius Cæsar.*

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "NINETY-THREE"

Curiosity is one form of feminine bravery.

People die without regard for opinions.

To recognize is one thing, to know is better

The success of a war is measured by the amount of harm that it does.

Thoughts have an aim, but dreams have none.

The mind suckles, intelligence is a breast. There is an analogy between the nurse giving her milk and the teacher giving his thought. Sometimes the teacher is more the father than the father himself, just as the nurse is more the mother than the mother herself.

Foreign war is nothing, civil war is everything. Foreign war is a scratch on the elbow; civil war is an ulcer which eats your vitals.

I am like the ocean; I have my ebb and flow; at low tide my shallow places appear, at high tide my billows are seen.

As long as the strata underground are quiet, the political man may walk along, but under the most revolutionary there is a subsoil, and the bravest stop in alarm when they feel beneath their feet the movement that they have caused above their heads.

To know how to distinguish the agitation arising from covetousness from the agitation arising from principles, to fight the one and aid the other, in this lies the genius and the power of great revolutionary leaders.

There is a sacred horror about everything grand. It is easy to admire mediocrity and hills; but whatever is too lofty, a genius as well as a mountain, an assembly as well as a masterpiece, seen too near, is appalling. Every summit seems an exaggeration. Climbing wearies. The steepnesses take away one's breath; we slip on the slopes, we are hurt by the sharp points which are its beauty; the foaming torrents betray the precipices, clouds hide the mountain-tops; mounting is full of terror, as well as a fall. Hence, there is more dismay than admiration. People have a strange feeling of aversion to anything grand. They see abysses, they do not see sublimity; they see the monster, they do not see the prodigy.

Every idea must have a visible covering; every principle must have a dwelling-place; a church is God within four walls; every dogma must have a temple.

Certain minds are so constituted that they never pass beyond mediocrity.

Wherever tragedy enters in, horror and pity remain.

The liberty of one citizen ends where the liberty of another citizen begins, which comprises in two lines the entire law of human society.

Morals are the universal foundation of society, and conscience the universal foundation of law.

At certain times human society has its problems; problems which are resolved into light for the wise, and for the ignorant into obscurity, violence, and barbarity. The philosopher hesitates to bestow blame. He takes account of the trouble that is caused by the problems. The problems do not pass without casting beneath them a shadow like that of clouds.

A small conscience quickly becomes reptile.

Hallucinations hold the torch which lights the path of murder.

Wide horizons lead the soul to broad ideas; circumscribed horizons engender narrow ideas; this sometimes condemns great hearts to become small-minded.

Broad ideas hated by narrow ideas—this is the very struggle of progress.

One cannot judge of a thing when he does not know what it is.

Silence offers a strange protection to simple souls suddenly plunged into the gloomy depths of grief. To a certain degree, despair is unintelligible to the despairing.

The silence of an all absorbing idea is terrible.

Amnesty is in my opinion the most beautiful word in human speech.

The wakening of children is like the opening of flowers; it seems as if a perfume came from their fresh souls.

A CHILD

What a bird sings, a child prattles; but it is the same hymn—hymn indistinct, inarticulate, but full of profound meaning. The child, unlike the birds, has the somber destiny of humanity before it: this thought saddens any man who listens to the joyous song of a child. The most sublime psalm that can be heard on this earth is the lisping of a human soul from the lips of childhood. This confused murmur of thought, which is as yet only instinct, holds a strange unreasoning appeal to eternal justice; perchance it is a protest against life while standing on its threshold—a protest unconscious, yet heart-rending. This ignorance, smiling at infinity, lays upon all creation the burden of the destiny which shall be offered to this feeble, unarmed creature; if unhappiness comes, it seems like a betrayal of confidence. The babble of an infant is more and less than speech: it is not measured, and yet it is a song; not syllables, and yet a language—a murmur that began in heaven, and will not finish on earth; it commenced before human birth, and will continue in the sphere beyond! These lispings are the echo of what the child said when he was an angel, and of what he will say when he enters eternity. The cradle has a yesterday, just as the grave has a tomorrow: this morrow and this yesterday join their double mystery in that incomprehensible warbling; and there is no such proof of God, of eternity, and the duality of destiny, as in this awe-inspiring shadow flung across that flower-like soul.

The soul has faith in light.

There is such a thing as appetite for destruction.

A wretched woman is more unfortunate than a wretched man because she is an instrument of pleasure.

In a woman's despair there is a strange helplessness which is terrible. It is like seeing a being suspended at the extremity of fate.

Good fortune becomes weary.

To touch victory is intoxicating.

Critical situations make short thanks.

Great sorrows have a gigantic power of enlarging the soul.

When men are terrified, children are only curious. It is difficult to frighten those who are easily astonished; ignorance causes fearlessness. Children have so little claim on hell that if they should see it they would admire it.

Excess of joy bruises the heart in its way.

There are earthquakes in the soul, and a time when the soul weeps.

Every man has his base; if this base is shaken it causes a profound disturbance.

Violated discipline demands an expiation.

The possible is a mysterious bird always hovering above man.

What is the tempest to me if I have the compass? And what difference can events make to me if I have my conscience?

Society is nature made sublime.

I want liberty in the mind, equality in the heart, fraternity in the soul. No! no more bondage! man was made, not to drag chains, but to spread his wings.

GAUVAIN GOES TO THE GUILLOTINE PROCLAIMING LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY

NEVERTHELESS, THE SUN RISES

Day broke along the horizon—and with the day an object, strange, motionless, mysterious, which the birds of heaven did not recognize, appeared upon the plateau of La Tourgue and towered above the forest of Fougeres. It had been placed there in the night; it seemed to have sprung up rather than to have been built. It lifted high against the horizon a profile of straight, hard lines, looking like a Hebrew letter, or one of those Egyptian hieroglyphics which made part of the alphabet of the ancient enigma.

At the first glance the idea which this object roused was its lack of keeping with the surroundings. It stood amidst the blossoming heath. One asked one's self for what purpose it could be useful? Then the beholder felt a chill creep over him as he gazed.

It was a sort of trestle, having four posts for feet; at one end of the trestle two tall joists, upright and straight, and fastened together at the top by a cross-beam, raised and held suspended some triangular object which showed black against the blue sky of morning. At the other end of the staging was a ladder. Between the joists, and directly beneath the triangle, could be seen a sort of panel composed of two movable sections, which, fitting into each other, left a round hole about the size of a man's neck. The upper section of this panel slid in a groove, so that it could be hoisted or lowered at will; for the time, the two crescents, which formed the circle when closed, were drawn apart. At the foot of the two posts supporting the triangle was a plank turning on hinges, looking like a see-saw. By the side of this plank was a long basket; and between the two beams, in front and at the extremity of the trestle, was a square basket. The monster was painted red. The whole was made of wood except the triangle—that was iron. One would have known the thing must have been constructed by man, it was so ugly and evil looking; at the same time it was so formidable that it might have been reared there by evil genii. This shapeless thing was the guillotine.

In front of it, a few paces off, another monster rose out of the ravine. La Tourgue—a monster of stone rising up to hold companionship with the monster of wood. For when man has touched wood or stone they no longer remain inanimate matter; something of man's spirit seems to enter into them. An edifice is a dogma; a machine, an idea. La Tourgue was that terrible offspring of the past called the Bastille in Paris, the Tower of London in England, the Spielberg in Germany, the Escurial in Spain, the Kremlin in Moscow, the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome.

In La Tourgue were condensed fifteen hundred years (the Middle Age), vassalage, servitude, feudality; in the guillotine one year—'93; and these twelve months made a counterpoise to those fifteen centuries. La Tourgue was monarchy; the guillotine was revolution—tragic confrontation! On one side the debtor, on the other the creditor. On one side the inextricable Gothic complication of serf, lord, slave, master, plebeian, nobility, the complex code ramifying into customs, judge and priest in coalition, shackles innumerable, fiscil impositions, excise laws, mortmain, taxes, exemptions, prerogatives, prejudices, fanaticisms, the royal privilege of bankruptcy, the scepter, the throne, the regal will, the divine right; on the other, this simple thing—a knife. On one side the noose; on the other, the axe.

La Tourgue had long stood alone in the midst of this wilderness. There she had frowned with her machicolated casements, from whence had streamed boiling oil, blazing pitch, and melted lead; her oubliettes paved with human skeletons, her torture-chamber—the whole hideous tragedy with which she was filled. Rearing her funeral front above the forest, she had passed fifteen centuries of savage tranquillity amidst its shadow; she had been the one power in this land, the one object of respect and fear; she had reigned supreme, she had been the realization of barbarism; and suddenly she saw rise before her and against her, something (more than something) as terrible as herself—the guillotine.

Inanimate objects sometimes appear endowed with a strange power of sight. A statue notices, a tower watches, the face of an edifice contemplates. La Tourgue seemed to be studying the guillotine. She seemed to question herself concerning it. What was that object? It looked as if it had sprung out of the earth. It was from there, in truth, that it had risen. The sinister tree had germinated in the fatal ground. Out of the soil watered by so much of human sweat, so many tears, so much blood; out of the earth in which had been dug so many trenches, so many graves, so many caverns, so many ambuscades—out of this earth wherein had rolled the countless victims of countless tyrannies—out of this earth spread above so many abysses wherein had been buried so many crimes (terrible germs) had sprung in a destined day this unknown, this avenger, this ferocious sword-bearer, and

'93 had said to the old world, "Behold me!" And the guillotine had the right to say to the donjon tower, "I am thy daughter."

And, at the same time, the tower—for those fatal objects possess a strange vitality—felt herself slain by this newly risen force.

Before this formidable apparition La Tourgue seemed to shudder. One might have said that she was afraid. The monstrous mass of granite was majestic, but infamous; that plank with its black triangle was worse. The all-powerful fallen trembled before the all-powerful risen. Criminal history was studying judicial history. The violence of by-gone days was comparing itself with the violence of the present; the ancient fortress, the ancient prison, the ancient seigneury where tortured victims had shrieked out their lives; that construction of war and murder, now useless, defenseless, violated, dismantled, uncrowned, a heap of stones with no more than a heap of ashes, hideous yet magnificent, dying, dizzy with the awful memories of all those bygone centuries, watched the terrible living present sweep up. Yesterday trembled before today, antique ferocity acknowledged and bowed its head before this fresh horror. The power which was sinking into nothingness opened eyes of fright upon this newborn terror; the phantom stared at the specter.

Nature is pitiless; she never withdraws her flowers, her music, her fragrance, and her sunlight from before human cruelty or suffering. She overwhelms man by the contrast between divine beauty and social hideousness. She spares him nothing of her loveliness, neither wing of butterfly nor song of bird. In the midst of murder, vengeance, barbarism, he must feel himself watched by holy things; he cannot escape the immense reproach of universal nature and the implacable serenity of the sky. The deformity of human laws is forced to exhibit itself naked amidst the dazzling rays of eternal beauty. Man breaks and destroys; man lays waste; man kills; but the summer remains summer; the lily remains the lily; the star remains the star.

Never had a morning dawned fresher and more glorious than this. A soft breeze stirred the heath, a warm haze rose amidst the branches; the forest of Fougeres, permeated by the breath of hidden brooks, smoked in the dawn like a vast censer filled with perfumes; the blue of the firmament, the whiteness of the clouds, the transparency of the streams, the verdure, that harmonious gradation of color from aquamarine to emerald, the groups of friendly trees, the mats of grass, the peaceful fields, all breathed that purity which is nature's eternal counsel to man. In the midst of all this rose the horrible front of human shamelessness; in the midst of all this appeared the fortress and the scaffold, war and punishment—the incarnation of the bloody age and the bloody moment; the owl of the night of the past and the bat of the cloud-darkened dawn of the future. And blossoming, odor-giving creation, loving and charming, and the grand sky golden with morning spread about La Tourgue and the guillotine, and seemed to say to man, "Behold my work and yours."

Such are the terrible reproaches of the sunlight!

This spectacle had its spectators. The four thousand men of the little expeditionary army were drawn up in battle order upon the plateau. They surrounded the guillotine on three sides in such a manner as to form about it the shape of a letter E; the battery placed in the center of the largest line made the notch of the E. The red monster was enclosed by these three battle fronts; a sort of wall of soldiers spread out on two sides of the edge of the plateau; the fourth side, left open, was the ravine, which seemed to frown at La Tourgue. These arrangements made a long square, in the center of which stood the scaffold.

Gradually, as the sun mounted higher, the shadow of the guillotine grew shorter on the turf. The gunners were at their pieces; the matches lighted. A faint blue smoke rose from the ravine, the last breath of the expiring conflagration. This cloud encircled without veiling La Tourgue, whose lofty platform overlooked the whole horizon. There was only the width of the ravine between the platform and the guillotine. The one could have parleyed with the other.

The table of the tribunal and the chair shadowed by the tricolored flags had been set upon the platform. The sun rose higher behind La Tourgue, bringing out the black mass of the fortress clear and defined, and revealing upon its summit the figure of a man in the chair beneath the banners, sitting motionless, his arms crossed upon his breast. It was Cimourdain. He wore, as on the previous day, his civil delegate's dress; on his head was the hat with the tricolored cockade; his saber at his side; his pistols in his belt. He sat silent.

The whole crowd was mute. The soldiers stood with downcast eyes, musket in hand—stood so close that their shoulders touched; but no one spoke. They were meditating confusedly upon this war—the numberless combats, the hedge-fusillades so bravely confronted; the hosts of peasants driven back by their might; the citadels taken, the battles won, the victories gained; and it seemed to them as if all that glory had turned now to their shame. A somber expectation contracted every heart. They could see the executioner come and go upon the platform of the guillotine. The increasing splendor of the morning filled the sky with its majesty.

Suddenly the sound of muffled drums broke the stillness. The funereal tones swept nearer. The ranks opened—a cortege entered the square and moved toward the scaffold. First, the drummers with their crape-wreathed drums; then a company of grenadiers with reversed arms; then a platoon of gendarmes with drawn sabers; then the condemned—Gauvain. He walked forward with a free, firm step. He had no fetters on hands or feet. He was in an undress uniform, and wore his sword. Behind him marched another platoon of gendarmes.

Gauvain's face was still lighted by that pensive joy which had illuminated it at the moment when he said to Cimourdain, "I am thinking of the future." Nothing could be more touching and sublime than that smile. When he reached the fatal square, his first glance was directed toward the summit of the tower. He disdained the guillotine. He knew that Cimourdain would make it an imperative duty to assist at the execution. His eyes sought the platform; he saw him there.

Cimourdain was ghastly and cold. Those standing near him could not catch even the sound of his breathing. Not a tremor shook his frame when he saw Gauvain.

Gauvain moved toward the scaffold. As he walked on, he looked at Cimourdain, and Cimourdain looked at him. It seemed as if Cimourdain rested his very soul upon that clear glance. Gauvain reached the foot of the scaffold. He ascended it. The officer who commanded the grenadiers followed him. He unfastened his sword, and handed it to the officer; he undid his cravat, and gave it to the executioner. He looked like a vision. Never had he been so handsome.

His brown curls floated on the wind; at the time it was not the custom to cut off the hair of those about to be executed. His white neck reminded one of a woman; his heroic and sovereign glance made one think of an archangel. He stood there on the scaffold lost in thought. That place of punishment was a height, too. Gauvain stood upon it, erect, proud, tranquil. The sunlight streamed about him till he seemed to stand in the midst of a halo. But he must be bound. The executioner advanced, cord in hand.

At this moment, when the soldiers saw their young leader so close to the knife, they could restrain themselves no longer, the hearts of those stern warriors gave way. A mighty sound swelled up—the united sob of a whole army. A clamor rose: "Mercy! mercy!" Some fell upon their knees; others flung away their guns and stretched their arms toward the platform where Cimourdain was seated. One grenadier pointed to the guillotine, and cried, "A substitute! A substitute! Take me!" All repeated frantically, "Mercy! mercy!" Had a troop of lions heard, they must have been softened or terrified, the tears of soldiers are terrible.

The executioner hesitated, no longer knowing what to do.

Then a voice, quick and low, but so stern that it was audible to every ear, spoke from the top of the tower: "Fulfill the law!"

All recognized that inexorable tone. Cimourdain had spoken. The army shuddered.

The executioner hesitated no longer. He approached, holding out the cord.

"Wait!" said Gauvain. He turned toward Cimourdain, made a gesture of farewell with his right hand, which was still free, then allowed himself to be bound.

When he was tied, he said to the executioner: "Pardon. One instant more." And he cried: "Long live the republic!"

He was laid upon the plank. That noble head was held by the infamous yoke. The executioner gently parted his hair aside, then touched the spring. The triangle began to move—slowly at first, then rapidly; a terrible blow was heard.

At the same instant another report sounded. A pistol-shot had answered the blow of the axe. Cimourdain had seized one of the pistols from his belt, and as Gauvain's head rolled into the basket, Cimourdain sank back pierced to the heart by a bullet his own hand had fired. A stream of blood burst from his mouth; he fell dead.

And those two souls, united still in that tragic death, soared away together, the shadow of the one mingled with the radiance of the other.

TORMENTUM BELLI

A CANNON TRANSFORMED INTO A MONSTER, A DEMON

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster—a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts, ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself.

She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

VIS ET VIR

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine-lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seem to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the corvette carried a whole cargo; an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable—it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the main-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made—but how?

What a combatant—this cannon!

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville:

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied:

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent: the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe—the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began, a titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" And it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

OPPORTUNITY COMES EVERY DAY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
  To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
  But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—WALTER MALONE.

Permission of Mrs. Ella Malone Watson.

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO LÆRTES

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

A GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

STABILITY

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

PAINTING THE LILY

Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

COWARDS

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

MAMMOTH CAVE

All day, as day is reckoned on the earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of heaven,
While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy, have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like specters o'er
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder-clouds
O'er the blue waters of the deep. And now
I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock
To muse upon the strange and solemn things
Of this mysterious realm.
All day my steps
Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts,
Almost invisible in their serene
And pure transparency; high, pillared domes,
With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls
Of Oriental monarchs; rivers dark
And drear and voiceless as Oblivion's stream,
That flows through Death's dim vale of silence; gulfs
All fathomless, down which the loosened rock
Plunges until its far-off echoes come
Fainter and fainter like the dying roll
Of thunders in the distance; Stygian pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound
Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roar
In the volcano's depths:—these, these have left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.
God's hand,
At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor flower
E'er sprang amid the sands, nor dews, nor rains,
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening powers,
Nor gentle breeze its Eden message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years
Swept o'er the earth ere human footprints marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries

Like shadows came and past, and not a sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth
When earth was chaos. The great mastodon,
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds
And made earth tremble; armies in their pride
Perchance have met above it in the shock
Of war, with shout and groan, and clarion blast,
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder gun;
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurricane
Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud
Sent down its red and crashing thunderbolt;
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks
The old Atlantic;—yet no sound of these
E'er came down to the everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by
The lovelier and the mightier! Wonderful
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful yon outer world
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell
Sublime in lone and dim magnificence,
But how sublimer God's blue canopy,
Beleaguered with his burning cherubim
Keeping their watch eternal! Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie
In these mysterious chambers, gleaming out
Amid the melancholy gloom, and wild
These rocky hills and cliffs and gulfs, but far
More beautiful and wild the things that greet

The wanderer in our world of light: the stars
Floating on high like islands of the blest;
The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate
Of far-off Paradise; the gorgeous clouds
On which the glories of the earth and sky
Meet and commingle; earth's unnumbered flowers
All turning up their gentle eyes to heaven;
The birds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures;
The green old forests surging in the gale;
The everlasting mountains, on whose peaks
The setting sun burns like an altar-flame;
And ocean, like a pure heart rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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HOPE

In the vicissitudes and changes incident to human life; in the numerous disappointments, sorrows, and afflictions, which in the allotments of Providence we are destined to endure; in the sudden and untimely loss of our nearest and dearest friends, when the husband, at the moment the sun of happiness begins to shine upon him in all its luster, is deprived of his only joy; when the wife is doomed to roam in this wide world alone, unpitied and unknown, what can cheer the mind, raise the drooping soul, calm the agitated bosom, and throw a cheering light on the future? It is Hope! Sweet Hope! thou heaven-descended maid! visit thou the abode of misery; wipe the tear from sorrow's eye; chase away the anguish of despair; sweeten the cup of affliction with thine all-soothing dregs!

When giddy youth shall leave the paths of virtue and honor to wander on the barren, yet alluring fields of vice, when the fond parent beholds the impending ruin of her darling offspring, do thou remain to afford comfort and consolation; let thy healing influence take possession of his heart, and yield relief.

When fickle fortune deserts the good, to leave the tender ones without a home or a friend, do thou put underneath them thine all-supporting arm, and say to them, "I will never desert thee."

And when mortality shall fail, and the lamp of life shall glimmer in this feeble frame, do thou unveil thyself, and bid me wing my way to worlds beyond the sun, to live and reign in never-ending bliss.—F. S. B.

THE TIES OF LOVE

What is it to woman that the tempest is darkening on the path of him she loves? It is he alone who has power to crush her spirit's strength. It is the breath of unkindness only, the unkindness of him to whom her soul has clung in its deepest trust, that can wither, beyond the power of earthly healing, the energies of her nature. But a portion of him, and she the gentle and the feeble, whom his slightest neglect would crush as with a heel of iron, goes smilingly and gladly forth to be a sharer in the fury and the desolation of the storm. All other ties may be severed—penury, bereavement, the world's scorn, all other agonies may be meted out to her in her cup of bitterness—and yet her heart, however delicately fashioned, hath not utterly lost its capability of sweet harmonies. They will still break forth at his touch—his whispered words of soothing will pass over the mangled and bleeding tendons of her soul, like the breath of spring healing the wounded vine, and all sufferings will be accounted as a price of naught for that tenderness which has bound up its wounds. Mad and weak devotion! Vain, all vain and unrequited. There is not in man's heart an answering tone to a sentiment of such terrible depth.—F. S. B.

WASHINGTON

The defender of his country, the founder of liberty, the friend of man. History and tradition are explored in vain for a parallel to his character. In the annals of modern greatness, he stands alone; and the noblest names of antiquity lose their luster in his presence. Born the benefactor of mankind, he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career. Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous. Called by his country to the defense of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity; and on the pillars of national independence, laid the foundation of a great republic. Twice invested with supreme magistracy by the voice of a free people, he surpassed in the cabinet the glories of the field; and voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword, retired to the shades of private life. A spectacle so new and so sublime was contemplated with the most profound admiration; and the name of Washington, adding new luster to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth. Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life, and great in death. His highest ambition the happiness of mankind; his noblest victory the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame, and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen; he lived, the ornament of the eighteenth century; he died, regretted by a mourning world.—F. S. B.

I NEVER SHUN A GRAVEYARD

I never shun a graveyard—the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful rather than disagreeable to me; it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon—and I often wander from choice to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there—but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity are gone—men are there, but the passions are hushed, and their spirits are still—

malevolence has lost its power of harming, appetite is sated, ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel and the voice of God.—GREENWOOD.

From *Field's Scrap Book.*

TIME

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas! How many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told"; a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration! Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten?—"Ninety years!" says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, today, and tomorrow, and every day is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not."—F. S. B.

Beware of the man who tells you he is honest.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

It is said that a river becomes crooked following the line of least resistance. So does man.

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and to remove all doubt.

In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.—LINCOLN (1809-1865).

THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
  That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
  Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow—

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
  And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
  Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
  Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
  The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

GOOD DEEDS

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

TRUE LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:

O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

THE ANSWER

When the battle breaks against you and the crowd forgets to cheer,
When the anvil chorus echoes with the essence of a jeer;
When the knockers start their panning in the knockers' nimble way
With a rap for all your errors and a josh upon your play—
There is one quick answer ready that will nail them on the wing;
There is one reply forthcoming that will wipe away the sting;
There is one elastic come-back that will hold them, as it should—
Make good.

No matter where you finish in the mix-up or the row,
There are those among the rabble who will pan you anyhow;
But the entry who is sticking and delivering the stuff
Can listen to the yapping as he giggles up his cuff;
The loafer has no come-back and quitter no reply
When the anvil chorus echoes, as it will, against the sky;
But there's one quick answer ready that will wrap them in a hood—
Make good.

—GRANTLAND RICE.

From *Songs of the Stalwart.*
Permission from D. Appleton & Co.

MATERNAL AFFECTION

What other friend has watched, like a mother, over the helpless and uneasy hours of sickness—borne with its petulance—

ministered to its infirmities—soothed its pains, and smoothed its feverish pillow? Where are the friends of our prosperity when "the evil days come, and the years draw nigh in which we must say we have no pleasure in them?" When the clouds of misfortune descend, and poverty and want overtake us—when the heart is sick with the unfulfilment of hope, and the spirit droops over its blasted expectations—when the cup of life is poisoned by mischance or guile—when the storm hath no rainbow, and the midnight no star—where then are the flatterers of our cloudless skies and our sunbright hours? When the schemes of earthly ambition fail, and the hiss of the multitude follows our downfall, whither have they departed? Where is the shadow that attended us, when the sun hath veiled his beams? Where are the summer birds, when the voice of winter sighs in the leafless forests? Alas! It is too often but interest—or convenience—or habit—or fashion—that preserves the friendship of mankind.

But the attachment of a mother no change of fortune, no loss of influence, not even the loss of character, can destroy. As the triumph of her children is her own, so is their downfall and their dishonor. Her heart bleeds for them instinctively—her tears flow unbidden for their sorrows. Her eye follows them while present, and her soul goes with them while absent. With patience that never tires, and self-denial that never ceases, she cheerfully sacrifices for them her own comforts and pleasures. Her sympathy is felt, not obtruded; her consolation is never officious, and always soothing to the spirit; her friendship is unalterable in life, and strong in death—and she breathes her last sigh in a prayer for the welfare of her children.

Remembrance hovers over every incident in those calm and blissful days when her presence gave life its charm. That affection which turned aside the arrows of misfortune—that gentleness which alleviated the pangs of distress—that tenderness which smoothed the pillow of sickness—that hand which held the aching head of pain—that piety and sanctity which kindled in our heart the pure flame of devotion—those smiles which beamed upon us, and ever the brightest when the world was frowning—and that unalterable love which supported us amid its unkindness and ingratitude—can these ever be forgotten?—F. S. B.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

I was in the province of Finmark, the northernmost province of Norway. The polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores by the "Midnight Sun" was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs, can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low over little islands, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of the islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases.

The glassy, leaden-colored sea was powered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the bay, behind us, were steeped in a dark-red, mellow flush, and touched with pencillings of pure, rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed to be clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the bay and ran southward along their bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice-pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it.

We were excited by the divine splendor of the scene and tinged by the same wonderful radiance, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of the islands, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight.

And we saw the sun make his last dip and rise a little before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind the islands. I turned away with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold, which danced before me wherever I looked and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.—B. TAYLOR (1825-1878).

From *Northern Travel*
Permission from G. P. Putnam's Sons

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Of Mr. Jefferson's moral qualities, the most distinguished were suavity of temper, and a warmth of benevolence, which beginning in the domestic affections, exhibited itself in a fervent love of country, and a widespread philanthropy. Few men ever devoted so much of their time, and thoughts, and money to the concerns of others. A disposition thus generous and affectionate was sure to meet with its appropriate reward; and it would be difficult to name one who was more beloved as a parent, relative, friend, or master. Whilst his character was so conspicuously adorned by these amiable qualities, it was also strengthened and supported by the severer virtues. He was just and honorable in his private dealings, of scrupulous veracity, and inflexibly firm, whenever he was called upon to perform a painful duty. However impelled by his feelings to grant favors to an applicant, he could frankly and firmly say no, whenever principle clearly required it. He was often charged with being deficient in personal courage, on no other ground than that he left Richmond during Arnold's incursion, and Monticello during Tarleton's.

He never failed to do justice to the purity and integrity of George Washington in the most angry period of party excitement.—GEORGE TUCKER (1775-1861).

NAPOLEON—WATERLOO

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle? We answer—no! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God?

For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced. It was time that this vast man should fall.

The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted of himself alone more than the universe besides. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure.

The moment had come for incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge there are mysterious moanings from the deeps which the heavens hear. Napoleon had been impeached before the infinite and his fall was decreed. He vexed God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

When you deal with children you are dealing with soul stuff. They are the people of the future.

I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves—that sin is misdirected energy—that there is no devil but fear—and that the universe is ever good.

A vaudeville artist has three salaries: the first, the one which he tells his friends he gets; the second, the one which he thinks he ought to get; the third, what he actually receives.

Men who learn to write before they have anything to say have no style—they merely have mannerisms.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

From *Felix Shay's Book.*
Permission from The Roycrofters.

WASHINGTON

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best, and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment.

The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt when once decided, going through with his purpose, what ever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, exact, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.—THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826).

ELBERT HUBBARD

Down to the depths Elbert Hubbard, with smiling eyes that knew no fear, and all the lovely mermaids rubbered, and Neptune shouted, "See who's here!" Well might there be a great commotion throughout the sea, from east to west, for seldom has old Father Ocean clasped hands with such a splendid guest. The inkstand waits upon his table, his pen is rusting in the sun; there is no living hand that's able to do the work he left undone. There is no brain so keen and witty, no voice with his caressing tones; and Elbert, in the Deep Sea city is swapping yarns with Davy Jones. And all the world that reads evinces its sorrow that he's dwelling there; not all the warring kings and princes are worth a ringlet of his hair. Death keeps a record in his cupboard of victims of the monarchs' hate; "a million men and Elbert Hubbard," so goes the tally, up to date. If it would bring you back, Elbertus, to twang your harp with golden strings, it would not worry us or hurt us to drown a wagon load of kings.—WALT MASON.

NIAGARA

Niagara is, indeed, the most sublime of all nature's handiwork. Such haughty grandeur, such riot of coloring, such compelling beauty, such strength of character, its like is to be found in the galleries of the gods.

As we stood at the foot of the mighty cataract, we were indeed inspired and awed—awed at its terrible potency, inspired by the lesson it seems to convey. And as we looked on I wondered how any man could say there was no God. We could feel His presence. Strange and conflicting were our emotions. Reason seemed to desert us. Man-prescribed laws, geographical axioms, scientific wherefores are at naught. Evolution has no place in our mental vision. All we can see is Niagara, the awful, carrying on his perpetual warfare; all we can hear is the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer," never to be stilled.

The sun is momentarily obscured, the waters lose for a trice the glorious colors his light bestows, we see and hear nothing but the relentless falling of the waters that hurl themselves across the yawning chasm with a power omnipotent, a force not to be assuaged.

But in a sudden the sun bursts forth in all the glory of a summer afternoon, and the whole aspect of the scene is changed. Gloom and despair are overridden by boundless joy, the all-dispelling joy of nature. True, the waters still hurl themselves headlong to the awful depths below; true, the terrible chasm still yawns for its lawful prey; true, the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer" still echoes from the untold depths, but those waters seem now to scintillate with a thousand crystals, to reflect strange colors and weird phantom shapes, to dance with a new-born impetus; that chasm seems to yawn less ominously, the voice of the "Thunderer" to speak with a cadence strikingly musical, and as the mist created by the fall rises snow-like to the sky, a veritable burnt offering, crowning the cataract with a glorious double rainbow, emblematic of victory and peace, the waters themselves glide off down the river, clear as crystal, yet verdant as the meadowland; smooth as glass, yet turbulent as the mighty torrent that impels them—glide off down the river in the besetting peacefulness that marks the period of calm that precedes the storm, off down the narrowing gorge to be lost in the vortex of the rapids.

We look into the face of the abyss, observe the mighty onrushing of the waters, and watch them in their terrible leap, and we, too, like the untutored Indian of centuries gone by, seem to discover the Spirit of Niagara, seem to hear the voice of the "Mighty Thunderer"—the "Mighty Thunderer," who gives no truce, brooks no armistice, in his relentless war of annihilation against the rocks of time.

We are as one entranced. We are mute as in the presence of one unseen. We are as one standing on forbidden ground. The majesty of the cataract overpowers us, the shades of the Great Spirit seem to hold us in their embrace. We are as one with the poor red man, instinctively, we see the Indian maid in her flower-bedecked canoe approach the apex of the falls—her body erect, her demeanor courageous, her face to the sky—approach the apex, then go over crowned with a celestial glory, a willing sacrifice to the "Mighty Thunderer."

And then we experience a transition, a transition that reveals to us the growing divinity of man. The Indian maiden and her flower-bedecked canoe are no more; her sacrifice is but a fantastic vision of the horizon of yesterday. The hunting grounds of her fathers are peopled by a new race of strong, virile men. Masterly and purposeful they are and, secure in their creed of divine right, they know no fear, bow only to God. To them the earth is their destiny, the things of the earth their heritage; this wonderful natural phenomenon but a potent natural force to be brought under human control.—IRVING (1783-1859).

FROM ST. HELENA TO FRANCE

On the 12th of May, 1840, the French ministry made the following communication to the Chamber of Deputies:

"GENTLEMEN—The king has ordered his royal highness the Prince of Joinville to proceed, with his frigate, to the island of St. Helena, to receive the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We come to ask of you the means to receive them worthily upon the soil of France, and to erect for Napoleon his last tomb. The government, anxious to accomplish a great national duty, has addressed itself to England. It has demanded of her the precious deposit which fortune had surrendered into her hands. The frigate charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon will present itself, on its return, at the mouth of the Seine. Another vessel will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, a grand religious and military pomp, will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them forever. It is important, gentlemen, to the majesty of such a commemoration, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was emperor and king. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title, he could be interred at St. Denis. But Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome, in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb, worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraven upon it. This monument must be of simple beauty but of noble form, and have that aspect of solidity and firmness which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as imperishable as his fame. Henceforward France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his renown, will belong only to his country."

This announcement, so nobly expressed, was received by the Chamber of Deputies and by the whole of France with a tumultuous burst of applause. The Prince de Joinville, with two armed ships, was immediately sent to St. Helena. General Gourgaud, General Bertrand, and Count Las Casas, the companions of the emperor's imprisonment, accompanied the expedition. A coffin of solid ebony, elaborately carved in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, was constructed, large enough to inclose the coffins in which the emperor was interred, so that his ashes might not be disturbed. One single word, Napoleon, in letters of gold, was placed upon the face of this massive and polished sarcophagus. A very magnificent funeral pall of velvet, sprinkled with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine, was also provided. At each corner was an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.

On the 8th of October the two ships cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena, and were received with friendly salutes from the forts, and also from the English ships of war which were in the roadstead awaiting the arrival of the French vessels. The 15th of October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the august prisoner at this dreary rock. This day was appointed for the exhumation of his remains. Precisely at midnight, the British royal engineers, under direction of the governor-general of St. Helena, and in presence of the French and English commissioners, commenced their work.

After nine hours of uninterrupted labor, the earth was dug from the vault, the solid masonry removed and the heavy slab which covered the internal sarcophagus was lifted by means of a crane. Prayers were then offered, and, with uncovered heads, the coffin was carefully raised and conveyed to a tent which had been prepared for its reception. With religious awe, the three coffins of mahogany, lead, and tin were opened, and, upon carefully lifting a white satin veil, the body of the emperor was exposed to view. The remains had been so effectually protected from dampness and the air, that, to the surprise of all, the features of the emperor were so little changed that he was instantly recognized by those who had known him when alive. His military dress exhibited but slight decay, and he reposed, in marble beauty, as if he were asleep. The emotion experienced by all was deep and unutterable. Many burst into tears. The hallowed remains were exposed to the external air less than two minutes, when the coffins were again closed, and soldered with the utmost care, and were then placed in the massive ebony sarcophagus which was brought from Paris, and which was also protected by a strong box of oak.

In the meantime, clouds darkened the sky, the rain fell in torrents, dense sheets of mist enveloped the crags in almost midnight gloom, and a dismal tempest wailed its dirges over the gloomy rock. Minute-guns from the forts and from the ships in the harbor blended their thunders with the sublime requiem of the ocean and of the sky. Still, nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena, regardless of the deluging storm, were at the grave, and followed in the procession from the tomb to the ships. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, each led by a groom, while eight officers walked by the side of the hearse. All the military, naval, and civil authorities of the island accompanied the remains, with crape on the left arm; and, by the express invitation of the governor, the successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, all the gentlemen of the island were invited to attend in mourning. The whole military force of St. Helena, consisting of the regular soldiers and the militia, were also called out to honor these marvelous obsequies, in which repentant England surrendered Napoleon to France. As the vast procession wound slowly around among the rocks, the most soul-subduing dirges of martial bands blended with the solemn booming of minute-guns and with the roar of the elements. The streets of Jamestown were shrouded in crape, the yards of the shipping apeak, and all their flags at half-mast. Napoleon went down into the tomb denounced as a usurper; he emerged from it, after the slumber of twenty years, acknowledged an emperor.

At the quay, where the English lines terminated, the Prince de Joinville had assembled around him the French officers, all in deep mourning. As the car approached, they stood in reverential silence, with heads uncovered. The car stopped within a few paces of the mourning group. The governor-general of St. Helena then advanced, and, in the name of the British government, surrendered to France the remains of the emperor. The coffin was then received beneath the folds of the French flag, exciting emotions in the bosom of all present such as cannot be described. From that moment the same honors which the emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. Banners were unfurled and salutes were fired as the coffin was conveyed in a cutter, accompanied by a retinue of boats, to the ship. It was received on board between two ranks of officers under arms, and was then placed in a consecrated chapel constructed for the purpose, and illuminated with waxen lights. A guard of sixty men, commanded by the oldest lieutenant, rendered to the remains imperial honors. The ladies of St. Helena had offered, as a homage to the memory of the emperor, a rich banner, embroidered with their own hands. This graceful token from the English ladies was suspended in the chapel. The affecting scenes of the day were closed by the appropriate observance of those religious rites which the serious spirit of the emperor had so deeply revered.

The vessels sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, just twenty-five years and three days from the time when Napoleon was landed upon the island a captive, to pass through the long agony of his death. As they were crossing the equator on the 2nd of November, a French ship of war met them with the alarming intelligence that hostilities had probably already commenced between England and France upon the subject of the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. The danger of capture was, consequently, imminent. The Prince de Joinville immediately resolved that, in case he should meet with a superior force, rather than surrender the remains of the emperor again to the English, the ship and all its inmates should go down to accompany the ashes of Napoleon to a common sepulcher in the abyss of the ocean. This heroic resolve was communicated to the whole ship's company, and was received with a unanimous and enthusiastic response. Fortunately, however, this cloud of war was dissipated.

On the 2nd of December, the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz, the two funeral frigates entered the harbor of Cherbourg. Three ships of war, the *Austerlitz,* and *Friedland,* and the *Tilsit,* immediately encircled with protecting embrace, the ship which bore the sacred relics. All the forts and batteries, and all the ships of war, fired a salute of twenty-one guns each. The coffin was then transferred to the steamship *Normandy,* which had been, at great expense and with exquisite taste, prepared for the occasion. On the 9th the convoy entered the mouth of the Seine. A magnificent chapel had been constructed upon the unobstructed deck of the steamer, in which the coffin was placed, so raised as to be conspicuous to all who might crowd the banks of the stream. A very imposing effect was produced by the number of wax lights and flambeaux which, by day and by night, threw a flood of light upon the coffin. The imperial mantle, sweeping to the floor, covered the sarcophagus. On a cushion at the head of the coffin rested the imperial crown, veiled with crape. An armed sentry was stationed in each corner of the chapel. At the head of the coffin stood an ecclesiastic in full canonicals. Several general officers were grouped near him. The Prince de Joinville stood alone at the foot of the coffin.

Thus the cortege approached the city of Havre. Watchful eyes had discerned its coming when it appeared but as a dark speck in the dim blue of the horizon. The whole city was in commotion. Minute-guns were fired; funeral bells were tolled; and the still air was filled with dirges from well-trained martial bands. All business was suspended. Every sound was hushed but the appropriate voices of grief. The crowd, oppressed with a religious awe, preserved the most profound silence as the imperial steamship, with her black hull and tapering masts, to which were attached the banners of France gently fluttering in the breeze, glided majestically to her appointed station.

At this place arrangements had been made to convey the remains, by a small steamer, up the River Seine, one hundred miles, to Paris. The taste and the wealth of France were lavished in the attempt to invest the occasion with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The steamer *Parisian* led the way, filled with the high dignitaries of the kingdom. Then followed a second steamer, with the crew of the frigate which had borne the remains from Saint Helena. After this came the imperial barge, bearing the sacred ashes of the dead. It was richly, but with great simplicity, draped in mourning. The sarcophagus was so elevated in the chapel that every eye could behold it. Ten other steamers composed the unparalleled funeral train.

On the morning of the 10th of December, just as the rising sun was gilding the cloudless skies, the imposing flotilla of thirteen funeral barges, saluted by tolling bells, and solemnly-booming guns, and soul-stirring requiems, left its moorings and majestically commenced the ascent of the river. The back country, for thirty miles on either side, had been almost depopulated, as men, women, and children crowded to the banks of the stream, in homage to the remains of the great man who was worthily enthroned in all their hearts. The prefect of the Lower Seine had issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants:

"Fellow citizens: The department of Lower Seine will be first traversed by the funeral cortege, proceeding, under the direction of his royal highness the Prince de Joinville, toward the capital of the kingdom, where memorable solemnities are to be enacted in the presence of the great bodies of the state, and illustrated by all the prodigies of art. There is no event in history which presents itself with such a character of grandeur as that which accompanies the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. When the vessel containing those venerated ashes shall advance slowly along the river, you will receive it with that religious feeling and those deep emotions which are ever produced by the recollection of the misfortunes of the country, its triumphs, and its glory. You will render the last honors to that great man with the calmness and dignity becoming a population which has so often experienced the benefit of his protecting power and of his special solicitude."

As the cortege passed along, an innumerable multitude gazed in silence, but with tearful eyes, upon the sublime spectacle. Every battery uttered its salute. From the turret of every village church the knell was tolled; and there was not a peasant's hut passed on the route which did not exhibit some testimonial of respect and love. The city of Rouen, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, is situated half way between Havre and Paris. The sagacious policy of the emperor had contributed much to its prosperity, and had rendered it one of the chief commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom. "Paris and Rouen and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street." Such were the noble objects of Napoleon's ambition. But the allies thwarted his generous plans by their assailing armies, and hunted him down as if he had been a beast of prey. The mayor of Rouen, in preparation for the reception of the remains of the emperor, thus addressed the inhabitants of the city: "Beloved fellow-citizens: After twenty-five years of exile in a foreign land, Napoleon is at last restored to us. A French prince, the worthy son of our citizen king, brings back to France what remains of the great emperor. In a few days these glorious ashes will rest in peace under the national safeguard of his glory and the remains of his invincible phalanxes. A few moments only are allowed to salute the coffin of the hero who caused the French name to be respected throughout the world. Let us employ them in solemnly manifesting the sympathies which are in the hearts of a population over whom the emperor once extended his powerful and protecting hand. Let us unite, with a religious feeling, in the triumphal funeral reserved to him by the city where his glory and genius are stamped with immortal grandeur."

From the adjoining country more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had flocked to Rouen. Both banks of the river were richly decorated, and long galleries had been constructed, draped in costly silks, for the accommodation of the countless throng. Many lofty pyramids were erected, covered with rich purple satin, and spangled with golden tears. Upon the base of these pyramids were inscribed the names of the principal battles of the empire. A triumphal arch, of majestic proportions, spanned the whole stream, covered also with silk, and brilliantly decorated with bees of gold. Twenty thousand yards of silk were used in this structure, and thirty-six thousand bees. Two ships of honor, imposingly decorated, and covered with the flags of all nations, were so stationed that the funeral procession of steamers might pass between them. The bridges of Rouen were embellished with the highest decorations of art, and from every steeple and turret, and from almost every window of the city, tri-colored banners were floating in the breeze.

Before midday, all the inhabitants of the city and its environs were assembled, cuirassiers, judges and advocates, ecclesiastics, the National Guard with drooping banners draped in mourning, students, members of the Legion of Honor, retired officers, the veteran and wounded soldiers of the old armies of the empire, fifteen hundred in number, all at their appointed stations. As these veterans, torn and battered by the storms of war, traversed the streets in long military array, many of them in extreme old age, and all of them bearing in their hands crowns of *immortelles* and laurel, marching with reversed arms and to the mournful music of the muffled drum, their eyes moistened with tears and their faces flushed with inexpressible emotion, they were greeted with that fervor of enthusiasm which bursts from the soul when moved to its profoundest depths. They were the representatives of Napoleon; they were his *children*. There was probably not one among them all who would not gladly have laid down his own life for his beloved chieftain.

Just at noon of a serene and brilliant day, the funeral procession of steamers made its appearance, moving noiselessly and majestically along the mirrored surface of the river. A sublime peal of artillery from ships, batteries, and the cannon of the National Guard, louder than heaven's heaviest thunders, announced that the emperor was approaching. The scene of emotion which ensued no language can exaggerate. The emperor, though in death, was restored, triumphant in love and homage, to his empire. The honor of France was retrieved, for her most renowned and adored monarch no longer slept, a captive, beneath the soil of his enemies.

The speed of all the boats was slackened, that the spectators might have a better opportunity to witness the imposing pageant. On reaching the suspension bridge, over which, like the bow of promise, rose the triumphal arch, the imperial barge paused for a while, and the military veterans, defiling along, cast their crowns of flowers at the foot of the coffin, while with wailing voices they tremulously shouted *"Vive L' Empereur!"* The shout which had so often thrilled in the heart of the emperor fell upon the cold and leaden ear of death. Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame? The veil is impenetrable.

The imperial barge then passed under the arch, and took her station in the center of a circle, surrounded by the remainder of the steamers. The bells of the churches tolled the funeral knell, minute-guns were fired, the archbishop read the burial service, while dirges from many martial bands were breathed plaintively through the air. Immediately after this act of homage to the dead, a salute from the shore announced that the ceremony would henceforth assume a triumphal character. The emperor had returned to his grateful people, and was to be received as if still living. The bells rang out their merriest peals. All the bands played national airs. The troops presented arms. The artillerymen of the National Guard fired a salute of one hundred and one rounds; and, though all eyes were dimmed with tears, and all voices were tremulous with emotion, the clangor of bells, the thunder of artillery, and the peal of trumpets were drowned in the delirious and exultant shout of *"Vive L' Empereur!"* It was the shout of an enfranchised people, in thunder peal announcing to astonished despotisms the final triumph of popular suffrage in the re-enthronement of the monarch of the people's choice.

The same evening the procession moved on toward the excited, throbbing, expectant metropolis. The banks of the Seine, from

Havre to Paris, are thickly planted with cities and villages. As the flotilla passed along, it was continually received with every possible demonstration of attachment to Napoleon, and of national rejoicing at the recovery of his remains. The shores were lined by thousands of spectators, and the inhabitants of every district did all in their power to invest the scene with the most impressive splendor. Thousands came from Paris to witness a spectacle so singular and sublime.

At Annieres lay the massive and gorgeous ship which had been built expressly to convey the remains of the emperor up the Seine. A receptacle for the coffin had been constructed upon the deck, in the form of an Egyptian temple, open at both sides, with a flat roof, supported at the corners by four gigantic statues. The entrance to this temple was by a flight of steps. An immense gilded eagle formed the figure-head of the vessel. Tripods, blazing with many-colored flames, were placed around the tomb. This magnificent and costly piece of craftsmanship was, however, found to be too heavy to be towed up the Seine in season for the ceremony appointed on the 15th. But at this place the vessel joined the convoy, adding greatly to its effect.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the flotilla arrived at Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. Thousands from Paris thronged the village and its environs to witness the imposing pageant. A colossal statue of the beloved Josephine arrested universal attention, as she stood there to greet her returning husband. Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Cæsars, was then living ingloriously at Parma. No one thought of her. At the head of the quay an immense column was raised, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a globe six feet in diameter, and crowned by a lordly eagle glittering in gold. Upon the base of the column were inscribed the memorable words:

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the

Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

A Grecian temple, one hundred feet high, was constructed at the termination of the wharf, under which the body was to lie in state until transferred to the funeral car. Richly-decorated tripods, twenty feet high, emitted volumes of flame, producing a very impressive effect. Here Sergeant Hubert, who for nineteen years had kept watch at the solitary grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, landed. All the generals immediately gathered around him with cordial embraces, and he was received by the people with deep emotion.

During the night, all the vessels of the flotilla were brilliantly illuminated. The next morning the sun rose resplendently glowing in the clear, cloudless, serene sky. Thousands exclaimed, "It is the sun of Austerlitz." For a week, multitudes, not only from the distant cities of France, but from all parts of Europe, had been arriving to witness this spectacle of sublimity unrivaled. For nearly four miles, from the esplanade of the Invalides, along the Quay d' Orsay, the Bridge of Concorde, the Elysian Fields, the Avenue of Neuilly, the Bridge of Neuilly to the village of Courbevoie, the road was lined by thousands of spectators, and crowded with an indescribable opulence of embellishments. The excitement of the war-worn veterans of the Invalides amounted almost to delirium. The whole National Guard of Paris was drawn out to escort the remains. The Polish emigrants, many of them men of high distinction, sent a deputation, earnestly requesting permission to assist in the funeral ceremonies of the only monarch who had ever expressed any sympathy in their cause. Louis Philippe, the king of the French, with all the members of the royal family, and the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, were assembled beneath the gorgeous dome of the Invalides, to render homage to the returning emperor. The embellishments in Paris, along the path of the procession, surpassed everything which had ever been attempted before.

The Arch of Triumph was decorated with most imposing grandeur. A colossal image of the emperor stood upon its towering summit, looking serenely down upon his own marvelous triumph, and surrounded by those flags and eagles which his victories had rendered immortal.

The view down the spacious avenue of the Elysian Fields was imposing in the extreme. Each side was lined with lofty columns, surmounted by gilt eagles, and decorated with tri-colored flags. Colossal statues, triumphal arches, immense vases blazing with variegated flames, and the assemblage of a countless multitude of spectators, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The imperial car was composed of five distinct parts, the basement, the pedestal, the Caryatides, the shields and the cenotaph. The basement rested on four massive gilt wheels. This basement was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, and all the rich ornaments, with which it was profusely embellished, were covered with frosted gold. Upon this basement stood groups of cherubs, seven feet high, supporting a pedestal eighteen feet long, covered with burnished gold. This pedestal, elevated thirteen feet from the ground, was constructed with a heavy cornice, richly ornamented. It was hung in purple velvet, falling in graceful drapery to the ground, embroidered with gold and spotted with bees. Upon this elevated pedestal stood fourteen Caryatides, antique figures larger than life, and entirely covered with gold, supporting with their heads and hands an immense shield of solid gold. This shield was of oval form, and eighteen feet in length, and was richly decorated with all appropriate ornaments. Upon the top of this shield, nearly fifty feet from the ground, was placed the cenotaph, an exact copy of Napoleon's coffin. It was slightly veiled with purple crape, embroidered with golden bees. On the cenotaph, upon a velvet cushion, were placed the scepter, the sword of justice, the imperial crown, in gold, and embellished with precious stones. Such is a general description of this funeral car, the most sumptuous that was probably ever constructed.

This imperial chariot of velvet and gold, impressing every beholder with its gorgeous and somber magnificence, was drawn by sixteen black horses yoked four abreast. These steeds were so entirely caparisoned in cloth of gold that their feet only could be seen. Waving plumes of white feathers adorned their heads and manes. Sixteen grooms, wearing the imperial livery, led the horses.

At half past nine o'clock in the morning, after prayers had been read over the body, twenty-four seamen raised the coffin on their shoulders, and, following the procession of the clergy, conveyed it to the Grecian temple. There it was deposited for a short time, while the clergy again chanted prayers. The seamen then again took up their precious load, and conveyed it to the triumphal car. It was placed in the interior of the vehicle, its apparent place being occupied by the cenotaph upon the summit of the shield. As the car commenced its solemn movement, the sun and moon were both shining in the serene and cloudless sky, gilding with extraordinary splendor this unparalleled scene. No language can describe the enthusiasm inspired, as the car passed slowly along, surrounded by the five hundred sailors who had accompanied the remains from St. Helena, and preceded and followed by the most imposing military array which the kingdom of France could furnish. More than a million of people were assembled along the line of march to welcome back the emperor. All the bells in Paris were tolling. Music from innumerable bands filled the air, blending with the solemn peal of minute-guns and of salutes of honor from many batteries. The multitude shouted, and sang, and wept. In a roar as of thunder, *La Marseillaise* hymn resounded from ten thousand voices, and was echoed and re-echoed along the interminable lines.

The Church of the Invalides, in the splendor of its adornings, resembled a fairy palace. The walls were elegantly hung with rich drapery of violet velvet, studded with stars of gold, and bordered with a massive gold fringe. The eight columns which support the dome were entirely covered with velvet, studded with golden bees. It would require a volume to describe the splendors of this room. Beneath its lofty dome, where the massive tomb of Napoleon was ulteriorly to be erected, a tomb which would cost millions of money, and which would require the labor of years, a magnificent cenotaph, in the form of a temple superbly gilded, was reared. This temple was pronounced by all judges to be one of the happiest efforts of decorative art. Here the remains of the emperor were for a time to repose. Thirty-six thousand spectators were seated upon immense platforms on the esplanade of the Invalides. Six thousand spectators thronged the seats of the spacious portico. In the interior of the church were assembled the clergy, the members of the two chambers of Deputies and of Peers, and all the members of the royal family, and others of the most distinguished personages of France and of Europe. As the coffin, preceded by the Prince de Joinville, was borne along the nave upon the shoulders of thirty-two of Napoleon's Old Guard, all rose and bowed in homage to the mighty dead. Louis Philippe, surrounded by the great officers of state, then stepped forward to receive the remains.

"Sire," said the prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it," replied the king, "in the name of France." Then, taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon, and presenting it to General Bertrand, he said, "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the emperor upon his coffin."

The king then returned to his throne, the coffin was placed in the catafalque, and the last wish of Napoleon was gratified. The funeral mass was then celebrated. The king of France sat upon one side of the altar, accompanied by the queen, and all the princes and princesses of the royal family. The ministers and the marshals of the kingdom, the archbishop of Paris, with his assistant bishops and clergy, and all the prominent civil and military authorities of France, gathered reverentially around the mausoleum in this last sublime act of a nation's love and gratitude. As the solemn strains of Mozart's requiem, performed by three hundred musicians, floated through the air, all hearts were intensely moved. Thus ended a ceremony which, in all the elements of moral sublimity, has no parallel.

In beautiful tribute to the warm affections of the emperor, France, in 1847, placed by his side the ashes of two of his most devoted friends, General Bertrand and General Duroc, each of whom had been grand marshal of the imperial palace, as if to cheer, by their love and companionship, the solitude of the tomb. "These two men," said General Gourgaud, in the Chamber of Peers, "have been chosen principally because the functions which they have fulfilled near the person of the emperor were all those of friendship and confidence. In placing them after their death by the side of his tomb, they will be there, not as the most illustrious, not as the only devoted and faithful, under a reign which furnished so many illustrations, so many generous sacrifices of every kind, but as the natural representatives of devotion the most pure, the most grateful, and of a fidelity which was manifested the most frequently, the most direct, and the longest continued in good as in adverse fortune."

These two beloved friends now repose by the side of the emperor. "Dear and venerated veterans," said General Fabvier, "when you meet our chieftain, say to him that his glory each day extends and brightens, and that this ceremony is a homage which we render to his loving heart, in again giving him the companionship of two of his most cherished associates." France has also established, in grateful commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious emperor, an annual religious celebration of the return of his ashes, to be observed through all coming time, on the 15th of December, at his tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides.

With such honors has France received back her emperor, who had been torn from her by combined despotisms. Napoleon, in death, has become the victor over all his foes. Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. His last wishes are accomplished, and his ashes repose in the bosom of his beloved France, amid the imperishable monuments of his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before. Through all coming ages, travelers from all lands will, with reverential awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. His noble fame is every day extending. The voices of obloquy are becoming more faint and few, and soon will be hushed forever.—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon.*
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All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887).

Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others?—THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826).

Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually breaks and kills the cannoneer.—ALDRICH (1647-1710).

The deepest thoughts are always tranquilizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, the richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.—HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE (1846-1916).

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If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better basket than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—EMERSON (1803-1882).

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I'll study and get ready, and then maybe my chance will come—LINCOLN (1809-1865).

Everything we make we manufacture right out of our hearts.

Success is in the blood, there are men whom fate can never keep down. They march jauntily forward and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords.

First class men should not waste time on second class disagreements.

You can lead a boy to college but you can't make him think.

All educated men are not college graduates, nor are all college graduates educated men. An educated man is one who is useful to humanity and to himself.

A truly educated man is a natural man. A true education is a natural development.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

From *Felix Shay's Book.*
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WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES

It cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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THE SEA

The sea knows all things, for at night when the winds are asleep the stars confide to him their secrets. In his breast are stored away all the elements that go to make up the round world. Beneath his depths lie buried the sunken kingdoms of fable and legend, whose monarchs have long been lost in oblivion. He appropriates and makes his own all that is—dissolving the rocks that seek to stop his passage—forming, transforming, rearranging, never ceasing, tireless. Tireless ever, for he gets his rest in motion. With acute ear he listens along every coast and lies in wait for the spirit of the offshore wind. All rivers run to meet him, carrying tidings from afar, and ever the phosphorescent dust from other spheres glimmers on his surface. It is not to be wondered that men have worshipped the ocean, for in his depths they have seen mirrored the image of eternity—of infinity. Here they have seen the symbol of God's great plan of oneness with His creatures, for the sea is the union of all infinite particles, and it takes the whole to make the one. Men have fallen on their faces to worship the sea. Women have thrown him their children to appease his wrath. Savagely yet tenderly has he received the priceless treasure and hidden it away where none could recall. He has heard the dying groans of untold thousands, and drowned their cries for help with his own ceaseless roar; but still his ear has not failed to catch the whisperings of confession that have come from souls about to appear before their Maker. And yet how beautiful and kind is he in his apparent relentless cruelty, for he keeps only the transient part, and gently separates the immortal and wafts the spirit back to God who gave it. And what does the sea do with all these secrets, mysteries and treasures? Go shrive thyself, and with soul all in tune to the harmonies of the universe listen to the waves and they shall tell thee the secrets of life.—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

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QUICKSAND

He felt that he was entering water, and that he had no longer stone, but mud, beneath his feet.

It sometimes happens, on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, whether traveler or fisherman, walking, at low tide, on the sands some distance from the shore, suddenly perceives that for several minutes past he has found some difficulty in walking. The beach beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is no longer sand, it is bird-lime. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step that he takes, so soon as his foot is raised, the imprint that it leaves is filled with water. The eye, however, has perceived no change; the immense expanse is smooth and calm, all the sand looks alike; there is nothing to distinguish the soil which is solid from that which is no longer so. The merry little swarm of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously about the feet of the wayfarer. The man goes his way, turns towards the land, and tries to approach the shore. Not that he is alarmed. Alarmed at what? Still, he feels as if the heaviness of his feet increased at every step he takes. All at once, he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly, he is not on the right road; he stops to get his bearings. Suddenly he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand, he tries to retrace his steps, he turns back, but he sinks in deeper still. The sand comes up to his ankle; he tears himself loose and flings himself to the left—the sand comes to his knee; he turns to the right—the sand comes up to his thigh. Then he recognizes, with indescribable terror, that he is caught in a quicksand, and that he has beneath him that frightful medium in which a man can no more walk than a fish can swim. He throws away his load, if he has one—he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is too late: the sand is already above his knees.

He calls out, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; but the sand gains on him more and more. If the shore is deserted, if land is too distant, if the quicksand is too illfamed, if there is no hero at hand, it is all over with him—he is doomed to be swallowed up. He is condemned to that terrible burial, long, awful, implacable, impossible to delay or to hasten, which lasts for hours; which never ends; which seizes you when erect, free, and in perfect health; which drags you down by the feet; which, at every effort you attempt, every cry you utter, drags you a little deeper; which seems to punish you for your resistance by a redoubled clutch; which forces a man to return slowly to the earth, while allowing him ample time to survey the houses, the trees, the green fields, the smoke from the villages on the plain, the sails of the vessels on the sea, the birds that fly and sing, the sun, and the sky. A quicksand is a tomb that becomes a tide, and rises from the depths of the earth toward a living man. Each minute is an inexorable grave-digger. The poor wretch tries to sit, to lie down, to climb, to crawl; every movement that he makes, buries him deeper; he draws himself up, and only sinks the more; he feels himself swallowed up; he yells, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, grows desperate. He is in the sand up to his waist; the sand reaches to his breast—he is but a bust. He lifts his hands, utters furious groans, digs his nails into the sand, tries to cling to that dust, raises himself on his elbows to tear himself from that soft sheath, and sobs frantically: the sand mounts higher. It reaches his shoulders, it reaches his neck; his face alone is visible. The mouth cries out; the sand fills it: silence. The eyes still look forth; the sand closes them: night. Then the forehead sinks; a little hair waves above the sand; a hand emerges, pierces through the sand, quivers, and disappears. Sinister effacement of a man.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

No prophet is without honor save in his own country.

When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do. . . . But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

No man can serve two masters.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

-CHRIST.

SHAKESPEARE

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay. . . .

He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon. . . .

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shadows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding—sowing was harvest—and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvelous mind were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.—BOB INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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NAPOLEON

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and re-take an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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HAPPINESS

Happiness is an endowment and not an acquisition. It depends more upon temperament and disposition than environment. It is a state or condition of mind, and not a commodity to be bought or sold in the market. A beggar may be happier in his rags than a king in his purple. Poverty is no more incompatible with happiness than wealth, and the inquiry, "How to be happy though poor?" implies a want of understanding of the conditions upon which happiness depends. Dives was not happy because he was a millionaire, nor Lazarus wretched because he was a pauper. There is a quality in the soul of man that is superior to circumstances and that defies calamity and misfortune. The man who is unhappy when he is poor would be unhappy if he were rich, and he who is happy in a palace in Paris would be happy in a dug-out on the frontier of Dakota. There are as many unhappy rich men as there are unhappy poor men. Every heart knows its own bitterness and its own joy. Not that wealth and what it brings is not desirable—books, travel, leisure, comfort, the best food and raiment, agreeable companionship—but all these do not necessarily bring happiness and may coexist with the deepest wretchedness, while adversity and penury, exile and privation are not incompatible with the loftiest exaltation of the soul.

"More true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).

From J. J. Ingalls' Works.
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VOLTAIRE'S PHILOSOPHY

I am a puny part of the great whole.
Yes; but all animals condemned to live,
All sentient things, born by the same stern law,
Suffer like me, and like me also die.
The vulture fastens on his timid prey,
And stabs with bloody beak the quivering limbs:
All's well, it seems, for it. But in a while
An eagle tears the vulture into shreds;
The eagle is transfixed by shafts of man;
The man, prone in the dust of battlefields,
Mingling his blood with dying fellow men,
Becomes in turn the food of ravenous birds.
Thus the whole world in every member groans,
All born for torment and for mutual death.
And o'er this ghastly chaos you would say
The ills of each make up the good of all!
What blessedness! And as, with quaking voice,
Mortal and pitiful ye cry, "All's well,"
The universe belies you, and your heart
Refutes a hundred times your mind's conceit. . . .
What is the verdict of the vastest mind?
Silence: the book of fate is closed to us.
Man is a stranger to his own research;
He knows not whence he comes, nor whither goes.
Tormented atoms in a bed of mud,
Devoured by death, a mockery of fate;
But thinking atoms, whose far-seeing eyes,
Guided by thoughts, have measured the faint stars.
Our being mingles with the infinite;
Ourselves we never see, or come to know.

This world, this theatre of pride and wrong,
Swarms with sick fools who talk of happiness. . . .

Once did I sing, in less lugubrious tone,
The sunny ways of pleasure's general rule;
The times have changed, and, taught by growing age,
And sharing of the frailty of mankind,
Seeking a light amid the deepening gloom,
I can but suffer, and will not repine.
—VOLTAIRE (1694-1778).

A man may misunderstand himself, but his wife understands him; he may deceive himself, but he cannot practice deception upon his wife; he can hide himself from the world, but it is his wife who finds him out; he may be all things to all men, but his wife sees him as he is; and the man who is great in the eyes of his wife is truly great.—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).
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TRUTH IS POWER

Some men say that "wealth is power," and some that "knowledge is power." Above them all, I would assert that "truth is power." Wealth cannot purchase—talent cannot refute—knowledge cannot overreach—authority cannot silence her; they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Fling her in the most tremendous billows of popular commotion; cast her into the sevenfold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; she walks with the Son of God untouched through the conflagration. She is the ministering spirit which sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, and glory, which is given by his mighty Author to animate, to illumine, and to inspire the immortal soul, and which, like Himself, "is the same yesterday, today, and forever." When wealth, and talent, and knowledge, and authority—when earth, and heaven itself shall have passed away, truth shall rise like the angel of Manoah's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God.—F. S. B.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

And now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country, the pomps and festivities of more than one German court, the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty; our troops entering the enemy's territory and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately muse of history, that delights in describing the valor of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised; you pretty maidens that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzza for the British Grenadiers—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle?

Our chief (the Duke of Marlborough, born 1650—died 1722), whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him: that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, of an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her, he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury: his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie or cheated a fond woman or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property: the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat or a hundred thousand crowns from the king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either.

Not that he had no tears, he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, and he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion—but yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim, the enthusiasm of the army for the duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage: nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher, but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.—WILLIAM M. THACKERAY (1811-1863).

THE TOMB OF A WOMAN

For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart; as the kind, affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercises of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired of the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtue of the saints; the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman.—F. S. B.

FIDELITY

Desert not your friend in danger or distress. Too many there are in the world whose attachment to those they call friends is confined to the day of their prosperity. As long as that continues, they are, or appear to be, affectionate and cordial. But as their friend is under a cloud, they begin to withdraw and separate their interests from his. In friendship of this sort, the heart assuredly has never had much concern. For the great test of true friendship is, constancy in the hour of danger—adherence in the season of distress. When your friend is calumniated, then is the time openly and boldly to espouse his cause. When his situation is changed, or misfortunes are fast gathering around him, then is the time of affording prompt and zealous aid. When sickness or infirmity occasions him to be neglected by others, that is the opportunity which every real friend will seize of redoubling all the affectionate attention which love suggests. These are the important duties, the sacred claims of friendship, which religion and virtue enforce on every worthy mind. To show yourselves warm in this manner in the cause of your friend, commands esteem, even in those who have personal interests in opposing him. This honorable zeal of friendship has, in every age, attracted the veneration of mankind. It has consecrated to the latest posterity the names of those who have given up their fortunes and have exposed their lives in behalf of the friends whom they loved; while ignominy and disgrace have ever been the portion of those who deserted their friends in the hour of distress.—F. S. B.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with the tongue.

A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet.
—SOLOMON (1000 B.C.).

SUNSET

Who is there who has ever looked up to the "golden gates of the resplendent west," and beheld them arrayed in all their magnificence, and watched the beautiful departure of the god of day, and has not felt himself lifted from earth to heaven, and his feelings spiritualized by the contemplation of the scene? The glories of sunset can be seen and enjoyed in their greatest fullness only in the country. The winds are now hushed among the foliage—the birds of heaven have ceased their warbling—the voice of the laborer is no longer heard—silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene. At such a season, go walk abroad in the country—carry along with you no book to aid your reflections—go alone or with a friend—let your heart be open to the scene—let its home felt delights rise up unrepressed—resign yourself freely and entirely to the emotions of your own bosom—and if you have not been too far corrupted and contaminated by intercourse with the world, you will return a better, happier, and a holier man.—F. S. B.

REMEMBER ME

There are not two other words in the language that call back a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eye upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say—*remember me.* Have you an ancient album, the repository of the mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled upon them; each says—*remember me.* Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs—read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they, too, have a voice that speaks to the hearts of the living, and it says—*remember me.* Walk, in the hour of evening twilight, amid the scenes of your early rambles; the well-known paths, the winding streams, the overspreading trees, the green and gently-sloping banks, will recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they, too, bear the treasured injunction—*remember me.*

And this is all that is left at last of the wide circle of our early friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our band by the changes of circumstance or of character, in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollections of what they were. Some were our benefactors, and won us by their favors; others were kind, and amiable, and affectionate, and for this we esteemed them; others, again, were models of virtue, and shared our praise and admiration. It was thus a little while, and then the chances of the world broke in upon the delighted intercourse; it ceased. Yet still we do all we can to discharge the one sacred, and honest, and honorable debt—*we remember them.*

The tribute, too, of remembrance which we delight to pay to others we desire for ourselves. The wish for applause; the thirst for fame; the desire that our names should shine down to future posterity in the glory of recorded deeds, is a feverish, unhappy passion, compared with the unambitious desire to retain, even beyond the span of life, the affections of the warm-hearted few who shared our joys and sorrows in the world. I once read the brief inscription, "Remember me," on a tombstone, in a country churchyard, with a tear, that the grave of Bonaparte would not have called forth.

But whom do we always remember with affection? The virtuous, the kind, the warm-hearted; those who have endeared themselves to us by the amiableness of their characters. It is the mind, the disposition, the habits, the feelings of our friends which attach us to them most strongly; which form the only lasting bond of affection; which alone can secure our affectionate remembrances.

Then, if we would be remembered with the kindliest feelings; if we would be embalmed in the memory of those we love; if we desire that, when fortune or fate shall separate us from our friends; they may long think of us; we must possess ourselves the same character we love in others. Never was a more noble line written in the history of man than this—"The first emotion of pain he ever caused was caused by his departure."—F. S. B.

WOMAN

Woman is not more variable than man. Her constancy has stood the test of fire, and blood, and torment, in thousands of instances, and shall she be called fickle? We verily believe that woman's friendship is infinitely more disinterested, infinitely more pure than man's. She will follow her lover through weal and woe—through evil report and good report—through poverty, through sorrow, and misery, and death. She will love him in his sin, and in his glory, and in his shame, and in his degradation;

and she will bind him the closer to her heart, as he falls the lower. Will man do so? No—let but the breath of evil report dim the brightness of the pure name of that being whom he loves, let her sin but once, and he will forsake her forever. Will he love her in abuse and ill-treatment? But suppose she coquet, and trifle with the affections of the worthy? Has she not been taught by example? How many hearts have broken and bled to death when forsaken by man! How many women have given their whole affections away, and poured out their whole hearts upon a lover, and then been forsaken! How often have attentions been offered to gratify vanity, and to please pride! How often? Alas! Who shall answer the question?—F. S. B.

MATERNAL AFFECTION

The chains of friendship may be joined together by years of unshrinking experience, and the ties of natural love be tested by the strong gales of adversity; yet, when contrasted with that self-existent, all-enduring emotion of a mother's love, they, with all other mortal affections, shrink into comparative insignificance before the fervent devotion of its imperishable features.

The instant one trembling respiration upheaves the tender bosom of her child, and the glad expression of life flits across its tiny countenance—the moment one infantile accent falls from its little lips, breathing the primal language of young nature, and seeming already to say, Mother! Mother!—from that moment of exalted felicity or entailed sorrow, an everlasting feeling leaps into the bosom of the parent, expands with the growth of her child, and increases with its strength.

The immutable fidelity and soul-subduing tenderness of a mother's affection, as we see it in our recollections of childhood and in our dreams of adolescence, and as we behold it smoothing away the thorns of life in our own rising offspring, is like a divine feeling which has been sent from heaven, to soften human nature, and prove that it yet has an affinity to things above the earth. Trace a mother's regard from the pillow of infancy, her own faithful bosom, to the death-couch of her child, when sorrow and sickness surround it, and you will find her unchangeable and unchanged.

Other affections may be founded upon passion, may wither away to nothing as time travels down to oblivion—friendships may decay and youthful loves be superseded by infatuation, but this one feeling predominates to the latest breathings of existence, knowing no shadow, seeing no blight.

Who that has seen an anxious mother watching over the cradle of her sick or slumbering child, fanning the flies from its features, and marking with most intense interest the faintest change of its countenance—who, I ask, that has seen the fluctuating expression of that parent's sleepless eye, can hesitate in declaring that the emotion which prompts her actions has no parallel in the bosoms of mankind. Nights of unmurmuring watchfulness, days of unwearied fatigue, and a lifetime of numberless deprivations, will all be patiently borne by a mother, if her child but reaps the benefit of such unearthly weariness and trial. Oh! that love cannot be less than a relic of paradise, a pure and unhallowed perception coming from the treasury of woman's soul, a beacon light to her offspring in the dark days of misfortune, when all other consolations have sunk back into chaos. Yea, when our youthful friends and the school companions of childhood have forsaken us; when shame and poverty have descended heavily and witheringly upon our names and fortunes; and even when a father's voice has exclaimed, "Away! I know you not," a mother's love, like an imperishable sun, cannot go out; its nature is coessential with her life, and one is extinguished only with the other. Her pathetic tongue will say, "Thou art my child; and though the hard-hearted world may spurn thee; though thou art friendless and covered with shame, thy mother cannot forget the artless prattling of thine infancy; cannot drown the remembrances of thy childish years, in the dark waves of iniquity which have flowed around thy later ones." She will still hope that the day of repentance is approaching; still believe that earthly misfortunes have led her offspring from the paths of virtue, and fervently pray that a reformation may speedily take place, to obliterate the sinful doings of her child. In a mother's love there is no insincerity; there are no modulations by fortune, but it lives and is nourished as intensely in the rural habitation of a peasant as among the noble and the great, and by the inheritors of a diadem. Its residence is in the center of her heart, from whence it flows through every avenue of feeling, quickening with its blessed influence the slightest thoughts and actions. And he that would repay all the faithful tenderness of a mother's devoted affection with unkindness and ingratitude,

"is a wretch
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward."

—F. S. B.

SELF RESPECT

Teach a man to think meanly and contemptibly of himself, to cast off all sense of character and all consciousness of a superior nature, and moral persuasion can no more act upon such a man than if he were dead. A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet there may be a hope of reclaiming him. But the moment he loses all sense of character and all consciousness of a superior nature—that is the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another, that moment all hope of reclaiming him perishes; for the last ground is surrendered on which it is possible for his remaining good principles to rally and make a stand. We have often known men who have retained their self-respect long after they had lost their regard for principle; but never one who retained his regard for principle after he had lost his self-respect. Destroy this, and you destroy everything; for a man who does not respect himself respects nothing.—F. S. B.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "HANS OF ICELAND"

When the soul is sad, it delights in melancholy scenes; it adds to them its own gloom. Let an unhappy man be thrown among wild, high mountains beside some black lake in the forest, at the close of day, and he will see this solemn scene through a funereal veil; he will not feel that the sun is setting, but that it is dying.

But you do not know that the disgrace held by the world to be unjust is sometimes confirmed by our secret conscience. Such is our poor nature; once unhappy, countless voices which slumbered in the time of our prosperity wake within us and accuse us of faults and errors before unnoted.

Doubt not that hearts seemingly the most hardened still conceal in their innermost recesses some trace of affection unknown even to themselves, apparently hidden by vice and passion, like a mysterious witness and a future avenger. It may be said to exist that it may some day make crime acquainted with grief. It silently bides its time. The wicked man bears it in his bosom and is unconscious of it because no ordinary affection is sufficient to pierce the thick crust of selfishness and iniquity which covers it; but let one of the rare and genuine sorrows of life appear unawares, and it plunges a sharp-edged sword into the dark regions of that soul and probes its lowest depths. Then the unknown sentiment of love is revealed to the wretched criminal, all the more violent for its long repression, all the more painful from his lack of sensibility, because the sting of misfortune was forced to stab the heart more deeply in order to reach it. Nature wakes and casts aside her chains; she delivers the miscreant to unwonted despair, to unheard-of torments; he feels, compressed into a single instant, all the sufferings which he has defied for years. The most various pangs rend him simultaneously. His heart, burdened by dull amazement, revolts to find itself a prey to convulsive agony. He seems to experience the pains of hell while still in this life, and something beyond despair is made clear to him.

Yes, a deep design often lies at the foot of what men call chance. There seems to be a mysterious hand which marks the cause and purpose of events. We inveigh against fickle fortune, against the strange accidents of our lot, and lo! chaos is made clear by a fearful flash of lightning or a marvelous beam of light, and human wisdom is humbled by the great lessons of fate.

An anxious heart cannot keep awake a man whose conscience is clear.

Never light the fire to fry the fish before it is in the net.

Alas! when we have long loved and revered the name of an unfortunate man, when in our secret soul we have vowed everlasting devotion to his misfortunes, it is bitter to be repaid with ingratitude, to feel that we are forever disenchanted with generosity, and that we must renounce the pure, sweet joys of loyal self-sacrifice. We grow old in an instant with the most melancholy form of old age; we grow old in experience, and we lose the most beautiful illusion of a life whose only beauty lies in its illusions.

We sometimes wait with inexplicable impatience and fearful eagerness for the misfortunes which we dread the most.

The soul sometimes has sudden inspirations, brilliant flashes whose extent can no more be expressed, whose depth can no more be sounded by an entire volume of thoughts and reflections, than the brightness of a thousand torches can reproduce the intense, swift radiance of a flash of lightning.

There is sometimes a power in the very simplicity of a gentle young spirit which outwits the artifices of a heart grown old in wickedness.

There are mysteries in the soul and in the destiny of man which men cannot penetrate, and which are judged in heaven alone.

And who knows what lies behind the veil of death? Who knows if our souls, freed from their material prison, may not sometimes return to watch over the souls of those they love, and hold mysterious communion with those sweet companions still prisoned in the flesh, and in secret bring them angelic comfort and heavenly bliss?

Every spectator watched his punishment without comprehending his crime. In every human heart lurks a strange feeling which urges its owner to behold the tortures of others as well as their pleasures. Men seek with awful avidity to read destruction upon the distorted features of one who is about to die, as if some revelation from heaven or from hell must appear at that awful moment in the poor wretch's eyes; as if they would learn what sort of shadow is cast by the death angel's wing as he hovers over a human head; as if they would search and know what is left to a man when hope is gone. That being, full of health and strength, moving, breathing, living, and which in another instant must cease to move, breathe, and live, surrounded by beings like himself, whom he never harmed, all of whom pity him, and none of whom can help him; that wretched being, dying, though not dead, bending alike beneath an earthly power and an invisible might; this life, which society could not give, but which it takes with all the pomp and ceremony of legal murder—profoundly stirs the popular imagination. Condemned, as all of us are, to death, with an indefinite reprieve, the unfortunate man who knows the exact hour when his reprieve expires is an object of strange and painful curiosity.

Uncontrolled minds have crushed men's bones in a vise; have broken their limbs upon the wheel; have dulled steel saws upon their skulls, have torn their quivering flesh with red-hot pincers; have burned the blood in their open veins by pouring a stream of molten lead and boiling oil.

Death is hideous to the wicked for the same reason that it is

beautiful to the good; both must put off their humanity, but the just man is delivered from his body as from a prison, while the wicked man is torn from it as from a jail. At the last moment hell yawns before the sinful soul which has dreamed of annihilation. It knocks anxiously at the dark portals of death; and it is not annihilation that answers.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).
Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

The three most difficult things are: to keep a secret, to employ time properly, and to bear an injury. Never speak evil of the dead. Reverence old age. Govern your anger. Be not over-hasty. The tongue ought to be always carefully restrained, but especially at the festive board. Seek not impossibilities. Let your friendship be more conspicuous in adversity than in prosperity. Prefer loss to illgotten wealth; the former is a trouble only once endured, but the latter will constantly oppress you.—CHILO (630 B. C.).

The possession of power discovers a man's true character.

Whatever you do, do it well.

Do not that to your neighbor which you would take ill from him.

Know your opportunity.

Never disclose your schemes, lest their failure expose you to ridicule as well as to disappointment.—PITTACUS (650-568 B.C.).

Study well the facts and operations of every business field you enter, and if your good name is required in the price of the wares, resign immediately.

Stock markets are like weak stomachs—easily upset.—GUY A. ROBINSON.

Trust to virtue and probity rather than to oaths. Counsel your friend in private, but never reprove him in public. Do not consider the present pleasure, but the ultimate good. Do not select friends hastily; but when once chosen, be slow to reject. Believe yourself fit to command when you have learned to obey. Honors worthily gained far exceed those which are accidental. —SOLON (638-558 B.C.).

A fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards.

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.—SOLOMON (1033-975 B.C.).

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "BUG-JARGAL"

BURNING FOREST

The burning of a forest is accompanied with many strange phenomena. Far off, long before the eye can detect the cause, a sound is heard like the rush of a cataract over opposing rocks; the trunks of the trees flame out with a sudden crash, the branches crackle, and the roots beneath the soil all contribute to the extraordinary uproar. The lakes and the marshes in the interior of the forest boil with the heat. The hoarse roar of the coming flame stills the air, causing a dull sound, sometimes increasing and sometimes diminishing in intensity as the conflagration sweeps on or recedes. Occasionally a glimpse can be caught of a clump of trees surrounded by a belt of fire, but as yet untouched by the flames; then a narrow streak of fire curls round the stems, and in another instant the whole becomes one mass of gold-colored fire. Then uprises a column of smoke, driven here and there by the breeze; it takes a thousand fantastic forms—spreads itself out, diminishes in an instant; at one moment it is gone, in another it returns with greater density; then all becomes a thick black cloud, with a fringe of sparks; a terrible sound is heard, the sparks disappear, and the smoke ascends, disappearing at last in a mass of red ashes, which sink down slowly upon the blackened ground.

Some people take an enemy for a friend, and a friend for an enemy.

When any extraordinary events, unexpected anxieties or catastrophes, intrude themselves suddenly into a life up to that period peaceful and happy, these unexpected emotions interrupt the repose of the soul which lay dreaming in the monotony of prosperity. Misfortune which comes on you in this manner does not seem like an awakening from bliss, but rather like a dream of evil. With the man who has been invariably happy, despair begins with stupor. Unexpected misery is like a cramp—it clasps, and deadens everything. Men, acts, and things at that time pass before us like a fantastic apparition, and move along as if in a dream. Everything in the horizon of our life is changed, both the atmosphere and the perspective; but it still goes on for a long time before our eyes have lost that sort of luminous image of past happiness which follows in its train, and interposes without cessation between it and the somber present. Then everything that is appears to be unreal and ridiculous, and we can scarcely believe in our own existence, because we find nothing around us that formerly used to compose our life, and we can not understand how all can have gone away without taking us with it, and why nothing of our life remains to us.

Were this strained position of the soul to continue long, it would disturb the equilibrium of the brain and become madness—a state happier perhaps than that which remains, for life then is nothing but a vision of past misfortune, acting like a ghost.

Death has but few terrors for the crushed and broken spirit; but how heavy and icy is his hand when it grasps the heart which has just begun to live and revel in the joys of life!—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare was the greatest of philosophers.

He knew the conditions of success—of happiness—the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all. He knew the tides and currents of the heart—the cliffs and caverns of the brain. He knew the weakness of the will, the sophistry of desire—and

> "That pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than
> adders to the voice of any true decision."

He knew that the soul lives in an invisible world—that flesh is but a mask, and that

> "There is no art to find the mind's construction
> In the face."

He knew that courage should be the servant of judgment, and that

> "When valor preys on reason it eats the sword
> It fights with."

He knew that man is never master of the event, that he is to some extent the sport or prey of the blind forces of the world, and that

> "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men."

Feeling that the past is unchangeable, and that that which must happen is as much beyond control as though it had happened, he says:

> "Let determined things to destiny
> Hold unbewailed their way."

Shakespeare was great enough to know that every human being prefers happiness to misery, and that crimes are but mistakes. Looking in pity upon the human race, upon the pain and poverty, the crimes and cruelties, the limping travelers on the thorny paths, he was great and good enough to say:

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

In all the philosophies there is no greater line. This great truth fills the heart with pity.

He knew that place and power do not give happiness—that the crowned are subject as the lowest to fate and chance.

"For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king"!

So, too, he knew that gold could not bring joy—that death and misfortune come alike to rich and poor, because:

"If thou art rich thou art poor;
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

In some of his philosophy there was a kind of scorn—a hidden meaning that could not in his day and time have safely been expressed. You will remember that Laertes was about to kill the king, and this king was the murderer of his own brother, and sat upon the throne by reason of his crime—and in the mouth of such a king Shakespeare puts these words:

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

So, in Macbeth:

> "How he solicits heaven himself best knows; but
> Strangely visited people
> All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
> The mere despairs of surgery, he cures;
> Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
> Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken
> To the succeeding royalty—he leaves
> The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
> He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
> And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
> That speak him full of grace."

Shakespeare was the master of the human heart—knew all the hopes, fears, ambitions and passions that sway the mind of man; and thus knowing, he declared that

> "Love is not love that alters
> When it alteration finds."

This is the sublimest declaration in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare seems to give the generalization—the result—without the process of thought. He seems always to be at the conclusion—standing where all truths meet.

In one of the Sonnets is this fragment of a line that contains the highest possible truth:

> "Conscience is born of love."

If man were incapable of suffering, the words right and wrong never could have been spoken. If man were destitute of imagination, the flower of pity never could have blossomed in his heart.

We suffer—we cause others to suffer—those that we love—and of this fact conscience is born.

Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart. It is the mingled spring and autumn—the perfect climate of the soul.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

From the Dresden Edition.
Permission C. P. Farrell, Rye, N. Y.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "CLAUDE GUEUX"

How often it happens, that, when a catastrophe occurs, if we inquire into the cause we find it originated through the obstinacy of one with little ability, but having full faith in his own powers.

Is not the eye the window of the soul, and what other result could be anticipated than that the intelligent spirit should lead men with few ideas, who yielded to the attraction as the metal does to the lodestone?

What would be mirth to a duke, to a prisoner would be a great misfortune.

What Nature has begun in the individual, let society carry out.

POOR PEOPLE

Whatever you may do for the people, the majority will always remain poor and unhappy. Theirs the work, the heavy burden to carry, to endure; all the miseries for the poor, all the pleasures for the rich.

As such is life, ought not the State to lean to the weaker and helpless side?

In the midst of all this wretchedness, if you but throw hope in the balance, let the poor man learn there is a heaven where joy reigns, a paradise that he can share, and you raise him; he feels that he has a part in the rich man's joys. And this was the teaching Jesus gave, and He knew more about it than Voltaire.

Then give to these people who work, and who suffer here, the hope of a different world to come, and they will go on patiently; for patience but follows in the footsteps of hope. Then spread the gospel in all our villages, let every cottage have its Bible; the seed thus sown will soon circulate. Encourage virtue, and from that will spring so much that now lies fallow.

The man turned assassin under certain circumstances, if differently influenced would have served his country well.

Then give the people all encouragement; improve the masses, enlighten them, guard their morals, make them useful, and to such heads as those you will not require to use cold steel.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

SCANDINAVIAN PHILOSOPHY

The wise man, on coming in,
Is silent and observes,
Hears with his ears, looks with his eyes,
And carefully reflects on every event.

A foolish man, in company, had better be silent.
Until he speaks no one observes his folly.
But he who knows little does not know this,
When he had better be silent.

Do not mock at the stranger
Who comes trusting in your kindness;
For when he has warmed himself at your fire,
He may easily prove a wise man.

It is better to depart betimes,
And not to go too often to the same house.
Love tires and turns to sadness
When one sits too often at another man's table.

Small as a grain of sand
Is the small sense of a fool;
Very unequal is human wisdom.
The world is made of two unequal halves.

It is well to be wise; it is not well
To be too wise.
He has the happiest life
Who knows well what he knows.

It is well to be wise; not well
To be too wise.
The wise man's heart is not glad
When he knows too much.

Two burning sticks placed together
Will burn entirely away.
Man grows bright by the side of man;
Alone, he remains stupid.

From the poem "Havamal" from the ancient Scandinavian mythology, *The Elder Edda.*
Published in the eleventh century.

No prophet has been raised up who has not performed the work of a shepherd.—MOHAMMED (570-632 A.D.).

INSTRUCTION TO HIS COURT PHILOSOPHER

Never instruct me in public; never be in haste to give me your advice in private. Wait till I question you; answer in a direct and precise manner. If you see me quitting the path of rectitude, gently lead me back to it, without any harsh expressions; but never address me in equivocal terms.—SARACEN KHALIF-HAROUN AL RASCHILD (765-809 A.D.).

THE MIGHTY SULTAN—ALP-ARSLAN ON HIS DEATH BED

I now call to mind two lessons which I received from a reverend sage. The one bade me despise no man; the other, not to estimate myself too highly, or to confide in my personal prowess. I have neglected what his wisdom taught. The vast numbers of my army, which I viewed yesterday from an eminence, made me believe that all obstacles would yield to my power. I have perished from my errors, and my end will show how weak is the power of kings and the force of man when opposed to the decrees of destiny.—ALP-ARSLAN (1073 A.D.).

SHAKESPEARE

In the alembic of Shakespeare's brain the baser metals were turned to gold—passions became virtues—weeds became exotics from some diviner land—and common mortals made of ordinary clay outranked the Olympian gods. In his brain there was the touch of chaos that suggests the infinite—that belongs to genius. Talent is measured and mathematical—dominated by prudence and the thought of use. Genius is tropical. The creative instinct runs riot, delights in extravagance and waste, and overwhelms the mental beggars of the world with uncounted gold and unnumbered gems.—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

There are many people who never wore a crown, but are royal within.

Battles have been won, as much by the virtues of its generals as by their arms.

Those who are most servile in their flatteries in time of prosperity become the loudest in their invectives and execrations in time of misfortune.

Enormous wealth and luxurious living experience the malignity which vice ever displays toward virtue.

Be careful when you build a scaffold, that your inventive genius has not caused your neck to be broken.

Philosophy has seen through the forest of opposition further than skepticism has seen across the prairie of natural law.

A man, to prove his moral greatness, must conquer himself.

He is a wise man who can see through his enthusiasm the right status of his labors, without being blinded by egotism.

He is a wise man who, when the world is at his feet, can still see in the common people the true light of his success.

Egotism never recognizes wisdom.

ANDERSON M. BATEN.

When in love, do not analyze.—Chinese Proverb.

MORALITY

Morality is the melody of the perfection of conduct. A man is not moral because he is obedient through fear or ignorance. Morality lives in the realm of perceived obligation, and where a being acts in accordance with perceived obligation, that being is moral. Morality is not the child of slavery. Ignorance is not the corner-stone of virtue.

In true marriage men and women give not their bodies, but their souls. This is the ideal marriage; this is moral. They who give their bodies, but not their souls, are not married, whatever the ceremony may be; this is immoral.

MATERNITY

To me, the tenderest word in our language, the most pathetic fact within our knowledge, is maternity. Around this sacred word cluster the joys and sorrows, the agonies and ecstasies, of the human race. The mother walks in the shadow of death that she may give another life. Upon the altar of love she puts her own life in pawn. When the world is civilized, no wife will become a mother against her will. Man will then know that to enslave another is to imprison himself.

ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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THE ROSE

Fragrant with the sweet perfume that cannot be touched, illuminating the soul with its ethereal beauty, emblematic of God's divine love, is the rose. Who can look upon the rose, the emblem of all that is good and pure, without feeling in his heart the sacred and omnipotent power of the great Creator, who touched with His divine love the rosebud and caused it to burst forth in all its beauty, fragrant with the breath of the great Creator. —C. M. JOINER.

Stand firm like a rock, against which, though the waves batter, yet it stands unmoved and they fall to rest at last. "How unfortunate has this accident made me!" cries such a one. Not at all! He should rather say: "What a happy mortal am I for being unconcerned upon this occasion—for being neither crushed by the present, nor afraid of what is to come!"—MARCUS AURELIUS (121-180 A.D.).

I WAS NEVER MASTER OF MY OWN ACTIONS

The truth is, I never was master of my own actions. I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans, but I never had it in my power to execute any. I held the reins with a vigorous hand, but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them. I prudently yielded rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I was never truly my own master, but was always controlled by circumstances. Thus, at the commencement of my rise, during the consulate, my sincere friends and warm partisans frequently asked me, with the best intentions, and as a guide for their own conduct, what point I was driving at. I always answered that I did not know. They were surprised—probably dissatisfied; and yet I spoke the truth. Subsequently, during the empire, when there was less familiarity, many faces seemed to put the same question to me. I might still have given the same reply. In fact, I was not master of my own actions, because I was not foolish enough to attempt to twist events into conformity with my system. On the contrary, I moulded my system according to the unforeseen succession of events. This often appeared like unsteadiness and inconsistency, and of this fault I was sometimes unjustly accused. —NAPOLEON (1769-1821).

My good blade craves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure. —TENNYSON (1809-1892).

NAPOLEON

The amount of intellectual labor which Napoleon performed seems actually superhuman. No other man has ever approached him in this respect. His correspondence, preserved in the archives of Paris, would amount to many hundred volumes. His genius illumines every subject upon which he treats. The whole expanse of human knowledge seemed familiar to him. He treats of war, government, legislation, education, finance, political economy, theology, philosophy, engineering—every subject which can interest the human mind, and he is alike great in all. Notwithstanding the constant and terrible wars through which his banded foes compelled him to struggle, and all the cares of an empire which at times seemed to embrace the whole of Europe, during the twenty years of his reign he wrote or dictated more than the united works of Lope de Vega, Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott, three of the most voluminous writers of Spain, France, and England. His confidential correspondence with the Directory, during the two years from 1796 to 1798, which was published in Paris in 1819, amounts to seven large closely-printed volumes.—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon.*
Permission Harper & Co.

FROM "MACBETH"

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more, is none.

Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care; the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath; balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more; it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

NAPOLEON'S IMMORTALITY

Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, *"I am a believer."* I said *religion is a power—a political engine.* But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, *"Yes, I am a Christian."* And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes, I should have endured it rather than deny my religion! But, now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? . . .

Divine effects compel me to believe in a divine cause. Yes, there is a divine cause, a sovereign reason, an infinite being. That cause is the cause of causes—that reason is the reason creative of intelligence. There exists an infinite being, compared with whom you, General Bertrand, are but an atom; compared with whom I, Napoleon, with all my genius, am truly nothing, a pure nothing;

do you understand? I perceive Him—God. I see Him, have need of Him, I believe in Him. If you do not perceive Him, if you do not believe in Him, very well, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an atheist and materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul, who believes that he is but a lump of clay, and who wishes that I may also be, like him, a lump of clay? . . .

Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman? this Numa, this Lycurgus? these priests of India or of Memphis? this Confucius? this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said anything new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to the creation. Enter the sanctuaries of paganism—you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and the rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fetes, impurity and abomination adorned, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol, and his priest. Does this honor God or does it dishonor him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

As for me, I say no. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overawe me. Not that I am unjust to them; no, I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undeniably, princes whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of power, as the ideal of force and beauty, such princes were no ordinary men.

I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by Himself. His ideas and His sentiments, the truths which He announces, His manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

His birth, and the history of His life; the profundity of His doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is, of those difficulties, the most admirable solution; His Gospel, His apparition, His empire, His march across the ages and the realms, everything, is for me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I can not escape, a mystery which is there before my eyes, a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is above me, everything remains grand—of a grandeur which overpowers.

His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or the example of His life. He is not a philosopher, since He advances by miracles, and, from the commencement, His disciples worshiped Him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did He impose upon them any preliminary studies or any knowledge of letters. All His religion consists in *believing.*

In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Also, He has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone He brings his Gospel. The soul is sufficient for Him, as He is sufficient for the soul. Before Him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At His voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*faith.*

What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does He teach men to pray! He imposes His belief, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict Him; first, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains, of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *no* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which He alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous, but no one can venture to say *it is not so.*

Moreover, consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions which relate to the essence of man and to the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned anything from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not truly a vain and pompous ideology, without any connection with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato; but to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician; and, moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

The Christian religion is neither ideology nor metaphysics, but a practical rule which directs the actions of man, corrects him, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable in being deceived, for everything in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the equal of Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature, can offer me anything with which I am able to compare it or explain it. Here everything is extraordinary. The more I consider the Gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the Gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for them who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it! Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests! Who but God could produce that type, that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples

"They are about to take me, and to crucify me," said he. "I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them from heaven a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world."

And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul the "foolishness of the cross"; this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished, and the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

It is not a day nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles, and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy, individuals scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the man-God. His disciples were armed with it. "The Christ," they said, "God has died for the salvation of men." What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the sufferings of the man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence; on the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, the conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

Can you conceive of Cæsar, the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of his church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the church remains. What is then the power which has protected this church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Where is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last, he is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the son of the Eternal by his disregard of *time*. All his doctrines signify one only and the same thing—*Eternity*.

It is true that Christ proposed to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, *"I am God."* He declares it. What an abyss he creates by that declaration between himself and all the fabricators of religion! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse and a reason for atheism.

Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? Whither do I go? Who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity, at least, does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades everything that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others (here the emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it); I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which defile like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved,* man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lighting of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to anyone. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name, and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who are the courtiers of my misfortune? Who thinks of me? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile.

(Here the voice of the emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:)

Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The ruin of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me! Assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God.—NAPOLEON (1769-1821).

From Abbott's *Napoleon.*
Permission Harper & Co.

MY MOTHER

My mother, 'tis a long and weary time
Since last I looked upon thy sad, sweet face,
And listened to the gentle spirit-tones
Of thy dear voice of music. I was then
A child, a bright-haired child. The fearful thought
Which slowly fastened on my throbbing brain,
That thou wast passing from the earth away,
Was my young life's first sorrow. Through the long
And solemn watches of that awful night,
Kind friends, who dearly loved us, gathered round
Thy dying couch, and, in my agony,
I shrieked to them to save thee; but with tears,

And in the tones of holy sympathy,
They told me thou wouldst die.
Ah, then I bowed
My head to God, whose worship thy dear lips
Had taught me, and to Him with bursting heart
I prayed that He would spare thee. And, as there
I knelt, a holy calm, as if from heaven,
Came stealing o'er my spirit, and a voice
Floated into my soul. It said that thou
Must leave me, that thy home was in the sky,
But that thou still wouldst love and guard thy child,
And hover round him on thy angel-wings
In all his wanderings here.
My mother, then
I rose in more than childhood's strength, and watched
The fading of thy life. Dear friends still hung
Around thy pillow, but I saw them not.
Wild lamentations and deep sobs were breathed
From hearts of anguish, but I heard them not.
A man of God poured forth his soul in prayer
For thy soul's welfare, but I heard him not.
I saw but thy wan cheek, thy parted lips,
Thy half-closed eyes, so meek and calm beneath
Their blue-veined lids; thy bright, disheveled locks,
Thy pallid brow, damp with the dews of death,
And the faint heaving of thy breast, that oft
In happy hours had pillowed my young head
To sweet and gentle slumber; and I heard
But the faint struggle of thy failing breath,
Thy stifling sighs, and the high, holy words
That seemed to fall like dew-drops on my soul
From out the blessed skies. All suddenly
Thy dark eyes opened, and a moment looked
Upon thy child with one fixed, burning gaze,
In which the deep and hoarded love of years
Was all concentred; a convulsive thrill
Shot through the fibres of thy wasted frame;
And Death was there—aye, thou wast mine and Death's;
And then my tears again gushed wildly forth;
But light from heaven broke through them with a soft

Prismatic glory, as I gazed above,
And saw thee mounting, like a new-made star,
Far up thy glowing pathway in the heavens.

Long years, my dear, lost mother, have gone by
Since thy death-hour. My childhood and my youth
Have passed since then, and my strong manhood's prime
Has faded like a vision, for my years
Far, far outnumber thine on earth. I've seen
Much, much of joy and sorrow; I have felt
Life's storms and sunshine, but I ne'er have known
Such raptures as my full heart shared with thee
In childhood's fairy years. Now, Time no more
Scatters fresh roses round my feet; his hand
Lets fall upon my path but pale, torn flowers,
Dead blossoms, that the gentle dews of eve,
The morning sunlight and the noontide rains
Can ne'er revive. E'en thy dear image now,
The sunlight of my childhood, seems to fade
From Memory's vision. 'Tis as some pale tint
Upon the twilight wave, a broken glimpse
Of something beautiful and dearly loved
In far-gone years; a dim and tender dream,
That, like a faint bow on a darkened sky,
Lies on my clouded brain. But, oh! thy voice—
Its tones can never perish in my soul;
It visits me amid the strife of men
In the dark city's solitude. It comes,
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,
Upon my listening spirit like a strain
Of fairy music o'er the sea. And oft,
When at the eventide, amid a hush
Deep as the awful stillness of a dream,
I stray all lonely through the leafless woods,
And gaze upon the moon that seems to mourn
Her lonely lot in heaven or on the trees,
That look like frowning Titans in the dim
And doubtful light, that unforgotten voice
Swells on my ear like the low mournful tone
Imprisoned in the sea-shell, or the sound,

The melancholy sound, of dying gales
Panting upon the far-off tree-tops.
Yes,
My mother dear, though mountains, hills and streams
Divide me from thy grave, where I so oft
In childhood laid my bosom on the turf
That covered thine; though the drear winter storms
Long, long have cast o'er thee their spotless shrouds,
And Night her pall, and though thine image sweet,
The one dear picture cherished through my life,
Grows dim and dimmer in my brain, thy voice
Is ever in my ear and in my heart,
To teach me love and gentleness and truth,
And warn me from the perils that surround
The paths of pilgrims o'er this desert earth.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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A GLORIOUS MORNING

It is a most entrancing morning. I have just come in from a stroll in the sunshine to and fro along the stone walk to the north gate. The sky is cloudless, and the wind just strong enough to turn the mill slowly in the soft air. The smoke from the chimney rises straight to the zenith and dissolves in the stainless blue. In the deep, distant valley the river glimmers through a dim silver mist woven with shifting purple like the hues which gleam on the breast of a dove. Undulating along the horizon, the bluffs rise like translucent crags of violet, and from the city beneath columns of vapor and fumes from engines and factories ascend, accompanied by a confused and inarticulate murmur, like the whispers of protest and pain. During the night it rained, and the grass of the lawn is green. It glitters and scintillates with the transitory gems of the frost. Here and there are disappearing ridges of the snow from the storm of Monday, and in the hollows of the grove the bronze leaves of the oaks are piled, to be dispersed by the next gale, like the ruined gold of a spendthrift, or the vanishing hopes of men.—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).

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Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—PYTHAGORAS (586-497 B.C.).

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—VOLTAIRE (1694-1778).

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—SYRUS (43 B.C.).

Perfect valor is to do without witnesses what one would do before all the world.

As it is the marts of great minds to say many things in a few words, so it is that of little minds to use many words to say nothing.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.

Almost all the world takes pleasure in paying small debts; many people show gratitude for trifling but there is hardly one who does not show ingratitude for great favors.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in the opinions they form of us than we do in our opinions of ourselves.

—DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (1613-1680).

THE SEA

Its beauty is of God. It possesses it in richness of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it, in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find it in a pathway of silver, when they dance to and fro with the breeze and the waves through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, soft and streaming behind a milky-way of dim and uncertain luster, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven.—F. S. B.

VIRTUE

Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within, it assumes a new and superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed, whatever be its sect, from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God's empire, and from his throne of thrones he will defend it. The orbs of creation, the islands of light which float in myriads on the ocean of the universe; suns that have no number, pouring lights upon worlds that, untravelled by the wings of seraphim, spread through the depths of space without end; these are, to the eye of God, but the creatures of a less exertion of his power born to blaze, to testify his power, and to perish. But virtue is more precious than all worlds, an emanation, an essence of Himself, more ethereal than the angels, more durable than the palaces of heaven; the mightiest masterpiece of Him who set the stars upon their courses, and filled chaos with a universe.

Though cast into this distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it; the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of its Creator!—F. S. B.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict, standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed death, in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up, like specters from the grave, to haunt our midnight musings.—F. S. B.

HOPE

I am the child of the morning. I attend the bright spirits of the fairy world, and gaze with the eye of an eagle upon the burning sun as it careers on high. I am not the offspring of poetry, although I often flit across the poet's world. I drink of the streams that flow from the regions of romance, and refresh myself among mines of sparkling rubies that are scattered along my path. Years are to me as nothing, for I am not the servant of time. Go ask the martyr at the stake what will cheer him when the fagot blazes at his feet? He will answer, *Hope.* Ask the plague-stricken wretch, whose very touch is contamination, and the air he breathes is poison, what sustains him in his agony? He will answer, Hope!

Without me, fame would lure but few to her blazing temple, for I cheer them on; when they are weary I point them onward; when they slumber I awake them; and when mists surround them, and they know not where to tread, I clear them a way, I open the path before them, smooth its ruggedness, lure them onward with my "siren song" through delightful meadows, through groves, and by refreshing waters.

I have seen the being bereft of me hold the dagger in his hand, while his raised arm and bared bosom told his determination: I have then returned—I have whispered in his ear—the dagger has fallen at his feet—the glow of health revisited his cheek—he has embraced his beloved, and shed tears of joy around the home I have thus given him. Think you that the incarcerated in the dungeon broods over nothing but his wrongs? That he dreams of nothing but revenge? No, no, I hold my magic glass before his vision, and the prison walls expand—flowers blow in his path—music in his ear—and those he loves he again embraces. These are alone for the innocent. I strengthen virtue—I add new horrors to vice—I forsake the wretched culprit, he dies not like a man. My habitation is not in the dark soul of the infidel, for I would lead him to virtue, point him to other worlds, reveal floods of light, of life, and of knowledge: he would cease to glory in his nothingness, to acknowledge himself the "dark being of chance."—F. S. B.

THE WIFE

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all round it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful, than in that of *wife;* parents, brethren, and friends have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband. When we behold her in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and of patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.—F. S. B.

PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skillful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said, that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvas; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from anger to good-humor, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind. Bonaparte had beautiful hands and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. When walking, either alone or in company with anyone, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot: he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it. When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.—BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS (1769-1834).

ON READING THE ANCIENT CLASSICS

No wonder that Alexander carried the Iliad with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read but actually breathed from all human lips; not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself. The symbol of an ancient man's thought becomes a modern man's speech. Two thousand summers have imparted to the monuments of Grecian literature, as to her marbles, only a maturer golden and autumnal tint, for they have carried their own serene and celestial atmosphere into all lands to protect them against the corrosion of time. Books are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations. Books, the oldest and the best, stand naturally and rightfully on the shelves of every cottage. They have no cause of their own to plead, but while they enlighten and sustain the reader his common sense will not refuse them. Their authors are a natural and irresistible aristocracy in every society, and, more than kings or emperors, exert an influence on mankind. When the illiterate and perhaps scornful trader has earned by enterprise and industry his coveted leisure and independence, and is admitted to the circles of wealth and fashion, he turns inevitably at last to those still higher but yet inaccessible circles of intellect and genius, and is sensible only of the imperfection of his culture, and the vanity and insufficiency of all his riches, and further proves his good sense by the pains which he takes to secure for his children that intellectual culture whose want he so keenly feels; and thus it is that he becomes the founder of a family.

Those who have not learned to read the ancient classics in the language in which they were written must have a very imperfect knowledge of the history of the human race; for it is remarkable that no transcript of them has ever been made into any modern tongue, unless our civilization itself may be regarded as such a transcript. Homer has never yet been printed in English, nor Æschylus, nor Virgil even—works as refined, as solidly done, and as beautiful almost as the morning itself; for later writers, say what we will of their genius, have rarely, if ever, equaled the elaborate beauty and finish and the lifelong and heroic literary labors of the ancients. They only talk of forgetting them who never knew them. It will be soon enough to forget them when we have the learning and the genius which will enable us to attend to and appreciate them. That age will be rich, indeed, when those relics which we call classics, and the still older and more than classic but even less known scriptures of the nations, shall have still further accumulated, when the Vaticans shall be filled with Vedas and Zendavestas and Bibles, with Homers and Dantes and Shakespeares, and all the centuries to come shall successively deposit their trophies in the forum of the world. By such a pile we may hope to scale heaven at last.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862).

EXPRESSIONS THAT MADE "LES MISERABLES" A MASTERPIECE

[So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which, in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth and complicates a destiny that is divine with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like *Les Miserables* cannot be useless.]

Be it true or false, what is said about men often has as much influence upon their lives, and especially upon their destinies, as what they do.

The most sublime things are often least comprehended.

It is wrong to be so absorbed in the divine law as not to perceive the human law.

Death belongs to God alone. By what right do men touch that unknown thing?

Use your personality while you have it.

Yes, the brutalities of progress are called revolutions. When they are over this is recognized: that the human race has been harshly treated, but that it has advanced.

The infinite exists. It is there. If the infinite had no *me,* the *me* would be its limit; it would not be the infinite; in other words, it would not be. But it is. Then it has a *me.* This *me* of the infinite is God.

Under certain circumstances, instruction and enlightenment may serve as rallying points for evil.

Nature sometimes joins her effects and her appearances to our acts with a sort of serious and intelligent appropriateness, as if she would compel us to reflect.

Too much improvisation leaves the mind stupidly void.

To intrust is sometimes to abandon.

Books are cold but sure friends.

Society closes its doors, without pity, on two classes of men, those who attack it and those who guard it.

There are instincts for all the crises of life.

Coarse natures have this in common with artless natures—that they have no transitions.

When a man has a right he shows it.

There are moments when hideous suppositions besiege us like a throng of furies and violently force the portals of our brain. When those whom we love are in danger our solicitude invents all sorts of follies.

Great strategists have their eclipses.

Joy is the reflex of terror.

A volcano enlightens, but the morning enlightens still better.

A thorough contradiction; for an affection is a conviction.

Affinities commence with the letters of the alphabet.

Nothing is so stupid as to vanquish; the real glory is to convince.

Everything obeys success, even grammar.

All passions except those of the heart are dissipated by reverie.

As work diminishes necessities increase.

Mobs, as we know, are like snowballs, and gather a heap of tumultuous men as they roll.

To a condemned man, a mask is not a mask, but a shelter.

It is always good tactics in rascality to pretend to recognize one whom you do not know.

The touch of a wicked man is often enough to corrupt a good deed and to make an evil result spring from it.

Because things are unpleasant, that is no reason for being unjust toward God.

It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to live.

Diamonds are only found in dark places of the earth; truths are found only in the depths of thought.

What is conscience? It is the compass of the unknown.

A faith is a necessity to man. Woe to him who believes nothing.

To meditate is to labor; to think is to act.

Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will toward effort, and the whole soul toward aspiration.

Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings toward the ideal life.

Poverty in youth makes a boy look at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that he sees God.

Humanity is identity. All men are the same clay. No difference, here below at least, in predestination. The same darkness before, the same flesh during, the same ashes after life. But ignorance, mixed with the human composition, blackens it. This incurable ignorance possesses the heart of man, and there becomes evil.

The reduction of the universe to a single being, the expansion of a single being even to God, this is love. Love is the salutation of the angel to the stars.

You look at a star from two motives: because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have at your side a softer radiance and a greater mystery—woman.

We all, whoever we may be, have our respirable beings. If they fail us, the air fails us, we stifle, then we die. To die for lack of love is horrible—the asphyxia of the soul.

When love has melted and mingled two beings into an angelic and sacred unity, the secret of life is found for them; they are then but the two terms of a single destiny; they are then but the two wings of a single spirit.

The future belongs still more to the heart than to the mind. To love is the only thing which can occupy and fill up eternity. The infinite requires the inexhaustible.

The mind's eye can nowhere find anything more dazzling nor more dark than in man; it can fix itself upon nothing which is more awful, more complex, more mysterious, or more infinite. There is one spectacle grander than the sea—that is the sky; there is one spectacle grander than the sky—that is the interior of the soul.

To write the poem of the human conscience, were it only of a single man, were it only of the most infamous of men, would be to swallow up all epics in a superior and final epic. The conscience is the chaos of chimeras, of lusts and of temptations, the furnace of dreams, the cave of the ideas which are our shame; it is the pandemonium of sophisms, the battlefield of the passions. At certain hours penetrate within the livid face of a human being who reflects and look at what lies behind—look into that soul, look into that obscurity. There, beneath the external silence, are combats of giants as in Homer, melees of dragons and hydras, and clouds of phantoms as in Milton, ghostly labyrinths as in Dante. What a gloom enwraps that infinite which each man bears within himself, and by which he measures in despair the desires of his will and the actions of his life!

Darkness makes the brain giddy. Man needs light. Whoever plunges into the opposite of day feels his heart chilled. When the eye sees blackness the mind sees trouble. In an eclipse, in night in the sooty darkness, there is anxiety even to the strongest. Nobody walks alone at night in the forest without trembling. Darkness and trees, two formidable depths—a reality of chimeras appear in the indistinct distance. The inconceivable outlines itself a few steps from you with a spectral clearness. You see floating in space or in your brain something strangely vague and unseizable as the dreams of sleeping flowers. There are fierce phantoms in the horizon. You breathe in the odors of the great black void. You are afraid, and are tempted to look behind you. The hollowness of night, the haggardness of all things, the silent profiles that fade away as you advance, the obscure dishevelments, angry clumps, livid pools, the gloom reflected in the funereal, the sepulchral immensity of silence, the possible unknown beings, the swayings of mysterious branches, the frightful twistings of the trees, long spires of shivering grass—against all this you have no defense. There is no bravery which does not shudder and feel the nearness of anguish. You feel something hideous, as if the soul were amalgamating with the shadow. This penetration of the darkness is inexpressibly dismal for a child.

The doll is one of the most imperious necessities, and at the same time one of the most charming instincts of female childhood. To care for, to clothe, to adorn, to dress, to undress, to dress over again, to teach, to scold a little, to rock, to cuddle, to put to sleep, to imagine that something is somebody—all the future of woman is there. Even while musing and prattling, while making little wardrobes and little baby-clothes, while sewing little dresses, little bodices, and little jackets, the child becomes a little girl, the little girl becomes a great girl, the great girl becomes a woman. The first baby takes the place of the last doll. A little girl without a doll is almost as unfortunate and quite as impossible as a woman without children.

Great blunders are often made, like large ropes, of a multitude of fibers. Take the cable thread by thread, take separately all the little determining motives, you break them one after another, and you say: that is all. Wind them and twist them together they become an enormity; Attila hesitating between Marcian in the east and Valentinian in the west; Hannibal delaying at Capua; Danton falling to sleep at Arcis sur Aube.

Oh, vanity! the patching up of everything with big words! A kitchen is a laboratory, a dancer is a professor, a mountebank is a gymnast, a boxer is a pugilist, an apothecary is a chemist, a hod-carrier is an architect, a jockey is a sportsman, a wood-louse is a pterygo-branchiate. Vanity has a right side and a wrong side; the right side is stupid, it is the negro with his beads; the wrong side is silly, it is the philosopher with his rags.

The jostlings of young minds against each other have this wonderful attribute, that one can never foresee the spark nor predict the flash. What may spring up in a moment? Nobody knows. A burst of laughter follows a scene of tenderness. In a moment of buffoonery, the serious makes its entrance. Impulses depend upon a chance word. The spirit of each is sovereign. A jest suffices to open the door to the unlooked-for. Theirs are conferences with sharp turns, where the perspective suddenly changes. Chance is the dictator of these conversations.

NAPOLEON

Be just my friends! To be the empire of such an emperor, what a splendid destiny for a people when that people is France and when it adds its genius to the genius of such a man! To appear and to reign; to march and to triumph; to have every capital for a magazine; to take his grenadiers and make kings of them; to decree the downfall of dynasties; to transfigure Europe at a double-quick step, so that men feel, when you threaten, that you lay your hand on the hilt of the sword of God; to follow, in a single man, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Charlemagne; to be the people of one who mingles with your every dawn the glorious announcement of a battle gained; to be wakened in the morning by the cannon of the Invalides; to hurl into the vault of day mighty words which blaze forever—Marengo, Arcola, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram; to call forth at every moment constellations of victories in the zenith of the centuries; to make the French Empire the successor of the Roman Empire; to be the grand nation and to bring forth the grand army; to send your legions flying over the whole earth as a mountain sends its eagles upon all sides; to vanquish, to rule, to thunderstrike, to be in Europe a kind of gilded people through much glory; to sound through history a Titan trumpet-call; to conquer the world twice, by conquest and by resplendence—this is sublime; and what can be more grand?

For there are many great deeds done in the small struggles of life. There is a determined, though unseen, bravery which defends itself foot to foot in the darkness against the fatal invasions of necessity and of baseness. Noble and mysterious triumphs which no eye sees, which no renown rewards, which no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment, poverty, are battlefields which have their heroes; obscure heroes, sometimes greater than the illustrious heroes.

Strong and rare natures are thus created; misery, almost always a stepmother, is sometimes a mother; privation gives birth to power of soul and mind; distress is the nurse of self-respect; misfortune is a good breast for great souls.

Brains absorbed in wisdom or in folly, or, as often happens, in both at once, are but very slowly permeable by the affairs of life. Their own destiny is far from them. There results from such concentrations of mind a passivity which, if it were due to reason, would resemble philosophy. We decline, we descend, we fall, we are even overthrown, and we hardly perceive it. This always ends, it is true, by an awakening, but a tardy one. In the meantime, it seems as though we were neutral in the game which is being played between our good and our ill fortune. We are the stake, yet we look upon the contest with indifference.

Were it given to our eye of flesh to see into the consciences of others, we should judge a man much more surely from what he dreams than from what he thinks. There is will in the thought, there is none in the dream. The dream, which is completely spontaneous, takes and keeps, even in the gigantic and the ideal, the form of our mind. Nothing springs more directly and more sincerely from the very bottom of our souls than our unreflected and indefinite aspirations toward the splendors of destiny. In these aspirations much more than in ideas which are combined, studied and compared, we can find the true character of each man. Our chimeras are what most resemble ourselves. Each one dreams the unknown and the impossible according to his own nature.

THE GLANCE OF A VIRTUOUS MAIDEN

What he had seen was not the simple, artless eye of a child; it was a mysterious abyss, half-opened, then suddenly closed.

There is a time when every young girl looks thus. Woe to him upon whom she looks!

This first glance of a soul which does not yet know itself is like the dawn in the sky. It is the awakening of something radiant and unknown. Nothing can express the dangerous chasm of this unlooked-for gleam which suddenly suffuses adorable mysteries, and which is made up of all the innocence of the present and of all the passion of the future. It is a kind of irresolute lovingness which is revealed by chance, and which is waiting. It is a snare which innocence unconsciously spreads and in which she catches hearts without intending it and without knowing it. It is a maiden glancing like a woman.

It is rare that deep reverie is not born of this glance wherever it may fall. All that is pure and all that is vestal is concentrated in the celestial and mortal glance, which more than the most studied ogling of the coquette has the magic power of suddenly forcing into bloom in the depths of a heart this flower of the shade full of perfumes and poisons which is called love.

THE GLANCE OF A WOMAN

The glances of women are like certain apparently peaceful, but really formidable, machines. You pass them every day, quietly, with impunity, and without suspicion of danger. There comes a moment when you forget even that they are there. You come and go, you muse and talk and laugh. Suddenly you feel that you are seized! It is done. The wheels have caught you, the glance has captured you. It has taken you, no matter how or where, by any portion whatever of your thought which was trailing through any absence of mind. You are lost. You will be drawn in entirely. A train of mysterious forces has gained possession of you. You struggle in vain. No human succor is possible. You will be drawn down from wheel to wheel, from anguish to anguish, from torture to torture. You, your mind, your fortune, your future, your soul; and you will not escape from the terrible machine, until, according as you are in the power of a malevolent nature, or a noble heart, you shall be disfigured by shame or transfigured by love.

God makes visible to men His will in events, an obscure text written in a mysterious language. Men make their translations of it forthwith; hasty translations, incorrect, full of faults, omissions, and misreadings. Very few minds comprehend the divine tongue. The most sagacious, the most calm, the most profound, decipher slowly, and, when they arrive with their text, the need has long gone by; there are already twenty translations in the public square. From each translation a party is born, and from each misreading a faction; and each party believes that it has the only true text, and each faction believes that it possesses the light.

A certain amount of reverie is good, like a narcotic in discreet doses. It soothes the fever, sometimes high, of the brain at work, and produces in the mind a soft and fresh vapor which corrects the too angular contours of pure thought, fills up the gaps and intervals here and there, binds them together, and blunts the sharp corners of ideas. But too much reverie submerges and drowns. Woe to the brain-worker who allows himself to fall entirely from thought into reverie! He thinks that he shall rise again easily, and he says that, after all, it is the same thing. An error!

Thought is the labor of the intellect, reverie is its pleasure. To replace thought by reverie is to confound poison with nourishment.

Man, in the dreamy state, is naturally prodigal and luxurious; the relaxed mind cannot lead a severe life. There is, in this way of living, some good mingled with the evil, for if the softening be fatal, the generosity is wholesome and good. But the poor man who is generous and noble, and who does not work, is lost.

His resources dry up, his necessities mount up. Fatal slope, down which the firmest and the noblest are drawn as well as the weakest and the most vicious, and which leads to one of these two pits, suicide or crime.

By continually going out for reverie there comes a day when you go out to throw yourself into the water.

NOTHING IS REALLY SMALL—ALL WORKS FOR ALL

Nothing is really small; whoever is open to the deep penetration of nature knows this. Although, indeed, no absolute satisfaction may be vouchsafed to philosophy, no more in circumscribing the cause than in limiting the effect, the contemplator falls into unfathomable ecstasies in view of all these decompositions of forces resulting in unity. All works for all.

Algebra applies to the clouds; the radiance of the star benefits the rose; no thinker would dare to say that the perfume of the hawthorn is useless to the constellations. Who, then, can calculate the path of the molecule? How do we know that the creations of worlds are not determined by the fall of grains of sand? Who, then, understands the reciprocal flux and reflux of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, the echoing of causes in the abysses of being, and the avalanches of creation? A flesh-worm is of account; the small is great, the great is small; all is in equilibrium in necessity; fearful vision for the mind. There are marvelous relations between being and things; in this inexhaustible whole, from sun to grub, there is no scorn; all need each other. Light does not carry terrestrial perfumes into the azure depths without knowing what it does with them; night distributes the stellar essence to the sleeping plants. Every bird which flies has the thread of the infinite in its claw. Germination includes the hatching of a meteor and the tap of a swallow's bill breaking the egg, and it leads forward the birth of an earthworm and the advent of Socrates. Where the telescope ends, the microscope begins. Which of the two has the grander view? Choose. A bit of mould is a pleiad of flowers; a nebula is an ant-hill of stars. The same promiscuity, and still more wonderful, between the things of the intellect and the things of matter. Elements and principles are mingled, combined, espoused, multiplied one by another, to such a degree as to bring the material world and the moral world into the same light. Phenomena are perpetually folded back upon themselves. In the vast cosmical changes the universal life comes and goes in unknown quantities, rolling all in the invisible mystery of the emanations, losing no dream from no single sleep, sowing an animalcule here, crumbling a star there, oscillating and winding, making a force of light and an element of thought, disseminated and indivisible, dissolving all save that geometrical point, the me; reducing everything to the soul-atom; making everything blossom into God; entangling, from the highest to the lowest, all activities in the obscurity of a dizzying mechanism, hanging the flight of an insect upon the movement of the earth, subordinating, who knows? Were it only by the identity of the law, the evolution of the comet in the firmament to the circling of the infusoria in the drop of water. A machine made of mind. Enormous gearing, whose first motor is the gnat and whose last wheel is the zodiac.

X The soul of a young girl ought not to be left in obscurity; in after life there spring up too sudden and too vivid mirages, as in a camera obscura. She should be gently and discreetly enlightened rather by the reflection of realities than by their direct and stern light. A useful and graciously severe half-light which dissipates puerile fear and prevents a fall. Nothing but the maternal instinct, a wonderful intuition into which enter the memories of the maiden and the experience of the woman, knows how this half-light should be applied and of what it should be formed. Nothing supplies this instinct. To form the mind of a young girl, all the ~~nuns~~ in the world are not equal to one mother.

Now, in this work of education, in this serious matter of the preparation of a woman for life, how much knowledge is needed to struggle against that great ignorance which we call innocence.

Nothing prepares a young girl for the passions like the convent. The convent turns the thoughts in the direction of the unknown. The heart, thrown back upon itself, makes for itself a channel, being unable to overflow, and deepens, being unable to expand. From thence visions, suppositions, conjectures, romances sketched out, longings for adventures, fantastic constructions, whole castles built in the interior obscurity of the mind, dark and secret dwellings where the passions find an immediate lodging as soon as the grating is crossed, and they are permitted to enter. The convent is a compression which, in order to triumph over the human heart, must continue through the whole life.

It is a mistake to suppose that passion, when it is fortunate and pure, leads man to a state of perfection; it leads him simply, as we have said, to a state of forgetfulness. In this situation man forgets to be bad, but he also forgets to be good. Gratitude, duty, necessary and troublesome memories, vanish.

We may in extreme cases introduce the reader into a nuptial chamber, not into a maiden's chamber. Verse would hardly dare, prose ought not.

It is the interior of a flower yet unblown, it is a whiteness in the shade, it is the inmost cell of a closed lily which ought not to be looked upon by man, while yet it has not been looked upon by the sun. Woman in the bud is sacred. The innocent bed which is thrown open, the adorable semi-nudity which is afraid of itself, the white foot which takes refuge in a slipper, the bosom which veils itself before a mirror as if that mirror were an eye; the chemise which hastens up to hide the shoulder at the snapping of a piece of furniture, or at the passing of a wagon, the ribbons tied, the clasps hooked, the lacings drawn, the starts, the shivers of cold and of modesty, the exquisite shyness in every movement, the almost winged anxiety where there is no cause for fear; the successive phases of the dress as charming as the clouds of the dawn; it is not fitting that all this should be described, and it is too much, indeed, to refer to it.

The eye of man should be more religious still before the rising of a young maiden than before the rising of a star. The possibility of touch should increase respect. The down of the peach, the dust of the plum, the radiated crystal of the snow, the butterfly's wings powdered with feathers, are gross things in presence of that chastity which does not even know that it is chaste. The young maiden is only the gleam of a dream, and is not yet a statue. Her alcove is hidden in the shadows of the ideal. The indiscreet touch of the eye defaces this dim penumbra. Here to gaze is to profane.

Predestinations are not all straight; they do not develop themselves in a rectilinear avenue before the predestinated; they are blind alleys, coecums, obscure windings, embarrassing cross-roads offering several paths.

Alas in this unrelenting pugilism between our selfishness and our duty, when we thus recoil step by step before our immutable ideal, bewildered, enraged, exasperated at yielding, disputing the ground, hoping for possible flight, seeking some outlet, how abrupt and ominous is the resistance of the wall behind us!

To feel the sacred shadow which bars the way.

The inexorable invisible, what an obsession!

We are never done with conscience. Choose your course by it, Brutus; choose your course by it, Cato. It is bottomless, being God. We cast into this pit the labor of our whole life, we cast in our fortune, we cast in our riches, we cast in our success, we cast in our liberty or our country, we cast in our well-being, we cast in our repose, we cast in our happiness. More! more! more! Empty the vase! turn out the urn! We must at last cast in our heart.

There is somewhere in the midst of the old hells a vessel like that.

Is it not pardonable to refuse at last? Can the inexhaustible have a claim? Are not endless chains above human strength?

The obedience of matter is limited by friction; is there no limit to the obedience of the soul? If perpetual motion is impossible, is perpetual devotion demandable?

The first step is nothing; it is the last which is difficult.

Oh, first step of descent, how gloomy thou art! Oh, second step, how black thou art!

How should he not turn away his head this time? Martyrdom is a sublimation, a corrosive sublimation. It is a torture of consecration. You consent to it the first hour; you sit upon the throne of red-hot iron, you put upon your brow the crown of red-hot iron, you receive the globe of red-hot iron, you take the scepter of red-hot iron; but you have yet to put on the mantle of flame, and is there no moment when the wretched flesh revolts, and when you abdicate the torture?

Many men have a secret monster, a disease which they feed, a dragon which gnaws them, a despair which inhabits their night. Such a man resembles other people, goes, comes. Nobody knows that he has within him a fearful parasitic pain, with a thousand teeth, which lives in the miserable man, who is dying of it. Nobody knows that this man is a gulf. It is stagnant, but deep. From time to time a troubling, of which we understand nothing, shows itself on its surface. A mysterious wrinkle comes along, then vanishes, then reappears; a bubble of air rises and bursts. It is a little thing—it is terrible. It is the breathing of the unknown monster.

Moreover, what is called much too harshly, in certain cases, the ingratitude of children, is not always as blameworthy a thing as is supposed. It is the ingratitude of nature. Nature, as we have said elsewhere, "looks forward." Nature divides living beings into the coming and the going. The going are turned toward the shadow, the coming toward the light. Hence a separation, which, on the part of the old, is a fatality, and, on the part of the young, involuntary. This separation, at first insensible, gradually increases, like every separation of branches. The limbs, without parting from the trunk, recede from it. It is not their fault. Youth goes where joy is, to festivals, to brilliant lights, to loves. Old age goes to its end. They do not lose sight of each other, but the ties are loosened. The affection of the young is chilled by life; that of the old by the grave. We must not blame these poor children.

A MAN OVERBOARD

A man overboard!

What matters it! the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing, that dark ship must keep on her destined course.

She passes away.

The man disappears, then reappears, he plunges and rises again to the surface, he calls, he stretches out his hands, they hear him not; the ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope, the sailors and passengers see the drowning man no longer; his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows.

He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a specter is that disappearing sail! He looks upon it, he looks upon it with frenzy. It moves away; it grows dim; it diminishes. He was there but just now, he was one of the crew, he went and came upon the deck with the rest, he had his share of the air and of the sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell; and it is finished.

He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing under his feet but the yielding, fleeing element. The waves, torn and scattered by the wind close round him hideously; the rolling of the abyss bears him along; shreds of water are flying about his head; a populace of waves spit upon him; confused openings half swallow him; when he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful unknown vegetations seize upon him, bind his feet and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is becoming the great deep; he makes part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate.

But yet he struggles.

He tries to defend himself; he tries to sustain himself; he struggles; he swims. He—that poor strength that fails so soon—he combats the unfailing.

Where now is the ship? Far away yonder. Hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon.

The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to his death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds, which are strange to man, sounds which seem to come not from the earth, but from some frightful realm beyond.

There are birds in the clouds, even as there are angels above human distresses, but what can they do for him? They fly, sing and float, while he is gasping.

He feels that he is buried at once by those two infinites, the ocean and the sky; the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

Night descends, he has been swimming for hours, his strength is almost exhausted; that ship, that far-off thing, where there were men, is gone; he is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss; he sinks, he strains, he struggles, he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen; he shouts.

Men are no more. Where is God?

He shouts: "Help! help." He shouts incessantly.

Nothing in the horizon. Nothing in the sky.

He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks; all are deaf.

He supplicates the tempest; the imperturbable tempest obeys only the infinite.

Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters! within him, horror and exhaustion. Beneath him the engulfing abyss. No resting-place. He thinks of the shadowy adventures of his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. His hands clutch spasmodically and grasp at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirl-winds, blasts, stars, all useless. What shall he do? He yields to despair; worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he gives himself up; he abandons the contest, and he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss forever.

Oh, implacable march of human society! Destruction of men and of souls marking its path! Ocean, where fall all that the law lets fall! Ominous disappearance of aid! Oh, moral death!

The sea is the inexorable night into which the penal law casts its victims. The sea is the measureless misery.

The soul drifting in that sea may become a corpse. Who shall restore it to life?

BLIND

To be blind and to be loved is, in fact, on this earth, where nothing is complete, one of the most strangely exquisite forms of happiness. To have continually at your side a woman, a girl, a sister, a charming being, who is there because you have need of her and because she can not do without you, to know you are indispensable to her who is necessary to you, to be able at all times to measure her affection by the amount of her company that she gives you, and to say to yourself: she consecrates to me all her time because I possess her whole heart; to see the thought instead of the face; to be sure of the fidelity of one being in the eclipse of the world; to imagine the rustling of her dress the rustling of wings; to hear her moving to and fro, going out, coming in, talking, singing, and to think that you are the center of those steps, of those words, of that song; to manifest at every minute your personal attraction; to feel yourself powerful by so much the more as you are the more infirm; to become in darkness and by reason of darkness the star around which this angel gravitates; few happy lots can equal that. The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved; loved for ourselves—say, rather, loved in spite of ourselves; this conviction the blind have. In their calamity to be served it is to be caressed. Are they deprived of anything? No. Light is not lost where love enters. And what a love! a love wholly founded in purity. There is no blindness where there is certainty. The soul gropes in search of a soul and finds it. And that soul, so found and proved, is a woman. A hand sustains you, it is hers; lips lightly touch your forehead, they are her lips; you hear one breathing near you, it is she. To have her wholly, from her devotion to her pity, never to be left; to have that sweet weakness which is your aid, to lean upon that unbending reed, to touch providence with your hands and be able to grasp it in your arms; God made palpable what transport! The heart, that dark but celestial flower, burst into a mysterious bloom. You would not give that shade for all light! The angel-soul is there; if she goes away, it is only to return; she fades away in dream and reappears in reality. You feel an approaching warmth, she is there. You overflow with serenity, gayety, and ecstasy; you are radiant in darkness. And the thousand little cares! The nothings which are enormous in this void. The most unspeakable accents of the womanly voice employed to soothe you, and making up to you the vanished universe! You are caressed through the soul. You see nothing, but you feel yourself adored. It is a paradise of darkness.

THE CONVENT

In the light of history, reason, and truth, monastic life stands condemned. Monasteries, when numerous in a country, are knots in the circulation, encumbrances, centers of indolence, where there should be centers of industry. Monastic communities are to the great social community what the ivy is to the oak, the wart to the human body. Their prosperity and fatness are the impoverishment of the country. The monastic system, useful as it is in the dawn of civilization, in effecting the abatement of brutality by the development of the spiritual, is injurious in the manhood of nations. Especially when it relaxes and enters upon its period of disorganization, the period in which we now see it, does it become baneful, for every reason that made it salutary in its period of purity.

These withdrawals into convents and monasteries have had their day. Cloisters, although beneficial in the first training of modern civilization, cramped its growth, and are injurious to its development. Regarded as an institution, and as a method of culture for man, monasteries, good in the tenth century, were open to discussion in the fifteenth, and are detestable in the nineteenth. The leprosy of monasticism has gnawed, almost to a skeleton, two admirable nations, Italy and Spain, one the light and the other the glory of Europe for centuries; and, in our time, the cure of these two illustrious peoples is beginning, thanks only to the sound and vigorous hygiene of 1789.

The convent, the old-style convent, especially such as it appeared on the threshold of this century, in Italy, Austria, and Spain, is one of the gloomiest concretions of the Middle Ages. The cloister, as there beheld, was the intersecting point of multiplied horrors. The Catholic cloister, properly so called, is filled with the black effulgence of death.

The Spanish convent is dismal above all the rest. There rise in the obscurity, beneath vaults filled with mist, beneath domes dim with thick shadow, massive babel-like altars, lofty as cathedrals; there hang by chains, in the deep gloom, immense white emblems of the crucifixion; there are extended, naked on the ebon wood, huge ivory images of Christ—more than bloody, bleeding—hideous and magnificent, their bones protruding from the elbows, their knee-pans disclosing the strained integuments, their wounds revealing the raw flesh, crowned with thorns of silver, nailed with nails of gold, with drops of blood in rubies on their brows and tears of diamonds in their eyes. The diamonds and the rubies seem real moisture; and down below there in the shadow make veiled ones weep, whose loins are scratched and torn with hair-cloth, and scourges set thick with iron points, whose breasts are bruised with wicker pads, and whose knees are lacerated by the continual attitude of prayer; women who deem themselves wives; specters that fancy themselves seraphim. Do these women think? No. Have they a will? No. Do they love? No. Do they live? No. Their nerves have become bone; their bones have become rock. Their veil is the enwoven night. Their breath beneath that veil is like some indescribable, tragic respiration of death itself. The abbess, a phantom, sanctifies and terrifies them. The immaculate is there, austere to behold. Such are the old convents of Spain—dens of terrible devotion, lairs inhabited by virgins, wild and savage places.

Catholic Spain was more Roman than Rome herself. The Spanish convent was the model of the Catholic convent. The air was redolent of the East. The archbishop, as officiating kislar aga of heaven, locked in and zealously watched this seraglio of souls set apart for God. The nun was the odalisque, the priest was the eunuch. The fervently devout were in their dreams the chosen ones and were possessed of Christ. At night the lovely naked youth descended from the cross and became the rapture of the cell. Lofty walls guarded from all the distractions of real life the mystic sultana who had the Crucified for sultan. A single glance without was an act of perfidy. The *in pace* took the place of the leather sack. What they threw into the sea in the East they threw into the earth in the West. On either side poor women wrung their hands; the waves to those—to these the pit; there the drowned and here the buried alive. Monstrous parallelism!

In our day the champions of the past, unable to deny these things, have adopted the alternative of smiling at them. It has become the fashion, a convenient and a strange one, to suppress the revelations of history, to invalidate the comments of philosophy and to draw the pen across all unpleasant facts and all gloomy inquiries. "Topics for declamation," throw in the skillful; "declamation," echo the silly. Jean Jacques a declaimer; Diderot a declaimer; Voltaire on Calas, Labarre and Sirven a declaimer! I forgot who it is who has lately made out Tacitus, too, a declaimer, Nero a victim, and "that poor Holofernes" a man really to be pitied.

Facts, however, are stubborn and hard to baffle. The author of this book has seen with his own eyes about twenty miles from Brussels a specimen of the Middle Ages within everybody's reach at the Abbey of Villars—the orifices of the secret dungeons in the middle of the meadow which was once the courtyard of the cloister, and on the banks of the Dyle four stone cells half under ground and half under water. These were *in pace*. Each of these dungeons has a remnant of an iron wicket, a closet and a barred skylight, which on the outside is two feet above the surface of the river, and from the inside is six feet above the ground. Four feet in depth of the river flows along the outer face of the wall; the ground near by is constantly wet. This saturated soil was the only bed of the *in pace* occupant. In one of these dungeons there remains the stump of an iron collar fixed in the wall; in another may be seen a kind of square box, formed of four slabs of granite, too short for a human being to lie down in, too low to stand in erect. Now, in this was placed a creature like ourselves, and then a lid of stone was closed above her head. There it is. You can see it; you can touch it. These *in pace;* these dungeons; these iron hinges; these metal collars; this lofty skylight, on a level with which the river runs; this box of stone, covered by its lid of granite, like a sepulcher, with this difference, that it shut in the living and not the dead; this soil of mud, this cesspool; these oozing walls. Oh! what declaimers!

Monasticism, such as it was in Spain, and such as it is in Thibet, is for civilization a kind of consumption. It stops life short. It, in one word, depopulates. Monastic incarceration is castration. In Europe it has been a scourge. Add to that the violence so often done to conscience; the ecclesiastical calling so frequently compulsory; the feudal system leaning on the cloister; primogeniture emptying into the monastery the surplus of the family; the ferocious cruelties which we have just described; the *in pace;* mouths closed, brains walled up, so many hapless intellects incarcerated in the dungeon of eternal vows; the assumption of the gown, the burial of souls alive. Add these individual torments to the natural degradation, and, whoever you may be, you will find yourself shuddering at the sight of the frock and the veil, those two winding-sheets of human invention.

However, on certain points and in certain places, in spite of philosophy and in spite of progress, the monastic spirit perseveres in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, and a singular revival of asceticism, at this very moment, amazes the civilized world. The persistence of superannuated institutions in striving to perpetuate themselves is like the obstinacy of a rancid odor clinging to the hair; the pretension of spoiled fish that insists on being eaten; the tenacious folly of a child's garment trying to clothe a man, or the tenderness of a corpse returning to embrace the living.

"Ingrates!" exclaims the garment. "I shielded you in weakness. Why do you reject me now?" "I come from the depths of the sea," says the fish. "I was once a rose," cries the odor. "I loved you," murmurs the corpse. "I civilized you," says the convent.

To this there is but one reply: "In the past."

To dream of the indefinite prolongation of things dead and the government of mankind by embalming; to restore dilapidated dogmas, regild the shrines, replaster the cloisters, reconsecrate the reliquaries, revamp old superstitions, replenish fading fanaticism, put new handles in worn-out sprinkling brushes, reconstitute monasticism; to believe in the salvation of society by the multiplication of parasites; to foist the past upon the present, all this seems strange. There are, however, advocates for such theories as these. These theorists, men of mind, too, in other things, have a very simple process; they apply to the past a coating of what they term divine right, respect for our forefathers, time-honored authority, sacred tradition, legitimacy; and they go about shouting "Here! take this, good people!" This kind of logic was familiar to the ancients; their soothsayers practiced it. Rubbing over a black heifer with chalk, they would exclaim: "She is white." *Bos cretatus.*

As for ourselves, we distribute our respects here and there, and spare the past entirely, providing it will but consent to be dead. But, if it insist upon being alive, we attack it and endeavor to kill it.

Superstitions, bigotries, hypocrisies, prejudices, these phantoms, phantoms though they be, are tenacious of life; they have teeth and nails in their shadowy substance, and we must grapple with them, body to body, and make war upon them, and that, too, without cessation; for it is one of the fatalities of humanity to be condemned to eternal struggle with phantoms. A shadow is hard to seize by the throat and dash upon the ground.

A convent in France, in the high noon of the nineteenth century, is a college of owls confronting the day. A cloister in the open act of asceticism in the full face of the city of '89, of 1830 and of 1848, Rome blooming forth in Paris, is an anachronism. In ordinary times to disperse an anachronism and cause it to vanish one has only to make it spell the year of our Lord. But we do not live in ordinary times.

Let us attack, then.

Let us attack, but let us distinguish. The characteristic of truth is never to run into excess. What need has she of exaggeration? Some things must be destroyed, and some things must be merely cleared up and investigated. What power there is in a courteous and serious examination! Let us not, therefore, carry flame where light alone will suffice.

Well, then, assuming that we are in the nineteenth century, we are opposed, as a general proposition, and in every nation, in Asia as well as in Europe, in Judea as well as in Turkey, to ascetic seclusion in monasteries. He who says "convent" says "marsh." Their putrescence is apparent, their stagnation is baleful, their fermentation fevers and infects the nations, and their increase becomes an Egyptian plague. We cannot, without a shudder, think of those countries where Fakirs, Bonzes, Santons, Caloyers, Marabouts, and Talapoins multiply in swarms, like vermin.

Having said this much, the religious question still remains. This question has some mysterious aspects, and we must ask leave to look it steadily in the face.

THE CONVENT VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF PRINCIPLE

Men come together and live in common. By what right? By virtue of the right of association.

They shut themselves up. By what right? By virtue of the right every man has to open or shut his door.

They do not go out. By what right? By virtue of the right to go and come, which implies the right to stay at home. And what are they doing there at home?

They speak in low tones; they keep their eyes fixed on the ground; they work. They give up the world, cities, sensual enjoyments, pleasures, vanities, pride, interest. They go clad in coarse woolen or coarse linen. Not one of them possesses any property whatever. Upon entering he who was rich becomes poor. What he has he gives to all. He who was what is called a nobleman, a man of rank, a lord, is the equal of him who was a peasant. The cell is the same for all. All undergo the same tonsure, wear the same frock, eat the same black bread, sleep on the same straw, and die on the same ashes. The same sack-cloth is on every back, the same rope about every waist. If it be the rule to go barefooted, all go with naked feet. There may be a prince among them, the prince is a shadow like all the rest. Titles there are none. Family names, even, have all disappeared. They answer only to Christian names. All are bowed beneath the equality of their baptismal names.

They have dissolved the family of the flesh, and have formed, in their community, the family of the spirit. They have no other relatives than all mankind. They succor the poor, they tend the sick. They choose out those whom they are to obey, and they address one another by the title: "Brother!"

You stop me, exclaiming: "But that is the ideal monastery!"

It is enough that it is a possible monastery, for me to take it into consideration.

Hence it is that, in the preceding book, I spoke of a convent with respect. The Middle Ages aside. Asia aside, and the historical and political question reserved, in the purely philosophical point of view, beyond the necessities of militant polemics, on condition that the monastery be absolutely voluntary and contain none but willing devotees, I should always look upon the monastic community with a certain serious and, in some respects, deferential attention. Where community exists, there likewise exists the true body politic, and where the latter is there, too, is justice. The monastery is the product of the formula: "Equality, fraternity!" Oh! how great is liberty! And how glorious the transfiguration! Liberty suffices to transform the monastery into a republic!

Let us proceed.

These men or women who live within those four walls, and dress in hair-cloth, are equal in condition and call each other brother or sister. It is well, but do they do aught else? Yes.

What? They gaze into the gloom, they kneel, and they join their hands.

What does that mean?

They pray. To whom? To God.

Pray to God? What is meant by that?

Is there an infinite outside of us? Is this infinite one, inherent, permanent; necessarily substantial, because it is infinite, and because, if matter were wanting to it, it would in that respect be limited; necessarily intelligent, because it is infinite, and because, if it lacked intelligence, it would be to that extent finite? Does this infinite awaken in us the idea of essence, while we are able to attribute to ourselves the idea of existence only? In other words, is it not the absolute of which we are the relative?

At the same time, while there is an infinite outside of us, is there not an infinite within us? These two infinites (fearful plural!)—do they not rest superposed on one another? Does not the second infinite underlie the first, so to speak? Is it not the mirror, the reflection, the echo of the first, an abyss concentric with another abyss? Is this second infinite intelligent also? Does it think? Does it love? Does it will? If the two infinites be intelligent, each one of them has a will principle, and there is a "me" in the infinite above as there is a "me" in the infinite below. The "me" below is the soul; the "me" above is God.

To place, by process of thought, the infinite below in contact with the infinite above is called "prayer."

Let us not take anything away from the human mind; suppression is evil. We must reform and transform. Certain faculties of man are directed toward the unknown; thought, meditation, prayer. The unknown is an ocean. What is conscience? It is the compass of the unknown. Thought, meditation, prayer—these are the great mysterious pointings of the needle. Let us respect them. Whither tend these majestic irradiations of the soul? Into the shadow—that is, toward the light.

The grandeur of democracy is that it denies nothing and denounces nothing of humanity. Close by the rights of man, side by side with them, at least, are the rights of the soul.

To crush out fanaticisms and revere the infinite, such is the law. Let us not confine ourselves to falling prostrate beneath the tree of creation and contemplating its vast ramifications full of stars. We have a duty to perform, to cultivate the human soul, to defend mystery against miracle, to adore the incomprehensible and reject the absurd; to admit nothing that is inexplicable excepting what is necessary, to purify faith and obliterate superstition from the face of religion, to remove the vermin from the garden of God.

As to methods of prayer, all are good, if they be but sincere. Turn your book over and be in the infinite.

There is, we are aware, a philosophy that denies the infinite. There is also a philosophy, classed pathologically, which denies the sun; this philosophy is called blindness.

To set up a sense we lack as a source of truth is a fine piece of blind man's assurance.

And the rarity of it consists in the haughty air of superiority and compassion which is assumed toward the philosophy that sees God by this philosophy that has to grope its way. It makes one think of a mole exclaiming: "How they excite my pity with their prate about a sun!"

There are, we know, illustrious and mighty atheists. These men, in fact, led around again toward truth by their very power, are not absolutely sure of being atheists; with them, the matter is nothing but a question of definitions, and, at all events, if they do not believe in God, being great minds, they prove God.

We hail, in them, philosophers, while at the same time inexorably disputing their philosophy.

But let us proceed.

An admirable thing, too, is the facility of settling everything to one's satisfaction with words. A metaphysical school at the north, slightly impregnated with the fogs, has imagined that it effected a revolution in the human understanding by substituting for the word "force" the word "will."

To say "the plant wills," instead of "the plant grows," would be, indeed, pregnant with meaning if you were to add "the universe wills." Why? Because this would flow from it; the plant wills, then it has a "me"; the universe wills, then it has a God.

To us, however, who, in direct opposition to this school, reject nothing *à priori,* a will in the plant, which is accepted by this school, appears more difficult to admit than a will in the universe, which it denies.

To deny the will of the infinite, that is to say, God, can be done only on condition of denying the infinite itself. We have demonstrated that.

Denial of the infinite leads directly to nihilism. Everything becomes "a conception of the mind."

With nihilism no discussion is possible. For the logical nihilist doubts the existence of his interlocutor and is not quite sure that he exists himself.

From his point of view it is possible that he may be to himself only "a conception of his mind."

However, he does not perceive that all he has denied he admits in a mass by merely pronouncing the word "mind."

To sum up, no path is left open for thought by a philosophy that makes everything come to but one conclusion, the monosyllable "No."

To "No" there is but one reply: "Yes."

Nihilism has no scope. There is no nothing. Zero does not exist. Everything is something. Nothing is nothing.

Man lives by affirmation even more than he does by bread.

To behold and to show forth, even these will not suffice. Philosophy should be an energy; it should find its aim and its effect in the amelioration of mankind. Socrates should enter into Adam and produce Marcus Aurelius—in other words, bring forth from the man of enjoyment the man of wisdom—and change Eden into the Lyceum. Science should be a cordial. Enjoyment! What wretched aim and what pitiful ambition! The brute enjoys. Thought, this is the true triumph of the soul. To proffer thought to the thirst of men, to give to all, as an elixir, the idea of God, to cause conscience and science to fraternize in them and to make them good men by this mysterious confrontation—such is the province of true philosophy. Morality is truth in full bloom. Contemplation leads to action. The absolute should be practical. The ideal must be made air and food and drink to the human mind. It is the ideal which has the right to say: "Take of it, this is my flesh, this is my blood." Wisdom is a sacred communion. It is upon that condition that it ceases to be a sterile love of science and becomes the one and supreme method by which to rally humanity; from philosophy it is promoted to religion.

Philosophy should not be a mere watch-tower, built upon mystery, from which to gaze at ease upon it, with no other result than to be a convenience for the curious.

For ourselves, postponing the development of our thought to some other occasion, we will only say, that we do not comprehend either man as a starting-point, or progress as the goal, without these two forces which are the two great motors, faith and love.

Progress is the name, the ideal is the model.

What is the ideal? It is God.

Ideal, absolute, perfection, the infinite—these are identical words.

History and philosophy have eternal duties, which are at the same time simple duties—to oppose Caiaphas as bishop, Draco as judge, Trimalcion as legislator, and Tiberius as emperor. This is clear, direct, and limpid, and presents no obscurity. But the right to live apart, even with its inconvenience and abuses, must be verified and dealt with carefully. The life of the cenobite is a human problem.

When we speak of convents, those seats of error but of innocence, of mistaken views but of good intentions, of ignorance but of devotion, of torment but of martyrdom, we must nearly always have "Yes" and "No" upon our lips.

A convent is a contradiction—its object salvation, its means self-sacrifice. The convent is supreme egotism resulting in supreme self-denial.

"Abdicate that you may reign," seems to be the device of monasticism.

In the cloister they suffer that they may enjoy—they draw a bill of exchange on death—they discount the celestial splendor in terrestrial night. In the cloister hell is accepted as the charge made in advance on the future inheritance of heaven.

The assumption of the veil or the frock is a suicide reimbursed by an eternity.

It seems to us that, in treating such a subject, raillery would be quite out of place. Everything relating to it is serious, the good as well as the evil.

The good man knits his brows but never smiles with the bad man's smile. We can understand anger, but not malignity.

A few words more.

We blame the church when it is saturated with intrigues; we despise the spiritual when it is harshly austere to the temporal; but we honor everywhere the thoughtful man.

We bow to the man who kneels.

A faith is a necessity to man. Woe to him who believes nothing.

A man is not idle because he is absorbed in thought. There is a visible labor, and there is an invisible labor.

To meditate is to labor; to think is to act.

Folded arms work, closed hands perform, a gaze fixed on heaven is a toil.

Thales remained motionless for four years. He founded philosophy.

In our eyes cenobites are not idlers, nor is the recluse a sluggard.

To think of the gloom is a serious thing.

Without at all invalidating what we have just said, we believe that a perpetual remembrance of the tomb is proper for the living.

On this point the priest and the philosopher agree. *We must die.* The Abbé of La Trappe answers Horace.

To mingle with one's life a certain presence of the sepulcher is the law of the wise man, and it is also the law of the ascetic. In this relation, the ascetic and the sage tend toward a common center.

There is a material advancement; we desire it. There is also a moral grandeur; we hold fast to it.

Unreflecting, headlong minds say: "Of what use are those motionless figures by the side of mystery? What purpose do they serve? What do they effect?"

Alas! in the presence of that obscurity which surrounds us and awaits us, not knowing what the vast dispersion of all things will do with us, we answer: There is, perhaps, no work more sublime than that which is accomplished by these souls; and we add, there is no labor, perhaps, more useful.

Those who pray always are necessary to those who never pray.

In our view, the whole question is in the amount of thought that is mingled with prayer.

Leibnitz, praying, is something grand; Voltaire, worshipping, is something beautiful. *Deo erexit Voltaire.*

We are for religion against the religions.

We are of those who believe in the pitifulness of orisons and in the sublimity of prayer.

Besides, in this moment through which we are passing, a moment which happily will not leave its stamp upon the nineteenth century; in this hour which finds so many with their brows abased so low and their souls as little uplifted, among so many of the living whose motto is happiness, and who are occupied with the brief, misshapen things of matter, whoever is self-exiled seems venerable to us. The monastery is a renunciation. Self-sacrifice, even when misdirected, is still self-sacrifice. To assume as duty an uninviting error has its peculiar grandeur.

Considered in itself, ideally, and holding it up to truth until it is impartially and exhaustively examined in all its aspects, the monastery, and particularly the convent—for woman suffers most under our system of society, and in this exile of the cloister there is an element of protest—the convent, we repeat, has, unquestionably, a certain majesty.

This monastic existence, austere and gloomy as it is, of which we have delineated a few characteristics, is not life, is not liberty; for it is not the grave, for it is not completion; it is that singular place from which, as from the summit of a lofty mountain, we perceive, on one side, the abyss in which we are, and, on the other, the abyss wherein we are to be. It is a narrow and misty boundary that separates two worlds, at once illuminated and obscured by both, where the enfeebled ray of life commingles with the uncertain ray of death; it is the twilight of the tomb.

For ourselves, we who do not believe what these women believe, but live, like them, by faith, never could look without a species of tender and religious awe, a kind of pity full of envy, upon those devoted beings, trembling, yet confident—those humble yet august souls who dare to live upon the very confines of the great mystery, waiting between the world closed to them and heaven not yet opened; turned toward the daylight not yet seen, with only the happiness of thinking that they know where it is; their aspirations directed toward the abyss and the unknown, their gaze fixed on the motionless gloom, kneeling, dismayed, stupefied, shuddering, and half borne away at certain times by the deep pulsations of eternity.

THE PARIS GAMIN

Paris has a child and the forest has a bird; the bird is called the sparrow; the child is called the *gamin.*

Couple these two ideas, the one containing all the heat of the furnace, the other all the light of the dawn; strike together these two sparks, Paris and infancy, and there leaps forth from them a little creature. *"Homuncio,"* Plautus would say.

This little creature is full of joy. He has not food to eat every day, yet he goes to the show every evening, if he sees fit. He has no shirt to his back, no shoes to his feet, no roof over his head; he is like the flies in the air who have none of all these things. He is from seven to thirteen years of age, lives in troops, ranges the streets, sleeps in the open air, wears an old pair of his father's pantaloons down about his heels, an old hat of some other father, which covers his ears, and a single suspender of yellow listing, runs about, is always on the watch and on the search, kills time, colors pipes, swears like an imp, hangs about the wine-shop, knows thieves and robbers, is hand in glove with the street girls, rattles off slang, sings smutty songs, and, withal, has nothing bad in his heart. This is because he has a pearl in his soul—innocence; and pearls do not dissolve in mire. So long as man is a child, God wills that he be innocent.

The *gamin* of Paris is the dwarf of the giantess. We will not exaggerate. This cherub of the gutter sometimes has a shirt, but then he has only one; sometimes he has shoes, but then they have no soles; sometimes he has a shelter, and he loves it, for there he finds his mother; but he prefers the street, for there he finds his liberty. He has sports of his own, roguish tricks of his own, of which a hearty hatred of the bourgeois is the basis; he has his own metaphors; to be dead he calls "eating dandelions by the root"; he has his own occupations, such as running for hacks, letting down carriage steps, sweeping the crossings in rainy weather, which he styles making *ponts des arts,* crying the speeches often made by the authorities on behalf of the French people, and digging out the streaks between the flags of the pavement; he has his own kind of money, consisting of all the little bits of wrought copper that can be found on the public thoroughfares. This curious coin, which takes the name of "scraps," has an unvarying and well-regulated circulation throughout this little gypsy-land of children.

He has a fauna of his own. which he studies carefully in the corners; the good God's bug, the death's head grub, the mower, the devil, a black insect that threatens you by twisting about its tail, which is armed with two horns. He has his fabulous monster, which has scales on its belly, and yet is not a lizard; has warts on its back, and yet is not a toad; which lives in the crevices of old lime-kilns and dry cisterns; a black, velvety, slimy, crawling creature sometimes swift and sometimes slow of motion; emitting no cry, but which stares at you, and is so terrible that nobody has ever seen it; this monster he calls the "deaf thing." Hunting for deaf things among the stones is a pleasure which is thrillingly dangerous. Another enjoyment is to raise a flag of the pavement suddenly and see the wood-lice.

Give to a being the useless, and deprive him of the needful, and you have the *gamin.*

The *gamin* is not without a certain inclination toward literature. His tendency, however—we say it with the befitting quantum of regret—would not be considered as toward the classic. He is, in his nature, but slightly academic. For instance, the popularity of Mdlle. Mars among this little public of children was spiced with a touch of irony. The *gamin* called her Mdlle. *Muche.*

This being jeers, wrangles, sneers, jangles, has frippery like a baby and rags like a philosopher, fishes in the sewer, hunts in the drain, extracts gayety from filth, lashes the street-corners with his wit, fleers and bites, hisses and sings, applauds and hoots, tempers hallelujah with turalural, psalmodizes all sorts of rhythms from De Profundis to the *Chie-en-lit,* finds without searching, knows what he does not know, is Spartan even to roguery, is witless even to wisdom, is lyric even to impurity, would squat upon Olympus, wallows in the dung heap and comes out of it covered with stars. The *gamin* of Paris is an urchin Rabelais.

He is never satisfied with his pantaloons unless they have a watch-fob.

He is seldom astonished, is frightened still less frequently, turns superstitions into doggerel verses and sings them, collapses exaggerations, makes light of mysteries, sticks out his tongue at ghosts, dismounts everything that is on stilts, and introduces caricature into all epic pomposities. This is not because he is prosaic, far from it; but he substitutes the phantasmagoria of fun for solemn dreams.

This pale child of the Paris suburbs lives, develops, and gets into and out of "scrapes," amid suffering, a thoughtful witness of our social realities and our human problems. He thinks himself careless, but he is not. He looks on, ready to laugh; ready also for something else. Whoever ye are who call yourselves prejudice, abuse, ignominy, oppression, iniquity, despotism, injustice, fanaticism, tyranny, beware of the gaping *gamin.*

This little fellow will grow.

Of what clay is he made? Of the first mud of the street. A handful of common soil, a breath, and, behold, Adam! It is enough that a God but pass. A God always has passed where the *gamin* is. Chance works in the formation of this little creature. By this word chance we mean, in some degree, hazard. Now, will this pigmy, thoroughly kneaded with the coarse, common earth, ignorant, illiterate, wild, vulgar, mobbish, as he is, become an Ionian, or a Boeotian? Wait *currit rota,* the life of Paris, that demon which creates the children of chance and the men of destiny, reversing the work of the Latin potter makes of the jug a costly vase.

The *gamin* loves the city, he loves solitude, also having something of the sage in him. *Urbis amator,* like Fuscus; *ruris amator,* like Flaccus.

Sometimes this gnat—it is thus that he styles himself—can read; sometimes he can write; he always knows how to scrawl. He gets by some unknown and mutual instruction all talents which may be useful in public affairs; from 1815 to 1830 he imitated the call of the turkey; from 1830 to 1848 he scratched a pear on the wall.

The *gamin,* in his perfect state, possesses all the policemen of Paris, and always upon meeting one can put a name to the countenance. He counts them off on his fingers. He studies their ways, and has special notes of his own upon each one of them. He reads their souls as an open book. He will tell you off-hand and without hesitating—such a one is a traitor; such a one is very cross; such a one is great; such a one is ridiculous (all these expressions, traitor, cross, great, and ridiculous, have, in his mouth, a peculiar signification). "That chap thinks the Pont Neuf belongs to him, and hinders *people* from walking on the cornice outside of the parapets; that other one has a mania for pulling *persons'* ears, etc."

The *gamin* style of life is a shade of the Gallic mind.

The Paris *gamin* is respectful, ironical, and insolent. He has bad teeth because he is poorly fed and his stomach suffers, and fine eyes because he has genius. In the very presence of Jehovah he would go hopping and jumping up the steps of paradise. He is very good at boxing with both hands and feet. Every description of growth is possible to him. He plays in the gutter and rises from it by revolt; his effrontery is not cured by grape; he was a blackguard, lo! he is a hero! Like the little Theban, he shakes the lion's skin; Barra, the drummer, was a Paris *gamin;* he shouts "Forward!" as the charger of holy writ says "Ha! ha!" and in a moment he passes from the urchin to the giant. This child of the gutter is also the child of the ideal. Measure this sweep of wing which reaches from Moliere to Barra.

As sum total, and to embrace all in a word, the *gamin* is a being who amuses himself because he is unfortunate. The *gamin* is the expression of Paris, and Paris is the expression of the world.

PARIS

Paris is a sum total. Paris is the ceiling of the human race. All this prodigious city is an epitome of dead and living manners and customs. He who sees Paris seems to see all history through with sky and constellations in the intervals. All that can be found anywhere can be found in Paris.

If it but laughs, it pardons; ugliness makes it merry; deformity puts it in good humor; vice diverts its attention; be droll and you may venture to be a scamp; even hypocrisy, that sublimity of cynicism, it does not revolt at; it is so literary that it does not hold its nose over Basilius, and is no more shocked at the prayer of Tartuffe than Horace was at the hiccough of Priapus. No feature of the universal countenance is wanting in the profile of Paris.

Paris is a synonym of cosmos. Paris is Athens, Rome, Sybaris, Jerusalem, Pantin. All the eras of civilization are there in abridged edition, all the epochs of barbarism also. Paris would be greatly vexed had she no guillotine.

A small admixture of the Place de Greve is good. What would all this continual merry-making be without that seasoning? Our laws have wisely provided for this, and, thanks to them, this relish turns its edge upon the general carnival.

Of bounds and limits Paris has none. No other city ever enjoyed that supreme control which sometimes derides those whom it reduces to submission. "To please you, O, Athenians!" exclaimed Alexander. Paris does more than lay down the law; it lays down the fashion.

Paris does more than lay down the fashion; it lays down the routine. Paris may be stupid if it please; sometimes it allows itself this luxury; then the whole universe is stupid with it. Upon this Paris awakes, rubs its eyes and says: "Am I stupid?" and bursts out laughing in the face of mankind. What a marvel is such a city! How strange a thing that all this mass of what is grand and what is ludicrous should be so harmonious, that all this majesty is not disturbed by all this parody, and that the same mouth can today blow the trump of the last judgment and tomorrow a penny whistle. Paris possesses an all-commanding joviality. Its gayety is of the thunderbolt, and its frolicking holds a scepter. Its hurricanes spring sometimes from a wry face. Its outbursts, its great days, its masterpieces, its prodigies, its epics fly to the ends of the universe, and so do its cock-and-bull stories also. Its laughter is the mouth of a volcano that bespatters the whole earth. Its jokes are sparks that kindle. It forces upon the nation its caricature as well as its ideal; the loftiest monuments of human civilization accept its sarcasms and lend their eternity to its waggeries. It is superb; it has a marvelous 14th of July that delivers the globe; it makes all the nations take the oath of the tennis-court; its night of the 4th of August disperses in three hours 1,000 years of feudalism; it makes of its logic the muscle of the unanimous will; it multiplies itself under all the forms of the sublime; it fills with its radiance, Washington, Kosciusko, Bolivar, Bozzaris, Riego, Bem, Manin, Lopez, John Brown, Garibaldi; it is everywhere, where the future is being enkindled, at Boston in 1779, at the Isle de St. Leon in 1820, at Pesth in 1848, at Palermo in 1860; it whispers the mighty watchword, *Liberty,* in the ears of the American abolitionists grouped together in the boat at Harper's Ferry, and also in the ears of the patriots of Ancona assembled in the gloom at the Archi, in front of the Gozzi tavern, on the seaside; it creates Canaris; it creates Quiroga; it creates Pisicane; it radiates greatness over the earth; it is in going whither its breath impels, that Byron dies at Missolonghi, and Mazet at Barcelona; it is a rostrum beneath the feet of Mirabeau, and a crater beneath the feet of Robespierre; its books, its stage, its art, its science, its literature, its philosophy are the manuals of the human race; to it belong Pascal, Regnier, Corneille, Descartes, Jean Jacques; Voltaire for every moment, Moliere for every century; it makes the universal mouth speak its language, and that language becomes the word; it builds up in every mind the idea of progress; the liberating dogmas which it forges are swords by the pillows of the generations, and with the soul of its thinkers and poets have all the heroes of all nations since 1789 been made; but that does not prevent it from playing the *gamin;* and this enormous genius called Paris, even while transfiguring the world with its radiance, draws the nose of Bouginier in charcoal on the wall of the Temple of Theseus, and writes "Credeville the robber" on the pyramids.

Paris is always showing its teeth; when it is not scolding it is laughing.

Such is Paris. The smoke of its roofs is the ideas of the universe. A heap of mud and stone, if you will, but, above all, a moral being. It is more than great, it is immense. Why? Because it dares.

To dare, progress is at this price.

All sublime conquests are, more or less, the rewards of daring. That the Revolution should come, it was not enough that Montesquieu should foresee it, that Diderot should preach it, that Beaumarchais should announce it, that Condorcet should calculate it, that Arouet should prepare it, that Rousseau should premeditate it; Danton must dare it.

That cry, *"Audace,"* is a *Fiat Lux!* That onward march of the human race requires that the heights around it should be ablaze with noble and enduring lessons of courage. Deeds of daring dazzle history and form one of the guiding lights of man. The dawn dares when it rises. To strive, to brave all risks, to persist, to persevere, to be faithful to yourself, to grapple hand to hand with destiny, to surprise defeat by the little terror it inspires, at one time to confront unrighteous power, at another to defy intoxicated triumph, to hold fast, to hold hard—such is the example which the nations need and the light that electrifies them. The same puissant lightning darts from the torch of Prometheus and the clay-pipe of Cambronne.

As to the people of Paris, even when grown to manhood, it is always the *gamin;* to depict the child is to depict the city, and therefore it is that we have studied this eagle in this open-hearted sparrow.

It is in the suburbs, especially, we insist, that the Parisian race is found. There is the pure blood, there is the true physiognomy; there these people work and suffer, and suffering and toil are the two forms of men. There are vast numbers of unknown beings teeming with the strangest types of humanity, from the stevedore of the Rapee to the horse-killer of Montfaucon. *"Fex urbis,"* exclaims Cicero; *"Mob,"* adds the indignant Burke; the herd, the multitude, the populace. Those words are quickly said. But, if it be so, what matters it? What is it to me that they go barefoot? They can not read. So much the worse. Will you abandom them for that? Would you make their misfortune their curse? Can not the light penetrate these masses? Let us return to that cry: Light! and let us persist in it! Light! Light! Who knows but that these opacities will become transparent? Are not revolutions transfigurations? Proceed, philosophers; teach, enlighten, enkindle, think aloud, speak aloud, run joyously toward the broad daylight, fraternize in the public squares, announce the glad tidings, scatter plenteously your alphabets, proclaim human rights, sing your "Marseillaises," sow enthusiasms broadcast, tear off green branches from the oak-trees, make thought a whirlwind. This multitude can be sublimated. Let us learn to avail ourselves of this vast combustion of principles and virtues, which sparkles, crackles, and thrills at certain periods. These bare feet, these naked arms, these rags, these shades of ignorance, these depths of abjectness, these abysses of gloom may be employed in the conquest of the ideal. Look through the medium of the people and you shall discern the truth. This lowly sand which you trample beneath your feet, if you cast it into the furnace and let it melt and seethe, shall become resplendent crystal, and by means of such as it a Galileo and a Newton shall discover stars.

POVERTY IN YOUTH

Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will toward effort, and the whole soul toward aspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings toward the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements—racing, hunting, dogs, cigars, gaming, feasting, and the rest; busying the lower portions of the soul at the expense of its higher and delicate portions. This poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but reverie. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and pity for all. In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature offers, gives, and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart in proportion as all light enters his mind. And then is he unhappy? No. The misery of a young man is never miserable. The first lad you meet, poor as he may be, with his health, his strength, his quick step, his shining eyes, his blood which circulates warmly, his black locks, his fresh cheeks, his rosy lips, his white teeth, his pure breath, will always be envied by an old emperor. And then every morning he sets about earning his bread; and while his hands are earning his living his backbone is gaining firmness, his brain is gaining ideas. When his work is done he returns to ineffable ecstasies, to contemplation, to joy; he sees his feet in difficulties, in obstacles, on the pavement, in thorns, sometimes in the mire; his head is in the light. He is firm, serene, gentle, peaceful, attentive, serious, content with little, benevolent; and he blesses God for having given him these two estates which many of the rich are without; labor which

makes him free, and thought which makes him noble.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).
Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

There is no slavery but ignorance. Liberty is the child of intelligence.

The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellow-men.

Every man should stand under the blue and stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every other man.

Whoever claims any right that he is unwilling to accord to his fellow-men is dishonest and infamous.

You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by torture; nor by social ostracism.

If there is a man in the world who is not willing to give to every human being every right he claims for himself, he is just so much nearer a barbarian than I am. It is a question of honesty. The man who is not willing to give to every other the same intellectual rights he claims for himself, is dishonest, selfish, and brutal. Whoever holds another man responsible for his honest thought, has a deformed and distorted brain. It is a question of intellectual development.

A house that has a library in it has a soul.

Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself.

Man, however, has advanced just exactly in the proportion with which he has mingled his thought with his labor.

And when all men give to all others all the rights they claim for themselves, this world will be civilized.

I had a thousand times rather be a manly unbeliever than an unmanly believer.

But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will, commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend."

Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers.

SHAKESPEARE

He gave us the deeper meanings of our words—taught us the art of speech. He was the lord of language—master of expression and compression.

He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words—made the poor rich and the common royal.

Production enriched his brain. Nothing exhausted him. The moment his attention was called to any subject, comparisons, definitions, metaphors and generalizations filled his mind and begged for utterance. His thoughts like bees robbed every blossom in the world, and then with "merry march" brought the rich booty home "to the tent royal of their emperor."

Shakespeare was the confidant of nature. To him she opened her "infinite book of secrecy," and in his brain were "the hatch and brood of time."

There is in Shakespeare the mingling of laughter and tears, humor and pathos. Humor is the rose, with the thorn. Wit is a crystallization, humor an efflorescence. Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart. Wit is lightning of the soul.

In Shakespeare's nature was the climate of humor. He saw and felt the sunny side even of the saddest things. You have seen sunshine and rain at once. So Shakespeare's tears fell often upon his smiles.

In moments of peril—on the very darkness of death—there comes a touch of humor that falls like a fleck of sunshine.

LIFE

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—

of power that only bends a coward's knee and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

Good deeds bear fruit, and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.

Every brain is a field where nature sows the seeds of thought, and the crop depends upon the soil.

Every flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering air leaves its influence on the soul of men.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, Oh, weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. Oh, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

LIBERTY

Oh, Liberty, float forever in the far horizon—remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men!

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, woman, and for child.

All wish for happiness beyond this life. All hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower. Immortality is a word that Hope through all the ages has been whispering to Love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of life and death we cannot comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges, and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love; we wait; we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here. Here success and failure are the same. The rag of wretchedness and the purple robe of power all difference and distinction lose in this democracy of death. Character survives; goodness lives; love is immortal.

And yet to all a time may come when the fevered lips of life will long for the cool, delicious kiss of death—when tired of the dust and glare of day we all shall hear with joy the rustling garments of the night.

Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze —pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen, stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and the souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's shadowy hour, to know that the historian of Liberty will be compelled to write your name.

—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

From the Dresden Edition.
Permission C. P. Farrell, Rye, N. Y.

Half the mental misery of life comes from a lack of self-adjustment.

A man, to be thoroughly useful, must have enemies.

Socialism is the final refuge of those who have failed in the struggle for life. It is the prescription of those who were born tired.

The real difference in men is not want of opportunity, but in want of capacity to discern opportunity and power to take advantage of opportunity.

—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).

Permission from E. B. Barnett, Publisher, Kansas City.

THE RUINS OF TIME

The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
No note the clarion of renown can breathe
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming wave.
—DR. BEATTIE.

Once more hath the earth completed her circuit round the burning and brilliant luminary of heaven. The wheels of time still roll on, and bury every moment in the dust the wrecks of former revolutions. The monuments of art and genius, the temples of ambition, pride and vanity every moment spring up and are hurled to the earth in the path of man, and serve to remind him of the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur. To him how pregnant with instruction are the wrecks, and ruins, and revolutions of time. They are the oracles of ages—they speak like a trumpet from the tomb. They speak with a voice of thunder to the heart—a voice more impressive than the tongue of Tully, more symphonious than the harp of Homer, more picturesque than the pencil of Apelles. I feel in my soul the grandeur of my exalted theme. I see the venerable shade of Time, as he stands for a moment on the pedestal of years; his white locks streaming in the winds of winter, and his aged hand pointing to the ruins of empires, and his trembling form bending over the tombs of oriental genius, where the lamp of glory still burns and the light of immortality streams.

Roll back the billowy tide of time!—unroll the mouldering record of ages! What scenes are presented to the startled imagination of man. He beholds his own destiny, and the doom of his noblest achievements. He builds the colossal temple of his renown—he dedicates it to other ages—it stands on a rock, and bathes its high battlements in the blue clouds of heaven; but, behold, triumphant time hurls it, with all its grandeur, to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of his own dissolution. And so it is with the empires of the earth—they rise, flourish, and pass away, as if they had never been. Where now is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections? Where are her thousands of cities, her Thebes, her Memphis, her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth and the Vandal hath levelled them with the dust; the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshipper once bent the knee of adoration—the oracle has been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine. And where are the cloud-capped pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world? Alas! they still stand, a mournful monument of human ambition. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone down to the grave; the rank weed waves over the sepulcher of their mouldering bones.

And such shall be the fate of these pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the wave of time shall roll over them and bury them forever in the general mausoleum of ages.

And have all the glory and grandeur of the world thus yielded to the victorious tooth of time? Go seek an answer amid the wrecks of Palmyra, Balbec, and Jerusalem. Behold, the city of God hath fallen—through her tottering temples and ruined battlements the shade-born beetle wheels his dreary flight, and the roaring lion of the desert hath made his lair in the sepulcher of the Saviour. The musing traveller in vain searches for the splendid temple of Solomon; its crumbling columns are beneath his feet; its sublime imagery is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but the glory of the world hath departed forever. Oh, where are the millions of once active beings who inhabited the sacred city, and whose voices once made the temple vocal with the songs of praise? Alas, they are lost amid the undistinguishable wrecks of time. Their bones are bleaching on their native hills, even more desolate than their once celebrated city.

Time, like death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundation of greatness and grandeur; nor less hath he desolated the gardens of oriental genius. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins—their philosophers are dumb in death; the Academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empire of the earth! Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty, and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen, and poets mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur! Go to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas, that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame, and the last echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of Aeolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet without a struggle. It was the last expiring struggle of a brave and illustrious race, and her fall was like that of the Colossus of Rhodes—she was recognized alone by the fragments of her renown. When the conquering arm of Rome spread the imperial banner above her walls, her literature and learning survived the fall; but when the second time she fell beneath the Tartar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was extinguished in Byzantium's tomb.

Mournful to the mind of man are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a subjugated world? She lies low, but still mighty, in the dust. Methinks I am seated amid the melancholy ruins of Rome. Around me are strewed the crumbling fragments of other ages, and before me are the tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, and the shrine of Apollo and the Muses? They are mingling with the wrecks of other times. And where is the great Roman Forum, in which the thunders of Cicero's eloquence once struck terror to tyrants? There the shepherd boy roams, and the fleecy flocks now feed. There, where the tribunal and the rostrum, the Comitium and the Cura once stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank grass waves in the night-breeze. Those walls are now silent, where the tongue of Tully once thundered and the applause of listening senators reverberated. And where is that stupendous pile, the Colosseum, which stood in ancient days like a mountain of marble, and where the strong-armed gladiator bled and the untamed tigers of the forest died? Behold it stands tottering in decay, but the thousands of spectators have departed, and the thunders of applause have died in echoes along the ruined arches. The red sun goes down and sheds its last ray upon its gray battlements, and the mellow moonbeam glimmers through the ivy-crowned walls and gloomy galleries. The footsteps of the solitary traveler now echo alone where the mighty Cæsars once applauded and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this all? Alas, Rome is eloquent in ruins—the city of the seven hills is strewed with the fragments of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of Trajan, Nerva, and Domitian—a few pillars of Parian marble alone remain to tell the world that they once have been. Go and gaze on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars—descend into the catacombs, and ruminate amid the bleaching bones of the early Christians, persecuted by the demon of superstition even to death. Go climb the lofty towers of Rome, and survey the melancholy mementos of other times and other men. And was this the mighty Rome that once stood against the legions of Carthage, led on by the victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though fallen. And where is Carthage? Buried in the vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the immortal Cicero, Horace, and Virgil revisit the earth and stray through those scenes which they have immortalized in song and eloquence, how would they be struck with the mutability of all human grandeur!

O Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! The wonders of the world have fallen before thee. Witness, ye walls of Babylon, covered with aerial gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian Jove! The most celebrated cities of antiquity have been buried by the irresistible waves of time. Go read an example in the fate of Syracuse, the city of Archimedes, whose single arm repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move the world if he might have foundations for his feet. That splendid city is in ruins—her philosopher sleeps in the dust; and where are his mighty engines of war? They are swept from the recollection of man. Go and read another example, in the fate of far-famed Troy. Seek there for the palaces of Priam, once illumined with the smiles of the fickle though beautiful Helen, for whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas, those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilion lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour are unknown. The mighty Hector, too, the brave antagonist of Achilles, is no more. The glory of the house of Priam hath departed forever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common mausoleum of time; and their deeds live only in the tide of Homer's song.

Such are a few instances of the ravages of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been the scene of desolation. Here may be seen the ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than the empires of the East; and though they were the children of the forest, and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting, and poetry, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs. They once had cities, but where are they? They are swept from the face of the earth. They had their temple of the sun, but the sanctuary is broken down, and the beams of the deified luminary extinguished. It is true, they worshipped the Great Spirit and the Genius of storms and darkness; the sacred pages of revelation had never been unrolled to them; the gospel of the Saviour had never sounded in the ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning breeze; they saw him in the dark cloud that rose in wrath from the west; they acknowledged his universal beneficence in the setting sun, as he sank to his burning bed. Here another race once lived and loved—here, along these shores, the council-fire blazed, and the war-whoop echoed among their native hills; here the dark-browed Indian once bathed his manly limbs in the river, and his light canoe was seen to glide over his own loved lakes. Centuries passed away, and they still roved the undisputed masters of the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark, deep-freighted from the east, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light—they fled. With slow and solitary steps, they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded with a broken heart their native hills to another race. They left their homes, and the graves of their fathers, to explore western woods, where no human foot had ever trod, and no human eye ever penetrated. From time to time, they have been driven back, and the next remove will be to the bosom of the stormy Pacific. Unhappy children!—the tear of pity has been shed over your wrongs and your sufferings. What bosom but beats with sympathy over the mournful story of their woes. As a race of men, they are fast fading from the face of the earth, and ere many centuries shall have passed, they will have been swept from the annals of the ages. Ere long, the last wave of the west will roll over them, and their deeds only live in the traditions they shall have left behind them. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lingering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins of their empire and the memory of their brave progenitors. The golden harvest now waves over the tombs of their fathers, and the forest that once echoed to the war-dance is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. And when they shall have passed away—when the last Indian shall have stood upon his native hills in the west, and shall have worshipped the setting sun for the last time, perhaps some youth may rove to the green mound of Indian sepulture, and will wonder what manner of beings they were. How must the poor child of the forest weep, and how must his heart throb with anguish, when he muses on the ruins of his race and the melancholy destiny of his children! The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they sleep in the land of strangers, and of the conquerors of their dying race. Methinks I see the stately Indian, as he bends from the brow of the misty mountain, and surveys with a swelling heart the once extended limits of the Indian empire. The grief of years is in his soul, and he bends his knee in meek submission before the Great Spirit in the clouds. Unhappy child!—my soul mourns over the ruined hopes of your fading race.—By THE MILFORD BARD.

From *Field's Scrap Book.*

A faithful witness will not lie; but a false witness will utter lies.

A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not: but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.

Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceiveth not in him the lips of knowledge.

The simple believeth every word: but the prudent man looketh well to his going.

In all labor there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

A sound heart is the life of the flesh: but envy the rottenness of the bones.

—SOLOMON (1033-975 B.C.).

For a man can lose neither the past nor the future; for how can one take from him that which is not his? So remember these two points; first, that each thing is of like form from everlasting and comes round again in its cycle, and that it signifies not whether a man shall look upon the same things for a hundred years or two hundred, or for an infinity of time; second, that the longest-lived and the shortest-lived man, when they come to die, lose one and the same thing.—MARCUS AURELIUS (121-180 A.D.).

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than yesterday.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865).

We need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you: he is the one who recognizes the good in me.

That awkward and uncouth country boy who went to work yesterday is concentrating on his task—he is doing the thing, high or low, mental or what not—yes! He is not so very clever, his trousers bag at the knees, and his sleeves are too short, but his heart has one desire—to do his work. Soon you will be taking orders from him.

And let me say right here that the habit of continually looking out for Number "One" is absolutely fatal to success. Nature is on her guard against such, and if by accident they get into a position of power their lease is short. A great success demands a certain abnegation—a certain disinterestedness.

—ELBERT HUBBARD (1859-1915).

Permission from The Roycrofters.

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.—DEMOSTHENES (382-322 B.C.).

Go forth with thy message among the fellow creatures. Teach them that they must be guided by that inner light which dwells with the pure heart, to whom it was promised of old that they should see God. Teach that each generation begins the world afresh with perfect freedom; that the present is not the prisoner of the past, but that today holds in captivity all yesterdays, to compare, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings, as these are shown by its own morning sun.—EMERSON (1803-1882).

Permission Houghton Mifflin.

MOSCOW

As night approached, gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and a fierce equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis. The houses were of wood. A long drought had prepared the city for the fire. God seemed to co-operate with the Russians. Napoleon was a victor. He had marched in triumph more than two thousand miles from his capital; he had taken the metropolis of the most powerful nation on the continent, though that nation was aided by the coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Europe was amazed at such unequaled achievements. They surpassed all that Napoleon had accomplished before; and yet the victor, in this hour of amazing triumph, was desponding. His mind was oppressed with the forebodings of some dreadful calamity.

It was the 16th of September, 1812, at midnight. Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and of mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake, volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flame. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

Napoleon awoke early in the morning, and looked out upon the flames which were sweeping through all parts of the city. For the first time in his life he appeared excessively agitated. His far-reaching mind apprehended at a glance the measurelessness of the calamity which was impending. He hurriedly paced his apartment, dictated hasty orders, and from his window anxiously watched the progress of the fire. The Kremlin was surrounded with gardens and shrubbery, and seemed for a time to afford shelter from the flames. But mines of powder were in its vaults, with various combustibles arranged to communicate the fire. As Napoleon gazed upon the conflagration, he exclaimed: "What a frightful spectacle! such a number of palaces! the people are genuine Scythians." "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy," said Napoleon afterward, "though heightened by all the powers of poetry, could have equaled the reality of the destruction of Moscow."

During the whole of the 17th, and of the ensuing night, the gale increased in severity and the fire raged with unabated violence. The city now seemed but the almost boundless crater of an inextinguishable volcano. Various colored flames shot up to an immense height into the air. Incessant explosions of gunpowder, saltpeter, and brandy deafened the ear. Projectiles of iron and stone, and burning rafters, were hurled far into the surrounding plain, crushing many in their fall. Multitudes, encircled by the flames, in the narrow streets, were miserably burned to death. The scene of confusion and dismay has probably never been equaled. The soldiers, stifled with smoke, singed with flame, and lost in the streets of the burning city, fled hither and thither before a foe whom they were unable even to attack. They were often seen staggering beneath immense packages of treasure, which they were frequently compelled to abandon to effect their escape. Miserable women were seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, attempting, often in vain, to flee from these accumulating horrors. Old men, with beards singed by the fire, crept slowly and feebly along, and in many cases were overtaken and destroyed by the coils of flame that pursued them. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions for the rescue of his soldiers and the remaining inhabitants.

At length it was announced that the Kremlin was on fire. The flames so encircled it that escape seemed almost impossible. The fire was already consuming the gates of the citadel. It was not until after a long search that a postern could be found through which the imperial escort could pass. Blinded by cinders, and smothered with heat and smoke, they pressed along on foot till they came to a roaring sea of fire, which presented apparently an impassable barrier; at last a narrow, crooked diverging street was found blazing in various parts, and often overarched with flame. It was an outlet which despair alone would enter. Yet into this formidable pass Napoleon and his companions were necessarily impelled.

With burning fragments falling around, and blazing cinders showered upon them, they toiled along, almost blinded and suffocated with heat and smoke. At length the guide lost his way, and stopped in utter bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost. It was remarked that in this terrible hour Napoleon was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Just then they caught a glimpse of Marshal Davout, who, with a company of soldiers, was in search of the emperor. The marshal had signified his intention of rescuing "the hope of France," or perishing in the attempt. Napoleon affectionately embraced the devoted prince. They soon encountered in the blazing streets a convey of gunpowder, along which they were compelled to pass, while flaming cinders were falling around. The energies of Napoleon's mind were so disciplined for the occasion, that not the slightest indication of alarm escaped him.

They soon emerged from the walls of the city, and Napoleon retired to the castle of Petrowskoi, about three miles from the burning metropolis. The emperor, as he looked back upon the city, gloomily remarked, "This forbodes no common calamity." "It was," said he, years afterward, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrible sight the world ever beheld!"

The fire began slowly to decrease on the 19th, for want of fuel. "Palaces and temples," says Karamzin, monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since passed, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remotest ancestry and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of its former grandeur."—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon*.
Permission Harper & Brothers.

SHAKESPEARE

The horizon of Shakespeare was broader than them all. There is no depth which he has not sounded, no heights which he has not measured. He walked in the gardens of the intellectual gods and gathered sweets for the soul from a thousand unwithering flowers. He caught music from the spheres and beauty from ten thousand fields of light. His brain was a mighty loom. His genius gathered and classified; his imagination spun and wove. The flying shuttle of his fancy delivered to the warp of wisdom and philosophy the shining threads spun from the fibers of human hearts and human experience, and with his wondrous woof of pictured tapestries he clothed all thought in the bridal robes of immortality. His mind was a resistless flood that deluged the world of literature with his glory. The succeeding poets are but survivors as by the ark, and like the ancient dove, they gather and weave into garlands only the "flotsam and jetsam" of beauty which floats on the bosom of the Shakespearean flood.

O, Shakespeare, archangel of poetry! The light from thy wings drowns the stars and flashes thy glory on the civilizations of the whole world!—ROBERT L. TAYLOR (1850-1912).

From *Bob and Alf Taylor—Their Lives and Lectures.*
Permission from Morristown Book Co., Morristown, Tenn.

NAPOLEON

The story of Napoleon produces on me an impression like that produced by the Revelation of Saint John the Divine. We all feel there must be something more in it, but we do not know. Napoleon was one of the most productive men that ever lived. —GOETHE (1749-1832).

Napoleon is full of titanic schemes. As he gallops along the causeway of his great deeds, fame vanishes behind him in the dust raised by his charger's thundering hoofs, but fame ever looms in front of him, beckoning from the mirage of his fresh designs.—LUDWIG.

From *Napoleon.*
Permission Horace Liveright.

Mankind has become loathsome to me. I need rest and solitude. Greatness bores me to death. The fount of feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine years of age, I find that fame is vanity.

I deem ingratitude the greatest weakness anyone can have.

All that I am and was, I owe to my mother; she taught me her own principles, and encouraged in me the habit of work.

—NAPOLEON (1769-1821).

NAPOLEON THE DEMOCRAT

For in his innermost fiber he was a man of the people, crushing to atoms feudalism, caste, divine rights, and hereditary imposture.

He had become, as Pitt himself said, "the child and champion of democracy;" he had become, as Toryism throughout the world said, "the embodiment of the French Revolution."

It will be his glory forever that in all things pertaining to civil life he was the highest type of democrat. Distinctions of character, merit, conduct, talent, he could understand; distinctions of mere birth he abhorred. The very soul of his system was the rewarding of worth.

Everywhere he left indelible footprints—roads, canals, public buildings of all sorts, mighty and useful works which made his tour memorable for all time.

He represented the New Order brought forth by the Revolution. He represented liberalism, civil and religious freedom, and progress in its modern sense of giving to every man a chance in life. Such principles were destructive to the repose of Europe, and the ruling classes in Europe were deeply attached to this repose. England's ruling class, supported in lordly preeminence by the patient millions below them, wanted no levelling tendencies to invade her caste-ridden isles. Germany, whose nobles and landowners clung to all the privileges and barbarities of feudalism, abhorred the Code Napoleon, and the democratic germs of the Napoleonic system. Russia, almost as benighted as Persia or Turkey, dreaded a trend of events which meant freedom for the serf and civil rights for the common people. The nobleman in Russia, the peer of Great Britain, the petty lord in Germany, was at heart one and the same man. He had been born to wealth, privilege, and power; he meant to keep what birth had given him, and he meant to pass it on to his son, "forever in fee simple." Of course he explained that God had ordained it so.

Napoleon understood very well that the war had been brought on by the feudal powers in Germany—those petty lords who had dukedoms and principalities scattered throughout the land, miniature kingdoms in which these lords lived a luxurious life at the expense of the peasantry. These feudal chiefs were desperately opposed to French principles, and dreaded the Confederation of the Rhine.

Before Napoleon stooped to make any personal war upon his enemies, he had appealed to them, time and again, to cease their personal abuse of him and his family.

Nothing like the devotion of the French soldier to Napoleon had ever been known before, and not till another Napoleon comes will be seen again.

Who was there to warn the peoples of the European states that they were blindly beating back the pioneers of progress, blindly combating the cause of liberalism, blindly doing the work of absolutism and privilege? Who would have hearkened to such a warning, had there been those wise enough and brave enough to have spoken? Viewed upon the surface, the work Napoleon had done could not be separated from his mode of doing it. The methods were rough, sometimes brutal, always dictatorial.

People could see this, feel it, and resent it—just as they saw, felt, and resented his exactions of men, money, and war material. They could not, or did not, make due allowance for the man's ultimate purpose. They could not, or would not, realize how profoundly his code of laws and his system of administration worked for the final triumph of liberal principles. They could not, or would not, understand that there was *then* no way under heaven by which he could subdue the forces of feudalism, break the strength of aristocracy, and establish the equality of all men before the law, other than the method which he pursued. "Napoleon was the sacred cause."

Nevertheless, the truth seems to be that in his last struggles Napoleon had the masses with him.

Even yet, royalism, absolutism, fetichism in church and state, have a horror of Napoleon Bonaparte, so rudely did he smash their idols, so truly did he clear the way for modern liberalism. One can hardly escape the conclusion that even yet books of a certain type, written against Napoleon, are little more than briefs for the defendants in the case which the modern world makes against the kings, the nobles, and the priests for the manner in which they crushed democracy for a time on the false plea of crushing Napoleon.

But Napoleon now rests in the Invalides. Around the great man, lying there in his splendid tomb, with marshals near him and the battle-flags he made famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world. The steps of those who travel, like the thoughts of those who are students of human affairs, turn from the four quarters of the earth to the tomb of this mightiest of men.

His impress lies upon France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France—is cramped by no "natural limits" of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.

By force of genius and of character, by superior fitness to do great things, he was the usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons. He did the work kings ought to have done—doing it in spite of the kings. He does it yet, in spite of the kings.

His hand, as organizer of the Revolution, which was greater even than he, is at the loom where the life-garments of nations are woven. Listen to this voice, coming out of Italy: "Within the space of ten years we had made (under Napoleon) more progress than our ancestors had done in three centuries. We had acquired the French civil, criminal, and commercial codes; we had abolished the feudal system, and justice was administered with improved methods." So wrote General Pepe; and what he said of Italy was equally true of every other portion of Continental Europe which had come under the imperial sway. It was this work Napoleon was doing from the very first day he grasped the reins of power; it was this work the allied kings dreaded; it was this work they meant to stop.

In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, Napoleon failed miserably, for to that extent he betrayed his trust, was false to his mission, wandered from the road. But so far as his toil was for others, for correct principles, for better laws, better conditions, productive of happier homes and better men and women, he did not fail. No Leipsic or Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career; no William Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples as they had once been chained. In vain was Metternich's Holy Alliance, his armed resistance to liberal ideas; his savage laws, his inhuman dragoonings—the immortal could not be made to die.—THOMAS WATSON (1856-1923).

From the book *Napoleon.*
Permission Dodd, Mead & Co.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
  And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard—
  One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—
  If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face—
  No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.
—GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880).

NAPOLEON

In nothing was the genius of Napoleon more conspicuous than in the lightning-like rapidity with which he detected any vein of genius in another. Not a moment of time was lost. Intellectual conversation, or reading, or philosophical discussion, caused the hours to fly on swiftest wing. Napoleon always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him. When driving in his carriage from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. Words were with him nothing, ideas everything. He devoured biography, history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction—the whole class of novels and romances—amounted almost to indignation. —JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon*.
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NAPOLEON'S AFFECTION FOR GENERAL DUROC

In the afternoon, as the emperor was passing at a rapid gallop through a ravine, with a body of his guard four abreast, the whole band being enveloped in a cloud of dust and smoke, a cannon ball, glancing from a tree, struck General Kirgenir dead, and mortally wounded Duroc, tearing out his entrails. In the midst of the obscurity and tumult, Napoleon did not witness the disaster. When informed of the calamity, he seemed for a moment overwhelmed with grief, and then exclaimed, in faltering accents:

"Duroc! Duroc! gracious heaven, my presentiments never deceive me. This is indeed a sad day—a fatal day."

He immediately alighted from his horse, and walked backward and forward in silent thoughtfulness. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he said:

"Alas! when will Fate relent? When will there be an end of this? My eagles will yet triumph, but the happiness which accompanied them has fled. Whither has he been conveyed? I must see him. Poor, poor, Duroc!"

The emperor found the dying marshal in a cottage, stretched upon a campbed, and suffering excruciating agony. His features were so distorted that he was hardly recognizable. The emperor approached his bed, threw his arms around his neck, and inquired, "Is there, then, no hope?"

"None whatever," the physicians replied.

The dying man took the hand of Napoleon, pressed it fervently to his lips, and, gazing upon him affectionately, said, "Sire! my whole life has been devoted to your service; and now my only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you."

Napoleon, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, replied, "Duroc! there is another life. There you will await me. We shall one day meet again."

"Yes, sire!" feebly returned the marshal, "but that will be thirty years hence, when you have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have lived as an honest man; I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have a daughter to whom your majesty will be a father."

Napoleon was so deeply affected that he remained for some time incapable of speaking, still affectionately holding the hand of his dying friend.

Duroc was the first to break the silence.

"Sire!" he said, "this sight pains you; leave me."

The emperor took his hand, pressed it to his bosom, embraced him once more, and saying sadly, "Adieu, my friend," hurried out of the room.

Supported by Marshal Soult and Caulaincourt, Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, retired to his tent, which had been immediately pitched in the vicinity of the cottage.

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed. "My excellent, my dear Duroc! Oh, what a loss is this!" Tears were observed flowing freely from his eyes as he entered the solitude of his inner tent.

The squares of the Old Guard, sympathizing in the deep grief of their sovereign, took up their positions around his encampment. Napoleon sat alone in his tent, wrapped in his gray greatcoat, his forehead resting upon his hand, entirely absorbed in agonizing emotions. For some time no one was willing to intrude upon his grief. At length, two of his generals ventured to inquire respecting arrangements for the following day. Napoleon shook his head, and replied:

"Ask me nothing till tomorrow." Again, with his hand pressed upon his brow, he resumed his attitude of meditation.

Night darkened the scene. The stars came out, one by one. The moon rose brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The soldiers moved noiselessly, and spoke in subdued tones, as they prepared their repast. The rumbling of baggage-wagons and the occasional booming of a distant gun alone disturbed the mournful stillness of the scene. Here and there the flames of burning villages shed a portentous light through the gloom.

"Those brave soldiers," says J. T. Headley, "filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the band struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior. But still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon, as he returned, flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled with exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections. His friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations. What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake, nor the terror of the battle-field move from its calm repose, nor even the hatred, nor the insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble, here sank, in the moment of victory, before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory? And what soldiers ever loved their leader so?

Duroc breathed faintly for a few hours, and died before the dawn of morning. When the expected tidings were announced to Napoleon, he exclaimed sadly:

"All is over. He is released from misery. Well, he is happier than I." He then silently placed in the hands of Berthier a paper, ordering a monument to be reared, with the following inscription, upon the spot where he was struck by the ball:

"Here General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon ball, and died in the arms of the emperor, his friend."—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon.*
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NAPOLEON THE GENIUS

"Never," says Sir Archibald Alison, "were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or of evil. Gifted at once with a clear intellect, a vivid imagination, and a profound judgment, burning with the fervent passions and the poetic glow of Italy, and yet guided by the highest reasoning and reflective powers, at once the enthusiastic student of the exact sciences and a powerful mover of the generous affections, imbued with the soul of eloquence, the glow of poetry, and the fire of imagination, he yet knew how to make them all subservient to the directions of sagacious reason, and the dictates of extensive observation.

"He was not merely illustrious on account of his vast military achievements, but from his varied and often salutary civil efforts. He was a great general because he was a great man. The prodigious capacity and power of attention which he brought to bear on the direction of his campaigns, and which produced such astonishing results, were but a part of the general talents which he possessed, and which were not less conspicuous in every other department, whether of government or of abstract thought. It was hard to say whether he was greatest in laying down strategical plans for the general conduct of a campaign, or in seizing the proper direction of an attack on the field of battle, or in calculating the exact moment when his reserves could be most effectually employed. And those who are struck with astonishment at the immense information and just discrimination which he displayed at the council board, and the varied and important public improvements which he set on foot in every part of his dominions, will form a most inadequate conception of his mind, unless they are at the same time familiar with the luminous and profound views which he threw out on the philosophy of politics in the solitude of St. Helena. Never was evinced a clearer proof of the truth which a practical acquaintance with men must probably have impressed upon every observer, that talent of the highest order is susceptible of any application, and that accident, or supreme direction alone determines whether their possessor is to become a Homer, a Bacon or a Napoleon.

"It would require the observation of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus to portray, by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar. Enduring of fatigue, patient of hardship, unwearied in application, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt, no obstacles impede him; a constitution of iron, a mind, the ardor of which rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering, enabled him to brave alike the sun of Egypt and the snows of Russia; indefatigable in previous preparation, he was calm and collected in the moment of danger; often on horseback for eighteen hours together, and dictating almost the whole night to his secretaries, he found a brief period for slumber during the roar of the battle, when the enemy's balls were falling around him. Nor was peace a period of repose to his genius, or the splendor of courts a session merely of relaxation. When surrounded by the pomp of a king of kings, he was unceasingly employed in conducting the thread of interminable negotiations, or stimulating the progress of beneficent undertakings.

"It was the pains which he took to seek out and distinguish merit and talent among the private men or inferior ranks of the army, joined to the incomparable talent which he possessed of exciting the enthusiasm of the French soldiers by warlike theatrical exhibitions, or brief, heart-stirring appeals in his proclamations, which constituted the real secret of his success; and if the use of proper words in proper places be the soul of eloquence, never did human being possess the art in higher perfection than Napoleon.

"No words can convey an adequate idea of the indefatigable activity of the emperor, or of his extraordinary power of undergoing mental or bodily fatigue. He brought to the labors of the cabinet a degree of industry, vigor, and penetration which was altogether astonishing. Those who were most in his confidence were never weary of expressing their admiration at the acuteness, decision, and rich flow of ideas which distinguished his thoughts when engaged in business. No one better understood or more thoroughly practiced De Witt's celebrated maxim, the justice of which is probably well known to all engaged extensively in active life, that the great secret of getting through active business is to take up everything in its order, and to do only one thing at a time. During a campaign, he set no bounds to the fatigue which he underwent. Often, after reading dispatches, or dictating orders to one set of secretaries, during the whole day, he would commence with another relay at night, and, with the exception of a few hours' sleep on a sofa, keep them hard at work until the following morning.

"The fervor of his imagination, the vehemence of his conceptions, seemed to render him insensible to the fatigues of the moment, which were felt as altogether overwhelming by his attendants, less wrapped up than he in the intense anticipations of the future."—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

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SERVICE

Therefore when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for the present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think as we lay stone on stone, that the time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See what our fathers did for us."
—JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

Avoid casting pearls before swine.

All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.

By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

A house divided against itself cannot stand.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

—CHRIST (4 B. C.-29 A. D.).

THE VICTORY OF BORODINO—1812

The victory of Borodino shrouded France in mourning. The loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were stretched upon the field, weltering in blood.

The sun had not yet gone down, and the sullen roar of the retreating battle was still heard in the distance, when Napoleon mounted his horse to ride over the field, which was strewed with the wounded and the dead. The horror of the scene no imagination can depict. An autumnal storm had again commenced. The clouds hung low and dark in the gloomy sky. A cold and chilling rain drenched the gory ground, and the wounded struggled with convulsive agony in beds of mire. A violent wind moaned through the somber firs and pines of the north. Villages, converted into heaps of blackened and smouldering ruins, deformed the plain. Everywhere was to be seen only the aspects of ruin, misery, death. Soldiers, blackened with powder and spotted with blood, were wandering over the field, in the increasing darkness of the tempestuous night, picking up the mutilated bodies in which life was not extinct, and seeking for food in the haversacks of the dead. No songs of victory were heard, no shouts of triumph. Great numbers of the wounded were found in the ravines and gullies, where they had dragged themselves to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels. Mutilated horses, maddened with pain, limped over the ground.

or reared and plunged in dying agonies. From every direction a wail of woe filled the ear. The field of battle extended over several miles of hills, and forests, and wild ravines. Many of the wretched victims of the strife lingered upon the ground, deluged by the cold storm, for many days and nights before they were found. Not a few must have perished from the prolonged agonies of starvation. Some of the wounded were seen straightening a broken limb by binding a branch of a tree tightly against it, and then, with the fractured bones grating, hobbling along in search of help. One poor creature was found alive, and actively conscious, with both legs and one arm shot off. A wounded Russian lived several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been eviscerated by a shell. His only food was what he gnawed from the inside of the animal. It is a duty to record these revolting details, that war may be seen in its true aspect.—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (1805-1877).

From Abbott's *Napoleon.*
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EXPRESSIONS FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "NOTRE DAME"

Geometry is a harmony.

Rage makes one tremble, as well as fear.

When one is doing evil 'tis madness to stop half-way. The extremity of guilt has its delirium of rapture.

Though the garments of mourning become threadbare and lose their color, the heart remains as black as ever.

Excessive grief, like excessive joy, is too violent to last. The human heart cannot continue long in either extremity.

Love is like a tree: it shoots of itself; it strikes its roots deeply into our whole being, and frequently continues to be green over a heart in ruins. And there is this unaccountable circumstance attending it, that the blinder that passion, the more tenacious it is. Never is it stronger than when it is most unreasonable.

Memory is the tormentor of the jealous.

Man arranges, circumstances derange.

I had rather be the head of a fly than the tail of a lion.

Clemency is a right royal virtue which turneth aside the current of wrath.

Clemency is the only light that can illumine the interior of a great soul. Clemency bears the torch before all other virtues.

Wherever you may be, you are so sure to meet with people who have seen everything.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty pocket.

Time is blind, man stupid.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages.

NOTRE DAME

The Church of Notre Dame at Paris is no doubt still a sublime and majestic edifice. But, notwithstanding the beauty which it has retained even in its old age, one cannot help feeling grief and indignation at the numberless injuries and mutilations which time and man have inflicted on the venerable structure, regardless of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip Augustus, who laid the last.

On the face of this aged queen of our cathedrals we always find a scar beside a wrinkle. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which I should translate thus: Time is blind, man stupid.

If we had leisure to examine with the reader, one by one, the different traces of destruction left upon the ancient church, we should find that time had had much less hand in them than men, and especially professional men.

In the first place, to adduce only some capital examples, there are assuredly few more beautiful specimens of architecture than that façade, where the three porches with their pointed arches; the plinth, embroidered and fretted with twenty-eight royal niches; the immense central mullioned window, flanked by its two lateral windows, like the priest by the deacon and the sub-deacon; the lofty and light gallery of open-work arcades supporting a heavy platform upon its slender pillars; lastly, the two dark and massive towers with their slated pent-houses—harmonious parts of a magnificent whole, placed one above another in five gigantic stages—present themselves to the eye in a crowd, yet without confusion, with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, powerfully contributing to the tranquil grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony of stone, if we may be allowed the expression; the colossal product of the combination of all the force of the age, in which the fancy of the workman, chastened by the genius of the artist, is seen starting forth in a hundred forms upon every stone; in short, a sort of human creation, mighty and fertile like the divine creation, from which it seems to have borrowed the twofold character of variety and eternity.

What we here said of the façade must be said of the whole church; and what we say of the cathedral of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. But to return to the façade of Notre Dame, such as it appears to us at present, when we piously repair thither to admire the solemn and gorgeous cathedral, which, to use the language of the chroniclers, "by its vastness struck terror into the spectator."

That façade, as we now see it, has lost three important accessories: in the first place, the flight of eleven steps, which raised it above the level of the ground; in the next, the lower range of statues which filled the niches of the three porches, and the upper range of the twenty-eight more ancient sovereigns of France which adorned the gallery of the first story, commencing with

Childebert and ending with Philip Augustus, holding in his hand "the imperial globe."

Time, raising by a slow and irresistible progress the level of the city, occasioned the removal of the steps; but if this rising tide of the pavement of Paris has swallowed up, one after another, those eleven steps which added to the majestic height of the edifice, time has given to the church more perhaps than it has taken away: for it is time that has imparted to the façade that somber hue of antiquity which makes the old age of buildings the period of their greatest beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? Who has left the niches empty? Who has inserted that new and bastard-pointed arch in the middle of the beautiful central porch? Who has dared to set up that tasteless and heavy door of wood, carved in the style of Louis XV, beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our days.

And if we step within the edifice, who has thrown down that colossal St. Christopher, proverbial among statues for the same reason as the great hall of the palace among halls, and the steeple of Strasburg among steeples? Who has brutally swept away those myriads of statues which peopled all the intercolumniations of the nave and the choir, kneeling, standing, on horseback, men, women, children, kings, bishops, soldiers, of stone, marble, gold, silver, copper, and even wax? Not time, most assuredly.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly incumbered with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble with its cherubs and its clouds, looking for all the world like a stray specimen of the Val de Grace or the Invalides? Who has stupidly inserted that clumsy anachronism of stone in the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Is it not Louis XIV fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII?

And who has put cold white glass instead of those deeply colored panes which caused the astonished eyes of our ancestors to pause between the rose of the great porch and the pointed arches of the chancel? What would a sub-chorister of the sixteenth century say on beholding the yellow plaster with which our Vandal archbishops have bedaubed their cathedral? He would recollect that this was the color with which the executioner washed over the houses of criminals; he would recollect the hotel of the Petit Bourbon, thus beplastered with yellow on account of the treason of the constable, "and a yellow of so good quality," saith Sauval, "and so well laid on, that more than a century hath not yet faded its color"; he would imagine that the sacred fane has become infamous and flee from it as fast as he could.

And if we go up into the cathedral without pausing over the thousand barbarisms of all kinds, what has been done with that charming little belfry which stood over the point of intersection of the transept, and which, neither less light nor less bold than its neighbor, the steeple of the Holy Chapel (likewise destroyed), rose, light, elegant, and sonorous, into the air, overtopping the towers? It was amputated (1787) by an architect of taste, who deemed it sufficient to cover the wound with that large plaster of lead, which looks, for all the world, like the lid of a saucepan.

It is thus that the wonderful art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, especially in France. In its ruins we may distinguish three kinds of injuries, which have affected it in different degrees: in the first place, time, which has here and there chapped and everywhere worn its surface; in the next, revolutions, political and religious, which, blind and furious by nature, have rushed tumultuously upon it, stripped it of its rich garb of sculptures and carvings, broken its open-work and its chains of arabesques and fanciful figures, torn down its statues, sometimes on account of their miters, at others on account of their crowns; lastly, the fashions, more and more silly and grotesque, which since the splendid deviations of the regeneration have succeeded each other in the necessary decline of architecture. The fashions have in fact done more mischief than revolutions. They have cut into the quick; they have attacked the osseous system of the art; they have hacked, hewn, mangled, murdered, the building, in the form as well as in the symbol, in its logic not less than in its beauty. And then they have renewed—a presumption from which at least time and revolutions have been exempt. In the name of good taste, forsooth, they have impudently clapped upon the wounds of Gothic architecture their paltry gewgaws of a day, their ribbons of marble, their pompons of metal, a downright leprosy of eggs, volutes, spirals, draperies, garlands, fringes, flames of stone, clouds of bronze, plethoric cupids, chubby cherubs, which begins to eat into the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Medici, and puts it to death two centuries later, writhing and grinning in the boudoir of the Du Barry.

Thus, to sum up the points to which we have directed attention, three kinds of ravages nowadays disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles and warts on the epidermis—these are the work of time; wounds, contusions, fractures, from brutal violence—these are the work of revolutions from Luther to Mirabeau; mutilations, amputations, dislocations of members, restorations—this is the barbarous Greek and Roman work of professors, according to Vitruvius and Vignole. That magnificent art which the Vandals produced academies have murdered. With time and revolution, whose ravages are at any rate marked by impartiality and grandeur, has been associated a host of architects, duly bred, duly patented, and duly sworn, despoiling with the discernment of bad taste, substituting the chicories of Louis XV to the Gothic lacework, for the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is truly the ass's kick to the expiring lion; the old oak throwing out its leafy crown, to be bitten, gnawed, and torn by caterpillars.

How widely different this from the period when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre Dame at Paris with the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so highly extolled by the ancient heathen," pronounced the Gallican cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height, and structure."

Notre Dame, however, is not what may be called a complete building, nor does it belong to any definite class. It is not a Roman church, neither is it a Gothic church. Notre Dame has not, like the Abbey of Tournus, the heavy, massive squareness, the cold nakedness, the majestic simplicity of edifices which have the circular arch for their generative principle. It is not, like the Cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, light, multiform, efflorescent, highly-decorated production of the pointed arch. It can not be classed among that ancient family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, low, and crushed as it were by the circular arch; quite hieroglyphic, sacerdotal, symbolical; exhibiting in their decorations more lozenges and zigzags than flowers, more flowers than animals, more animals than human figures; the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop; the first transformation of the art, impressed all over with theocratic and military discipline, commencing in the Lower Empire and terminating with William the Conqueror. Neither can our cathedral be placed in that other family of churches, light, lofty, rich in painted glass and sculptures; sharp in form, bold in attitude; free, capricious, unruly, as works of art; the second transformation of architecture, no longer hieroglyphic, unchangeable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular, beginning with the return from the Crusades and ending with Louis XI. Notre Dame is not of pure Roman extraction, like the former, neither is it of pure Arab extraction, like the latter.

It is a transition edifice. The Saxon architect had set up the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed style, brought back from the Crusades, seated itself like a conqueror upon those broad Roman capitals designed to support circular arches only. The pointed style, thenceforward mistress, constructed the rest of the church; but, unpracticed and timid at its outset, it displays a breadth, a flatness, and dares not yet shoot up into steeples and pinnacles, as it has since done in so many wonderful cathedrals. You would say that it is affected by the vicinity of the heavy Roman pillars.

For the rest, those edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic style are not less valuable as studies than the pure types of either. They express a shade of the art which would be lost but for them—the ingrafting of the pointed upon the circular style.

Notre Dame at Paris is a particularly curious specimen of this variety. Every face, every stone of the venerable structure is a page not only of the history of the country, but also of the history of art and science. Thus, to glance merely at the principal details, while the little Porte Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, by their bulk and heaviness carry you back to the date of the Carlovingian Abbey of St. Germain des Pres. You would imagine that there were six centuries between that doorway and those pillars. There are none, down to the alchemists themselves, but find in the symbols of the grand porch a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the Church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey and the philosophical church, Gothic art and Saxon art, the heavy round pillar, which reminds you of Gregory VII, papal unity and schism, St. Germain des Pres, and St. Jacques de la Boucherie—are all blended, combined, amalgamated in Notre Dame. This central mother-church is a sort of chimera among the ancient churches of Paris; it has the head of one, the limbs of another, the trunk of a third, and something of them all.

These hybrid structures, as we have observed, are not the less interesting to the artist, the antiquary, and the historian. They show how far architecture is a primitive art, inasmuch as they demonstrate (what is also demonstrated by the Cyclopean remains, the pyramids of Egypt, the gigantic Hindoo pagodas) that the grandest productions of architecture are not so much individual as social works, rather the offspring of nations in labor than the inventions of genius; the deposit left by a people; the accumulations formed by ages; the residuum of the successive evaporations of human society—in short, a species of formations. Every wave of time superinduces its alluvion, every generation deposits its stratum upon the structure, every individual brings his stone. Such is the process of the beavers, such that of the bees, such that of men. The great emblem of architecture. Babel is a bee-hive.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. It is frequently the case that art changes while they are still in progress. The new art takes the structure as it finds it, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates itself to it, proceeds with it according to its own fancy, and completes it if it can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, agreeably to a natural and quiet law. Certes, there is matter for very thick books, and often for the universal history of mankind, in those successive inoculations of various styles at various heights upon the same structure. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost in these vast masses without any author's name, while human skill is condensed and concentrated in them. Time is the architect, the nation is the mason.

To confine our view here to Christian European architecture, that younger sister of the grand style of the East, it appears to us like an immense formation divided into three totally distinct zones laid one upon another: the Roman zone, the Gothic zone, and the zone of the revival, which we would fain call the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, which is the most ancient and the lowest, is occupied by the circular arch, which again appears, supported by the Greek column, in the modern and uppermost stratum of the revival. The pointed style is between both. The edifices belonging exclusively to one of these three strata are absolutely distinct, one, and complete. Such are the Abbey of Jumieges, the Cathedral of Rheims, the Holy Cross at Orleans. But the three zones blend and amalgamate at their borders, like the colors of the solar spectrum. Hence the complex structures, the transition edifices. The one is Roman at the foot, Gothic in the middle, Greco-Roman at the top. The reason is that it was six centuries in building. This variety is rare; the Castle of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the edifices composed of two formations are frequent, such as Notre Dame at Paris, a building in the pointed style, the first pillars of which belong to the Roman zone, like the porch of St. Denis, and the nave of St. Germain des Pres. Such too is the charming semi-Gothic capitular hall of Bocherville, exhibiting the Roman stratum up to half its height. Such is the Cathedral of Rouen, which would be entirely Gothic were it not for the extremity of its central steeple, which penetrates into the zone of the revival.

For the rest, all these shades, all these differences, affect only the surface of edifices; it is but art which has changed its skin. The constitution itself of the Christian Church is not affected by them. There is always the same internal arrangement, the same logical disposition of parts. Be the sculptured and embroidered outside of a cathedral what it may, we invariably find underneath at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilica. It uniformly expands itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are without deviation two naves, intersecting each other in the form of a cross, the upper extremity of which, rounded into an apsis, forms the chancel; and two aisles for processions and for chapels, a sort of lateral walking-places into which the principal nave disgorges itself by the intercolumniations. These points being settled, the number of chapels, porches, towers, pinnacles is varied to infinity, according to the caprice of the age, the nation, and the art. Accommodation for the exercises of religion once provided and secured, architecture does just what it pleases. As for statues, painted windows, mullions, arabesques, open work, capitals, basso-relievos—it combines all these devices agreeably to the system which best suits itself. Hence the prodigious external variety of those edifices within which reside such order and unity. The trunk of the tree is unchangeable, the foliage capricious.

THE AWAKING OF THE BELLS OF PARIS

And if you would receive from the ancient city an impression which the modern cannot produce, ascend on the morning of some high festival, at sunrise on Easter or Whitsunday, to some elevated point from which you may overlook the whole capital, and listen to the awaking of the bells. Behold at a signal proceeding from heaven, for 'tis the sun himself that gives it, those thousand churches trembling all at once. At first solitary tinkles pass from church to church, as when musicians give notice that they are going to begin. Then see—for at certain times the ear too seems to be imbued with sight—see how, all of a sudden, at the same moment, there rises from each steeple, as it were, a column of sound, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell rises straight, pure, and in a manner separate from that of the others, into the splendid morning sky; then, swelling by degrees, they blend, melt, amalgamate into a magnificent concert. It is now but one mass of sonorous vibrations, issuing incessantly from the innumerable steeples, which floats, undulates, bounds, whirls over the city, and expands far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. That sea of harmony, however, is not a chaos. Vast and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you see in it each group of notes that has flown from the belfries, winding along apart; you may follow the dialogue, by turns low and shrill; you may see the octaves skipping from steeple to steeple; you watch them spring, light, winged, sonorous from the silver bell; dropping dull, faint and feeble from the wooden; you admire the rich gamut incessantly running up and down the seven bells of St. Eustache; you see clear and rapid notes dart about in all directions, make three or four luminous zigzags, and vanish like lightning. Down yonder, the Abbey of St. Martin sends forth its harsh, sharp tones; here the Bastile raises its sinister and husky voice; at the other extremity is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chimes of the palace throw out incessantly on all sides resplendent trills, upon which falls, at measured intervals, the heavy toll from the belfry of Notre Dame, which makes them sparkle like the anvil under the hammer. From time to time you see tones of all shapes, proceeding from the triple peal of St. Germain des Pres, passing before you. Then again, at intervals, this mass of sublime sounds opens and makes way for the *strette* of the Ave Maria, which glistens like an aigrette of stars. Beneath, in the deepest part of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the singing within the churches, which transpires through the vibrating pores of their vaults. Verily this is an opera which is well worth listening to. In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night it is the breathing of the city; in this case it is the singing of the city. Lend your ears then to this *tutti* of steeples; diffuse over the whole the buzz of a million human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down, as with a demi-tint, all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound, and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling than that tumult of bells; than that furnace of music; than those ten thousand brazen tones breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high; than that city which is but one orchestra; than the symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest.

THE BELL-RINGER OF NOTRE DAME

Now, by the year 1482, Quasimodo had grown up.

He had been for several years bell-ringer to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, thanks to his foster-father, Claude Frollo, who had become Archdeacon of Josas, thanks to his diocesan, Messire Louis de Beaumont, who had been appointed Bishop of Paris in 1472, thanks to his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI, by the grace of God, king, etc., etc., etc.

In process of time, the strongest attachment took place between the bell-ringer and the church. Cut off forever from society by the double fatality of his unknown parentage and his misshapen nature, imprisoned from childhood within these impassable boundaries, the unhappy wretch was accustomed to see no object in the world beyond the religious walls which had taken him under their protection. Notre Dame had been successively, to him, as he grew up and expanded, his egg, his nest, his home, his country, the universe.

A sort of mysterious and pre-existent harmony had grown up between this creature and the edifice. While still quite a child, he crawled about, twisting and hopping, in the shade of its arches; he appeared with his human face and his limbs scarcely human, the native reptile of the dark, damp pavement, among the grotesque shadows thrown down upon it by the capitals of the Roman pillars.

As he grew up, the first time that he mechanically grasped the rope in the tower, and, hanging to it, set the bell in motion, the effect upon his foster-father was like that produced upon a parent by the first articulate sounds uttered by his child.

Thus, by little and little, his spirit expanded in harmony with the cathedral; there he lived, there he slept; scarcely ever leaving it, and, being perpetually subject to its mysterious influence, he came at last to resemble it, to be incrusted with it, to form, as it were, an integral part of it. His salient angles dovetailed, if we may be allowed the expression, into the receding angles of the building, so that he seemed to be not merely its inhabitant, but to have taken its form and pressure. Between the ancient church and him there were an instinctive sympathy so profound, so many magnetic affinities, that he stuck to it in some measure as the tortoise to its shell.

It is scarcely necessary to say how familiar he had made himself with the whole cathedral in so long and so intimate a cohabitation. There was no depth that Quasimodo had not fathomed, no height that he had not scaled. Many a time had he climbed up the façade composed of several elevations, assisted only by the asperities of the sculpture. Often might he have been seen crawling up the outside of the towers, like a lizard up a perpendicular wall: those twin giants, so tall, so threatening, so formidable, produced in him neither vertigo-fright nor sudden giddiness. So gentle did they appear under his hand, and so easy to climb, that you would have said he had tamed them. By dint of leaping, scrambling, struggling among the precipices of the venerable cathedral, he had become something between a monkey and a mountain goat, just as the boy of Calabria swims before he can walk, and disports in the sea as if it were his native element.

Not only did the person but also the mind of Quasimodo appear to be molded by the cathedral. It would be difficult to determine the state of that soul, what folds it had contracted, what form it had assumed under its knotty covering, during this wild and savage life. Quasimodo was born one-eyed, humpbacked, lame. It was not without great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had taught him to speak; but there was a fatality attached to the unhappy foundling. Having become a ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, a fresh infirmity had come upon him: the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear, and deafness was the consequence. Thus the only gate which nature had left wide open between him and the world was suddenly closed, and forever. In closing, it shut out the only ray of light and joy that still reached his soul, which was now wrapped in profound darkness. The melancholy of the poor fellow became incurable and complete as his deformity. His deafness rendered him in some measure dumb also: for the moment he lost his hearing he resolved to avoid the ridicule of others by a silence which he never broke but when he was alone. He voluntarily tied up that tongue which Claude Frollo had taken such pains to loosen: hence, when necessity forced him to speak, his tongue was benumbed, awkward, and like a door the hinges of which have grown rusty.

If then we were to attempt to penetrate through this thick and obdurate bark to the soul of Quasimodo; if we could sound the depths of this bungling piece of organization; if we were enabled to hold a torch behind these untransparent organs, to explore the gloomy interior of this opaque being, to illumine its obscure corners and its unmeaning *cul-de-sacs,* and to throw all at once a brilliant light upon the spirit enchained at the bottom of this den, we should doubtless find the wretch in some miserable attitude, stunted and rickety, like the prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grow old doubled up in a box of stone too low to stand up and too short to lie down in.

It is certain that the spirit pines in a misshapen form. Quasimodo scarcely felt within him the blind movements of a soul made in his own image. The impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached the seat of thought. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which entered it came out quite twisted. The reflection resulting from the refraction was necessarily divergent and devious. Hence a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand byways into which his sometimes silly, sometimes crazy, imagination would wander.

The first effect on this vicious organization was to confuse the view which he took of things. He received scarcely a single direct perception. The exterior world appeared to him at a greater distance than it does to us. The second result of his misfortune was that it rendered him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage; he was savage because he was ugly. There was logic in his nature, as there is in ours. His strength, developed in a most extraordinary manner, was another cause of his propensity to mischief. *Malus puer robustus,* says Hobbes. We must nevertheless do him justice: malice was probably not innate in him. From his earliest intercourse with men he had felt, and afterward he had seen, himself despised, rejected, cast off. Human speech had never been to him aught but a jeer or a curse. As he grew up he had found nothing but hatred about him. He had adopted it. He had acquired the general malignity. He had picked up the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all, he turned toward mankind with reluctance: his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with figures of marble, with kings, saints, bishops who at least did not laugh in his face, and looked upon him only with an air of tranquillity and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, bore no malice against him. They were too like him for that. Their raillery was rather directed against other men. The saints were his friends and blessed him; the monsters were his friends and guarded him; he would therefore pass whole hours crouched before one of the statues, holding solitary converse with it. If anyone came by he would run off like a lover surprised in a serenade.

The cathedral was not only his society but his world—in short, all nature to him. He thought of no other trees than the painted windows, which were always in blossom; of no other shades than the foliage of stone adorned with birds in the Saxon capitals; of no other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; of no other ocean than Paris which roared at their feet.

But that which he loved most of all in the maternal edifice, that which awakened his soul and caused it to spread its poor wings, that otherwise remained so miserably folded up in its prison, that which even conferred at times a feeling of happiness, was the bells. He loved them, he caressed them, he talked to them, he understood them—from the chimes in the steeple of the transept to the great bell above the porch. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were like immense cages, in which the birds that he had reared rang for him alone. It was these same birds, however, which had deafened him: mothers are often fondest of the child which has caused them the greatest pain. It is true that theirs were the only voices he could still hear. On this account the great bell was his best beloved. He preferred her before all the other sisters of this noisy family who fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell he called Mary. She was placed in the southern tower along with her sister, Jacqueline, a bell of inferior size, inclosed in a cage of less magnitude by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was thus named after the wife of Jehan Montaigu, who gave her to the church; a gift which, however, did not prevent his figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest dwelt in the steeple of the transept, with the wooden bell, which was only rung between noon on Holy Thursday and the morning of Easter eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his seraglio, but big Mary was his favorite.

It is impossible to form a conception of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon let him off, and said "Go," he ran up the winding staircase of the belfry quicker than another could have gone down. He hurried, out of breath, into the aerial chamber of the great bell, looked at her attentively and lovingly for a moment, then began to talk kindly to her, and patted her with his hand, as you would do a good horse which you were going to put to his mettle. He would pity her for the labor she was about to undergo. After these first caresses, he shouted to his assistants in a lower story of the tower to begin. They seized the ropes, the windlass creaked, and slowly and heavily the enormous cone of metal was set in motion. Quasimodo, with heaving bosom, watched the movement. The first shock of the clapper against the wall of brass shook the woodwork upon which it was hung. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a burst of idiot laughter. Meanwhile the motion of the bell was accelerated, and as the angle which is described became more and more obtuse, the eye of Quasimodo glistened and shone out with more phosphoric light. At length the grand peal began: the whole tower trembled; rafters, leads, stones, all groaned together, from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils of the parapet. Quasimodo then boiled over with delight; he foamed at the mouth; he ran backward and forward; he trembled with the tower from head to foot. The great bell, let loose, and, as it were, furious with rage, turned first to one side, and then to the other side of the tower its enormous brazen throat, whence issued a roar that might be heard to the distance of four leagues around. Quasimodo placed himself before this open mouth; he crouched down and rose up, as the bell swung to and fro, inhaled its boisterous breath, and looked by turns at the abyss two hundred feet deep below him and at the enormous tongue of brass which came ever and anon to bellow in his ear. This was the only speech that he could hear, the only sound that broke the universal silence to which he was doomed. He would spread himself out in it like a bird in the sun. All at once the frenzy of the bell would seize him; his look became wild; he would watch the rocking engine, as a spider watches a fly, and suddenly leap upon it. Then, suspended over the abyss, carried to and fro in the formidable oscillation of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the earlets, strained it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, and with the whole weight and force of his body increased the fury of the peal. While the tower began to quake he would shout and grind his teeth, his red hair bristled up, his breast heaved and puffed like the bellows of a forge, his eye flashed fire, and the monstrous bell neighed breathless under him. It was then no longer the bell of Notre Dame and Quasimodo; it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit clinging to a winged monster; a strange centaur, half man, half bell; a species of horrible Astolpho, carried off by a prodigious hippogriff of living brass.

The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to infuse the breath of life into the whole cathedral. A sort of mysterious emanation seemed—at least so the superstitious multitude imagined—to issue from him, to animate the stones of Notre Dame, and to make the very entrails of the old church heave and palpitate. When it was known that he was there, it was easy to fancy that the thousand statues in the galleries and over the porches moved and were instinct with life. In fact, the cathedral seemed to be a docile and obedient creature in his hands; waiting only his will to raise her mighty voice; being possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar genius. He might be said to make the immense building breathe. He was in fact everywhere; he multiplied himself at all the points of the edifice. At one time the spectator would be seized with affright on beholding at the top of one of the towers an old-looking dwarf, climbing, twining, crawling on all fours, descending externally into the abyss, leaping from one projecting point to another, and fumbling in the body of some sculptured Gorgon—it was Quasimodo unnesting the daws. At another, the visitor stumbled in some dark corner of the church upon a crouching, grim-faced creature, a sort of living chimera—it was Quasimodo musing. At another time might be seen under a belfry an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs furiously swinging at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vespers of the Angelus. Frequently, at night, a hideous figure might be seen wandering on the delicate open-work balustrade which crowns the towers and runs round the apis—it was still the Hunchback of Notre Dame. At such times, according to the reports of the gossips of the neighborhood, the whole church assumed a fantastic, supernatural, frightful aspect; eyes and mouths opened here and there; the dogs and the dragons and the griffins of stone which keep watch day and night, with outstretched neck and opened jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark and howl. At Christmas, while the great bell, which seemed to rattle in the throat, summoned the pious to the midnight mass, the gloomy façade of the cathedral wore such a strange and sinister air that the grand porch seemed to swallow the multitude, while the rose-window above it looked on. All this proceeded from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle ages believed him to be its demon; he was the soul of it. To such a point was he so, that to those who knew that Quasimodo once existed, Notre Dame now appears deserted, inanimate, dead. You feel that there is something wanting. This immense body is void; it is a skeleton; the spirit has departed; you see its place, and that is all. It is like a skull; the sockets of the eyes are still there, but the eyes themselves are gone.

A CHILD'S LITTLE SHOE

I cannot conceive anything in the world more delightful than the ideas awakened in the heart of a mother at the sight of her child's little shoe, especially if it be a holiday, a Sunday, a baptismal shoe; a shoe embroidered down to the very sole; a shoe upon which the infant has never yet stepped. This shoe is so small and so pretty; it is so impossible for it to walk, that it seems to the mother as though she saw her child. She smiles at it, she kisses it, she talks to it; she asks herself if a foot can really be so small; and if the infant should be absent, the pretty shoe is sufficient to set the sweet and tender creature before her eyes. She fancies she sees it—she does see it—all alive, all joyous, with its delicate hands, its round head, its pure lips, its serene eyes, the white of which is blue. If it be winter, there it is crawling upon the carpet, climbing laboriously upon a stool, and the mother trembles lest it should approach too near the fire. If it be summer, it is creeping about in the courtyard or in the garden, looking innocently and fearlessly at the big dogs and the big horses, pulling up the grass growing between the stones, playing with the shells and the flowers, and making the gardener scold on finding sand on his borders and mould on his paths. All about it is bright, joyous, and playful, like itself, even to the very breeze and sunshine, which sport together in the locks of its soft hair. All this the little shoe sets before the mother, and it makes her heart melt like wax before the fire.

But when the child is lost, these thousand images of joy, delight, and affection which crowd around the little shoe are transformed into as many frightful things. The pretty little embroidered shoe then becomes but an instrument of torture, which is incessantly racking the heart of the mother. It is still the same fiber that vibrates—the deepest and the most keenly sensitive fiber—not under the caresses of an angel, but in the grip of a demon.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

WELL-BRED

I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of "well-bred."

Carefully avoid all affectation either of mind or body. It is a very true and very trite observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel, and I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool because he affected a degree of wit that God had denied him. A plowman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous if he attempted the airs and grace of a man of fashion.

That silly article of dress is no trifle. Never be the first nor the last in the fashion. Wear as fine clothes as those of your rank commonly do, and rather better than worse, and when you are well dressed once a day do not seem to know that you have any clothes on at all, but let your carriage and motion be as easy as they would be in your nightgowns.

Let your address when you first come into any company be modest, but without the least bashfulness, steady without impudence, and as unembarrassed as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage of the world and in the best company can possibly give it.—LORD CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773).

NAPOLEON

A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronouncd and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose ante chamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.—WILLIAM E. CHANNING (1780-1842).

If we never flattered ourselves the flattery of others would not hurt us.

When great men permit themselves to be cast down by the continuance of misfortune, they show us that they were only sustained by ambition, and not by their mind; so that, *plus* a great vanity, heroes are made like other men.

We may forgive those who bore us; we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt.

Too great a hurry to discharge an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.

In the intercourse of life, we please more by our faults than by our good qualities.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

The confidence we have in ourselves arises in a great measure from that that we have in others.

Few things are needed to make a wise man happy; nothing can make a fool content; that is why most men are miserable.

The harm that others do us is often less than that we do ourselves.

Magnanimity is a noble effort of pride which makes a man master of himself, to make him master of all things.—DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (1613-1680.)

Learn the past and you will know the future.

He who offends against heaven has none to whom he can pray.

There may be fair words and an humble countenance when there is little virtue.

What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men.

If I am building a mountain and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basketful on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain.

For a blemish may be taken out of a diamond by carefully polishing it, but, if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface that.

Humility is the solid foundation of all virtues.

To acknowledge one's incapacity is the way to be soon prepared to teach others; for from the moment that a man is no longer full of himself, nor puffed up with empty pride, whatever good he learns in the morning he practices before night.

—CONFUCIUS (Kung-fu-tse) (551-478 B.C.)

No man ought to be esteemed free who has not the perfect command of himself. That which is good and becoming is rather to be pursued than that which is pleasant. Sobriety is the strength of the soul, for it preserves the reason unclouded by passion.—PYTHAGORAS (582-500 B.C.).

BUILDING THE BRIDGE

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

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Compulsion repels, impulsion impels.—EDWARD EARL PURINTON.

Anger is a short madness.—HORACE (65-8 B.C.).

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society—MONTAIGNE (1533-1592).

VICTOR HUGO

Victor Hugo was a roaring avalanche. He had an indefatigable will. His power was inexhaustible. He was frank simplicity. He was the colossal work of his age. He was a mass on the horizon like the Himalayas. He was unconscious energy rushing wildly toward truth. He is still the spirit of the twentieth century reflected in a mirror. He was courage standing erect and thinking. His face was ever towards the East. He believed in national honesty, and the preservation of public faith. He was original, creative, and independent. His mind always investigated without reverence, and published his conclusions without fear. He was moral courage—courage in its highest form. He was progress purchased by labor. He is the greatest Frenchman of all times. He shot through the realms of thought like a royal meteor. He held the mirror up to nature, and the world saw life in all of its complexity. He takes us through the cloud-land of fancy.

Marzials tells us, "as Milton takes English, and hews it, like a sculptor hewing marble into shapes of imperishable beauty, so here, Victor Hugo takes French, a far less plastic material, and moulds it to his every purpose in his puissant hands. He never violates its laws, for, rash innovator as he has been called, he thoroughly respects the material in which he works. But he bends it to his fancy and imagination, and the result is superb. And as with the language, so with the verse. The French alexandrine becomes ductile to his touch, and as fit as our own blank verse for every highest poetic use."

Victor Hugo rose above the clouds and gave to the world *Les Miserables*. This masterpiece brings out the intense sympathy with the down-trodden and suffering. The thoughts in this book plunge into the abyss of the infinite. Victor Hugo has passed on out, but he is a living force. His works were based upon the universal human heart, and so eternal.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

I've never had any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about them.—GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880).

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing.—ISAAC DISRAELI (1766-1848).

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought.—LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.—JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—EMERSON (1803-1882).
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I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865).

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—STEVENSON (1850-1894).

Permission Charles Scribner's Sons.

Habits of honesty and truthfulness spring up as one increases in knowledge and courage.—JULIA M. DEWEY.

From *Lessons on Morals.*
Permission Noble and Noble, New York.

After the tongue has once got a knack of lying, it is almost impossible to reclaim it.—MONTAIGNE (1533-1592).

A bad man is wretched amidst every earthly advantage; a good man—troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.—PLATO (429-347 B.C.).

I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor, resting from their labors. They died with harness on.—CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

My life is a brief, brief thing,
  I am here for a little space,
And while I stay I would like, if I may,
  To brighten and better the place.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (1855-1919).

CEMETERY

"Who," says Sir Thomas Browne, "knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?"

As I passed on amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are, then, the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than of the dead, an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild flower which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiseled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes, the mere distinction of prince and beggar, of a rich winding sheet and a shroudless burial, of a solitary grave and a family vault—were this all, then, indeed it would be true that death is a common leveler. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon leveled by the spade and mattock; the breath of the grave blots them out forever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the base? all that is truly great, and pure, and godlike, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveler!—LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

THINK

If you think you are beaten, you are:
  If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but think you can't
  It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost:
  For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
  It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are:
  You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
  You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
  To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
  Is the man who thinks he can.

—ANONYMOUS.

Sorrow relieves itself by words.—W. IRVING (1783-1859).

As no man thoroughly understands truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same.—EMERSON (1803-1882).

Permission Houghton Mifflin.

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning.—GLADSTONE (1809-1898).

The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.—FOWELL BUXTON (1786-1845).

When I go down to the grave I can say like many others: "I have finished my day's work:" But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
The host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!
—LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

ODE

We are the music-makers,
  And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
  And sitting by desolate streams—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
  On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
  Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
  Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
  Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
  In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
  And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
  To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age a dream that is dying,
  Or one that is coming to birth.

—WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1880).

Permission from Yale University Press.

A man should not become impatient from disappointment, as it could not cure, but it doubled the pain.—An Ancient Reflection.

RUBAIYAT

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter-garment of repentance fling:
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

Oh, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears:
Tomorrow!—Why, tomorrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

—OMAR KHAYYAM (1050-1123 A.D.).

STARS

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
  If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven
  That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
  And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
  In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have
  Named themselves a star.

—LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

IN THE GLOAMING

In the gloaming the evening shadows envelop the landscape and all nature begins peace and quietude emblematic of heaven; then it is we take a retrospect of the passing day to find if that day is lost to the world, or if we have in any way rendered valid service to mankind. The poet, no doubt, had this thought in mind when he penned the immortal words: "Count that day lost whose low descending sun finds at thy hand no worthy action done."—C. M. JOINER.

LIBERTY AND REVOLUTIONS

Let us pause for a moment, and contemplate the grand march of revolution and liberty, which has already gilded the page of the history of our times with the greatest crimes of oppression, and the most glorious achievements of the patriot that ever despot had to mourn or the world to admire. Knowledge, the inclined plane of power and the lever of liberty, hath gone abroad in our age, and it has awakened the world from the deep slumber of slavery in which it had reposed for ages—it hath roused it to its wrongs, and behold! thrones are crumbling and crowns crushing beneath the wheels of the car of the patriots and pioneers of liberty. The love of liberty is inherent in every creature that breathes and basks in the sunbeam of heaven—every animal that flies in the air, floats in the ocean, and ambulates the earth. The beautiful bird that droops its plumage in the cage pines for the open field and flowery grove, where it may sing its song to its paramour, and lave its pinions in the light of heaven. Who has not seen the tear start from the eye, and listened to the anguish of that gentle creature which gives us its milk, as it mourned over the offspring of its love, immolated on the altar of the rapacious appetite of man? The meanest reptile of the field, or the noblest beast of the forest, either flies in terror from its tyrant, or repels the oppression that would rob its free limbs of liberty. Who hath not seen the majestic lion, the noblest of his nature, strike, in his shame, the bars of his bondage; and who hath not heard him groan in agony at his degraded destiny? Who hath not heard of the huge elephant, whose noble and natural disposition is to protect the oppressed and punish the oppressor—the generous creature that never received a benefit without giving some token of gratitude, and never met an enemy without marking him for vengeance?

The mind of man illuminated with knowledge *naturally* sighs to be free. Infernal tyranny, like the demon of desolation, hath for ages trampled on the glory of the world, and bowed in bondage the noblest of the earth. For some centuries, feudal despotism seems to have been emerging, like the phoenix, from the ashes of ages; but the argus eye of liberty's eagle hath been watchful—the patriot hath seen the power of the tyrant prostrated, his grandeur degraded, and hath laughed him to scorn as he tumbled from his throne, and the very attributes of his greatness became the instruments of his inglorious fall; the very splendors of his dignity only serving to cast a melancholy gloom on his disgrace.

What is man, when his neck is beneath the foot of the despot, decked and adorned with the spoils of his own industry? Misery hath ever marked the march of despotism, and despotism hath ever darkened the sunlight of liberty and learning. Europe hath groaned for centuries under the yoke of oppression and the spirit which sprang from the entombed tyrants of the feudal times; she hath sunk beneath the added chain which even infernal superstition had left unriveted. And will man, in ignorance, still continue to weep over his wrongs, and worship, through fear, his oppressor? Nay; the flame of revolution is bursting and blazing in the capitals of Europe; a torrent more turbulent and terrible than Niagara is tumbling from the Pyrenees and the Alps; the torch of civil war is streaming in the streets of those cities; and the world looks on in amaze, as the splendid meteor of monarchy goes down, and the orb of emancipation lingers for a moment, to illuminate the ruins beneath it. Patriots are preaching, and, as a necessary consequence, tyrants are trembling for the stability of their thrones, which, in a moment, may be blasted; and, for the safety of their empires, which, in a moment, may be metamorphosed. Patriot pilgrims have traveled to other climes to propagate the doctrine of liberty. It hath been foretold by one of these pilgrims, that despotism, ere long, must irrevocably meet its downfall. I mean Byron, the benevolent and brilliant Byron, who immolated his own life on the altar of the liberties of Greece, and left to posterity the melancholy memorials of his mind and his martyrdom. Yes, Byron the benevolent, who aided Greece with his gold, and her congress with his counsels; who gave her warriors a lesson of forbearance, and, by his own beautiful example, taught the faithless Moslem to be merciful. As he was a lover of liberty, I admire him for his devotion and mourn over his doom. I have garlands for his grave, I have glory for his patriotism, pity for his foibles, and unfading laurels for his genius and his fame. Greece was the shrine of his glory; Greece was the beacon of his boyish pleasures. The fame of her ancient philosophy had reached his ear; her forgotten temples, trophies, and triumphs mingled with his midnight reveries, and imparted a melancholy softness to his song. Peace be to his illustrious shade!

Liberty hath already erected her altars in the very gardens of the globe, and the genius of the world will, ere long, worship at her feet. France no longer mourns over the mausoleum of her liberties, nor weeps at the grave of her glory; but, like time surveying the trophies of his triumphant arm, she stands upon the tombs of her tyrants, and flourishes over the relics and fragments of fallen despotism.

Let us pause again, for a moment, and contemplate that mighty tragedian, the terrible scourge of Europe, who crushed, at his caprice, the thrones of the mighty, and dashed crowns, like playthings, from the heads of a whole hecatomb of tyrants. In *his* eye, tyranny had made a wilderness of the world, and solitude of society; in his view, the very virtues and attributes of man had fallen before the idol of ambition and the car of crime. So daring were his deeds in the path of desolation, and so brilliant the monuments and landmarks of his labors, that the wondering world knew not whether to censure or celebrate—to immortalize or mourn. At the same time that he was the very angel of death to despotism, he was unsurpassed in usurpation and in the assumption of unacknowledged power. He not only made himself master of papal supremacy, and seated himself in the palace of the popes; he not only made Paris the seat of the sciences and the arts, and crowned her the mistress of all Europe; but he stretched his subduing arm over Egypt and the isles, till the Arab and the Ethiop bowed in bondage, and the triumphs of Alexander became the trophies of the modern Hercules. Yet, wonderful paradox! He was a friend to liberty; and, like Alexander, who built seventy cities, he was a benefactor to man.

The splendid works of Napoleon's genius will live, when even his fame, like a phantom, shall be seen through the long telescope of time. The very page of history which records the creations of his genius will be a mirror in which posterity will perceive the reflection of his fame, and his fortunate and fearful, and, may I not say, his unrivalled career.

Is there any proof of this? Let the sciences, let the arts, let architecture answer. The genius of architecture, groaning for ages beneath the fragments of fallen Rome, was revived and reanimated to gaze with astonishment on that mighty work, the Simplon, and not more to admire that monument of the times than the lofty mind that achieved it. It was like his own giant genius, standing alone in its grandeur, unique in its sublimity, and too mighty to hold communion with the meaner objects that surrounded it.

Phidias proposed to make a statue of Alexander out of Mount Athos, holding in one hand a beautiful river, embellished with bridges and villages, and in the other a superb city, suspended midway, as it were, between the grandeur of the earth and the glory of heaven. The idea was magnificently sublime in its conception; and the work would have been wonderfully grand in its creation and execution. It would have been almost an hyperbole in the plastic hand of heaven; it would have been almost a mockery of the majesty of the Creator; and it would have been a model to the sculptor ever after. In wonder, it would have exceeded the walls of Babylon; in its magnitude, durability, and pomp, it would have surpassed the pyramids of Egypt; and in its curious creation, it would have far eclipsed even the wonderful Colossus at Rhodes. Yet as it was only conceived, and not created, it cannot compare with the Simplon, a vast marble bridge, with its mountain base, and cloud-capped battlements, carved out of the eternal adamant of the Alps. Around its wreathed summit the blue lightnings leaped, and far below, gushing from the rocks, the roar of the torrent ascends, as it tumbles from chasm to chasm, dashing and dazzling the eye of the beholder, till it unites with another, and, with increased momentum, leaps into the foaming abyss below. This is not the revery of fancy, but the very picture of its own peerless sublimity. Hannibal, the glory of Carthage and the terror of Rome, crossed the same grand and gloomy barrier; but he left no memorial of his track, and no monument of his march.

The reader must excuse me for so often alluding to and dwelling on the character of the great Alcides of Europe, the "man without a model"; for he was emphatically the telegraph of the times in which he lived and to posterity, of all that has transpired.

But we will leave the great tragedian at his home of St. Helena; we will leave him contemplating the specters of his departed triumphs, as they rise from the tomb of his incarcerated glory. We will leave the high-priest of power to the silence and solitude of the grave, which humbles and covers alike the proud achievements of the patriot and the unhallowed deeds of the despot.

In France, liberty hath already lighted the funeral pyre of oppression, with a brand snatched from the former ruins of her temple, and consigned her oppressors to the same dungeon which they had prepared for the patriot. But let her hands never reek with their blood. They have fallen, ay, fallen so low, that humanity cannot refuse a tear, nor pity the tribute of a sigh. Buried in the dark and solitary cells of St. Michael, on the coast of Normandy, they are forever lost to the world; their wives and their children stripped of wealth, of title, of honors, and privileges, with no friend to mourn or alleviate their sorrows. Even the marriage tie, which bound them to the loved one of the earth, the charm of their existence, that too is dissolved, and all else, save a bare subsistence. Dead, and yet full of life; buried, and yet conscious of the miseries of mortality.

Such is patriotism's tribute to tyranny, and, such as it is, certainly just. What a lesson is their fate calculated to teach to the tools of tyrants! Even Cardinal Wolsey, the pander of a prince, whose heart was adamant, fell not from such a height, stained with such crimes, as these, the champions of the gray-headed Charles. But well may they sympathize with him, and with him exclaim:

O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!

From sunny France, already roused from the sleep of slavery, let us turn, in tears, to unhappy Ireland, the home of patriotism, and of the proudest virtues that deck the mind or adorn the human heart. Ireland, the clime of generosity and reason; of grossness and grandeur. Ay, let us turn to that isle of the ocean, where nature seems to have scattered all her beauties and blandishments, and sown, in her profusion, all the elements of talent and turpitude. That isle, the very Eden of eloquence, and the very cradle of all that is calculated to shine; the birthplace of O'Connell, Curran, and Phillips; of Wolf Tone, and Wellington, and Goldsmith, and Emmet—that land still mourns her unmitigated miseries, still groans beneath the yoke of servitude and toil.

I had rather be like O'Connell, enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, than wear the robe of that royalty that stamps her sons traitors, if they murmur at the mandates of tyranny. But the daring sons of Ireland and of liberty have attempted to tear asunder the cords of tyranny which bound them, and alas! the blood of many a patriotic heart has paid the penalty of outraged royalty. Emmet, the eloquent and undaunted Emmet, died on the scaffold, the victim of valor and of the vengeance of imperial pride. His daring hand aspired to throw off the yoke, and gather for himself the unfading laurels of liberty; but the beacon blazed too soon; and the blinking buzzard of oppression saw the light of its own too precipitate pyre. Alas! Fancy portrays that interesting and ill-fated youth in his dungeon, leaning in melancholy mood against the wall which he is never to pass but as a criminal or a corpse. See! The massive door swings back, and his beautiful betrothed, his weeping and widowed love, rushes wildly to his arms, and their souls, for a moment, are mingled in the ecstasy of misery! "Oh, vindicate my memory," he cries, "when I am mouldering in the tomb of detraction! Remember me in solitude and society; and sometimes visit the scenes where we have so often wandered; and weep for him who can wake not at your sorrows, nor worship your charms!" Fancy, too, portrays the brave Tone, the dauntless Theodore Wolf Tone, condemned to the dungeon which holds the despot, to pine and perish by his own hand. But the theme is too melancholy; his sorrows are too touching and tearful to be related to the gay.

O, Erin! What have thy children not suffered for thee! Though they have emerged from the mountain of bigotry and religious persecution, they still groan under the pressure of civil disability.

Did I say religious persecution? Oh, no, religion, heaven-descended religion, never was a despot; never persecuted and oppressed. 'Tis hers to soothe and to soften; the harbinger of liberty and love. It is the base-begotten bigotry, sprung from the adulterous connection of church and state, that walks abroad in royal robes, and assumes in itself the attributes of the arbiter of faith; it is this, which for ages hath oppressed the Eden isle, and persecuted the altar at which her sons bowed down in adoration. Unhappy Ireland! While her heroic sons have poured into the lap of England her valor and virtue, her talent and treasure, that she might carry her thunder triumphantly over the ocean; while her brave children have battled for liberty in foreign lands, and seen the flag of victory waving proudly on the walls of the tyrant, she alone still pines in bondage, *her* chain alone remains unbroken. Never can the American, while memory remains to record their deeds, forget the heroic devotion and daring intrepidity of the heroes of Ireland, during our own unrivalled revolution; that revolution which will continue, to the latest posterity, the model of all attempts at emancipation. The feats performed by the sons of Erin at Germantown and Trenton, at Brandywine, and Baltimore, and Orleans, shall be treasured on memory's marble tablet, and transmitted, in golden characters, to the monument which records the nation's renown and the decalogue of liberty. And here, in this garden of the West, where revolution first rose in fire, and went down in freedom with the ruins and relics of oppression; here, in this western world, where the beacon of liberty first blazed, and the rainbow of freedom rose on the cloud of war; yes, here, in this land of aspiring hope, where innocence is equity and talent is triumph, the "exile of Erin" finds a home, where his youth may be crowned with happiness, and the sun of life's evening go down in the unmolested hope of immortality.

How must the guardian angel of Erin mourn, and turn with tearful eye, when she beholds England sending her ministers of mercy, her light of religion and learning, to other climes, and sanctioning the freedom of other countries, yet turning with a cold glance to the very Eden of the ocean; to Ireland, the clime of glorious recollections and illustrious renown!

Nor has the bosom of Ireland alone been blasted by the simoon of slavery. Turn to Poland, and it is apparent; turn to Italy, and it is evident. There tyranny has been thundered from the fallen throne of the Poles, and not less from the palace of the popes, reared upon the ruins of the once glorious city of the Cæsars. Italy, the clime of every science that can accomplish, and every deed that could adorn; the first dream of the scholar, and the last track of the traveler, has been sunk for ages, beneath not only the ruins of her columns and temples, but even the trophies of her intelligence. And Poland, the clime of Kosciusko and Sobieski, hath not only seen her patriots doomed to the loathsome dungeon and languishing in the deserts of Siberia; not only seen her rack fed to fatness, and her princes made to grace the pageant of Catharine; but she hath seen herself the victim of legal plunder and legitimate piracy. She hath seen the czar idly surveying her trampled pride, like the pirate Gibbs contemplating the ruins of Carthage.

But Poland hath at length arisen, and rent asunder, with a giant arm, her inglorious chains; and she hath met the locust legions of the autocrat, who hath threatened to immolate whole hecatombs of her traitors on the pyre of rapacious ambition. She is in arms; and even her maids and matrons have given up their brilliants; and their beautiful wives, and women of all ranks, turned out in the tide of war. Oh, for another Kosciusko, to lead her beauties to battle and her sons to liberty! But, alas! the friend of Washington lies low on the pillow of fame; he sleeps between the tombs of the illustrious Sobieski and Peniatowski. He hears not the call of his brave countrymen, nor clash and death-song of battle:

His blade leaps not at the long, loud cry,
Nor starts and streams with a crimson dye:
He shouts no "Charge!" nor the brave line leads;
For he lies in the grave of his glorious deeds.

Ay, he slumbers in glory's grave; he lies mute and motionless, but mighty, still. The hero, bowing at his shrine, feels the inspiration of his valor, and battles for liberty. His very name is the watchword of war; and were his statue fixed upon the walls of Warsaw, the last Pole would perish or place the flag of triumph on the temple of freedom. He would wrap the Russians in the fires of the capitol, and fall himself beneath the ruins, or rise in majesty, in the car of glorious emancipation.

The brave of all nations are about to erect a monument over the remains of Kosciusko. But such a man needs no monument, for his fame is immortal. His monument is mental, more lasting than marble, and more immutable than brass. The page of history is his cenotaph, which time cannot tarnish or tyranny obliterate; the page of history is the record of his renown, with which posterity shall be familiar; and the approval of posterity shall be his reward, which time nor tyrants can confiscate.—By THE MILFORD BARD.

From ***Field's Scrap Book.***

WASHINGTON

Washington was a mental landslide of goodness. He had the applause of the people. He was an engineer of authority mounted on the chariot of sagacity. His principles were cut out of granite. He was the logical consequences of the code of public truth. He was the jewel in the diadem of the nation. He always stood for justice, truth, and purity. He was a thunder-bolt of generosity. His greatest virtue was common-sense. He was majestic in look and in manner. He had a *will* of steel. He was our torch-bearer, to show us truth, and a sword-bearer, to show us justice. He was as pure as a burning ember.

Washington breathed an atmosphere of virtue. He was impassable as a rock. He threw a mantle of good-will over and around the world. He wore the rigid armor of intense respectability. He was the living form of a benediction. He had a passion for honesty. He was forever the auxiliary of life; he was the permanent fellow-workman in the great work of civilization.

He always held in his hand the hem of the robe of peace. He was the sovereign grace.

Washington was simplicity in grandeur. He was a model. His drama was in the people. His purpose was immovable as the ocean. Duty was his motive power. Washington had been put through the school of honesty, he spelled truth, and his alphabet was economy. He was truth that feared no investigation. He knew that consequences determine the quality of actions. For him to do right was not simply a duty, it was a pleasure. He was as reliable as the attraction of gravitation. He was always aware of his responsibility. He drew sternness from the urn of goodness.

Washington was the embodiment of duty. He had no walls but obedience, no veil but modesty, and he was more solid than granite. He was a superhuman blade working for the interest of progress. He was the archangel of kindness. There were no shadows in his soul. He was elegance unaffected. He stands out like prodigious mountains. He was the great architect of good-will, and his mind was in the open air.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

I cannot make two watches run alike, and yet, fool that I was, I thought of governing so many nations of different languages and religions, and living in different climes.—CHARLES V OF SPAIN (1500-1558).

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.—THOMAS WOLSEY (1475-1530).

EXCERPTS FROM THE ADDRESS "FARMERS OF ILLINOIS"

To plow is to pray—to plant is to prophesy, and the harvest answers and fulfills.

Happy is that country where those who cultivate the land own it. Patriotism is born in the woods and fields—by lakes and streams—by crags and plains.

It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one.

It is better to dig wheat and corn from the soil than gold. Only a few days ago, I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrubless, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold had the same effect upon the country that holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

Every man should endeavor to belong to himself.

I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be president of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect without gaining the respect of others.

Happiness is wealth.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed sometimes to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was the first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education, than education without the sense.

Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for.

People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious.

Sleep is the best medicine in the world.

I have sometimes thought that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and gives the bird its plumage and its song.

Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race.

Where industry creates and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

A mortgage casts a shadow on the sunniest field.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows.

A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves.

Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man.

Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine, climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself.

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

From the Dresden Edition.
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FAITH

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! before me lies
Dawn and the day; the night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I *see,*
And nothing more; *believe,* and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.
—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849-1903).

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Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the center, and enjoy bright days;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
—JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

CONSCIENCE

Then, with his children, clothed in skins of brutes,
Dishevelled, livid, rushing through the storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell
The dark man reached a mount in a great plain,
And his tired wife and his sons, out of breath,
Said: "Let us lie down on the earth and sleep."
Cain, sleeping not, dreamed at the mountain foot.
Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an eye, a great eye, in the night
Open, and staring at him in the gloom.
"I am too near," he said, and tremblingly woke up
His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness. Thirty days
He went, and thirty nights, nor looked behind;
Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound;

No rest, no sleep, till he attained the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was Asshur.
"Here pause," he said, "for this place is secure;
Here may we rest, for this is the world's end."
And he sat down; when, lo! in the sad sky,
The self-same eye on the horizon's verge,
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.
"Hide me!" he cried; and all his watchful sons,
Their finger on their lip, stared at their sire.
Cain said to Jabal (father of them that dwell
In tents): "Spread here the curtain of thy tent."
And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
And made it fast and fixed it down with lead.
"You see nought now," said Zillah then, fair child,
The daughter of his eldest, sweet as day.
But Cain replied, "That eye—I see it still."
And Jubal cried (the father of all those
That handle harp and organ): "I will build
A sanctuary;" and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain moaned,
"That eye is glaring at me ever." Henoch cried:
"Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
Build we a city with a citadel;
Build we a city high and close it fast."
Then Tubal Cain (instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron) built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plain around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth;
They plucked the eyes out of whoever passed,
And hurled at even arrows to the stars.
They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was clamped with iron chains.
It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge masses made night in the land.
The walls were thick as mountains. On the door
They graved: "Let not God enter here." This done,
And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.

To him, still dark and haggard, "Oh, my sire,
Is the eye gone?" quoth Zillah tremblingly.
But Cain replied: "Nay, it is even there."
Then added: "I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man within his sepulcher.
I will see nothing; will be seen of none."
They digged a trench, and Cain said: " 'Tis enow,"
As he went down alone into the vault;
But when he sat, so ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,
The eye was in the tomb and fixed on Cain.

—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

THE SPHINX

And near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew for Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and main condition of loveliness through all generations to come, yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with big pouting lips of the very sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and

Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travelers (Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton today)—upon all and more this unworldly sphinx has watched, and watched like a providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the sphinx.—A. W. KINGLAKE (1809-1891).

From *Eothen.*
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It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves; springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dullness to maturity; and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.—WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

You will sow what you reap, and your sins will always find you out. You never have to memorize to remember the truth. After all, nobody is anybody, in particular.—Oriental Proverb.

IMMORTALITY

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

THE CLOSING YEAR

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed Year.
No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.
'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away

And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.
The Year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.
Remorseless Time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,

And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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How full of mournful tragedies, of incompleteness, of fragmentary ambitions and successes this existence is! And yet how sweet and dear it is made by love! That alone never fails to satisfy and fill the soul. Wealth satiates, and ambition ceases to allure; we may weary of eating and drinking, of going up and down the earth—of looking at its mountains and seas, at the sky that arches it, at the moon and stars that shine upon it, but never of the soul that we love and that loves us, of the face that watches for us and grows brighter when we come.—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).

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THE GRAVE

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we love; what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up in a long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling the pressure of the hand; the fond looking of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence: the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go on to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the accounts with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent. If thou art a husband, and hast ever caused that fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth. If thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more bitter because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret, but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—IRVING (1783-1859).

Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.

Be not wise in thine own eyes.

Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
—SOLOMON (1033-975 B. C.).

We shall be judged according to the light we have.

Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.
—CHRIST (4 B. C.-29 A. D.).

EPIGRAMS FROM HUGO'S "SHAKESPEARE"

A home has a soul.

Great art, using this word in its arbitrary sense, is the region of equals.

Art is the second branch of nature.

Art is as natural as nature.

God is the invisible seen.

To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient, but not very scientific.

All human knowledge is but picking and culling. Because the false mixes with the true, it is no excuse for rejecting the mass.

To abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason.

The human mind has a summit. This summit is the ideal. God descends, man rises to it.

To suffer and draw an inference is to teach.

The road to Damascus is necessary to the march of progress. To fall into the truth and to rise a just man, a fall and transfiguration, that is sublime. It is the history of Saint Paul. From his day it will be the history of humanity. The flash of light is beyond the flash of lightning.

Progress will carry itself on by a series of scintillations.

What is grace? It is the inspiration from on high; it is the breath *flat ubi vult;* it is liberty. Grace is the spirit of law. This discovery of the spirit of law belongs to Saint Paul; and what he calls "grace" from a heavenly point of view, we, from an earthly point, call "right."

Light is always relative to darkness.

Every genius has his invention or his discovery.

The appetite debauches the intellect. Voluptuousness replaces will.

Carnal gorging absorbs everything.

To live is a song, of which to die is the refrain.

Observation, which is acquired, and which, in consequence, is a quality rather than a gift, is included in creation.

Wisdom at once, reason by-and-by; it is indeed the strange history of the human mind.

Common-sense is not wisdom and is not reason; it is a little of one and a little of the other, with a dash of egotism.

Common-sense is not a virtue; it is the eye of interest.

The "I" of a man is more vast and profound even than the "I" of a people.

Music, we beg indulgence for this word, is the vapor of art. It is to poetry what revery is to thought, what the fluid is to the liquid, what the ocean of clouds is to the ocean of waves. If another description is required, it is the indefinite of this infinite. The same insufflation pushes it, carries it, raises it, upsets it, fills it with trouble and light and with an ineffable sound, saturates it with electricity and causes it to give sudden discharges of thunder. Music expresses that which cannot be said, and on which it is impossible to be silent.

Under obscurity, subtlety, and darkness you find depth; under exaggeration, imagination; under monstrousness, grandeur.

The multiplication of readers is the multiplication of loaves.

What is the human race since the origin of centuries? A reader. For a long time he has spelt; he spells yet. Soon he will read.

The universe without the book is science taking its first steps; the universe with the book is the ideal making its appearance.

The ideal applied to real facts is civilization.

Compulsory education is a recruiting of souls for light.

The diameter of the moral and ideal good corresponds always to the opening of intelligences. In proportion to the worth of the brain is the worth of the heart.

Reading is nutriment.

Humanity reading is humanity knowing.

Nature and art are the two sides of the same fact.

Nature plus humanity, raised to the second power, gives art.

Nothing so starts and prolongs the shock felt by the thinker as those mysterious exfoliations of abstraction into realities in the double region, the one positive, the other infinite, of human thought.

Now, progress is the motive power of science; the ideal is the generator of art.

A savant may outluster a savant; a poet never throws a poet into the shade.

Art progresses after its own fashion. It shifts its ground like science; but its successive creations, containing the immutable, live, while the admirable attempts of science, which are, and can be nothing but combinations of the contingent, obliterate each other.

Sublimity is equality. The human mind is the infinite possible.

Masterpieces have a level, the same for all—the absolute. Once the absolute reached, all is said. That cannot be excelled. The eye can bear but a certain quantity of dazzling light.

Science seeks perpetual movement. She has found it; it is itself perpetual motion. Science is continually moving in the benefit it confers. Everything stirs up in science, everything changes, everything is constantly renewed. Everything denies, destroys, creates, replaces everything. That which was accepted yesterday is put again under the millstone today. The colossal machine, science, never rests. It is never satisfied; it is everlastingly thirsting for improvement, which the absolute ignores. Vaccination is a problem, the lightning-rod is a problem. Jenner may have erred, Franklin may have deceived himself; let us go on seeking. This agitation is grand. Science is restless around man; it has its own reasons for this restlessness. Science plays in progress the part of utility. Let us worship this magnificent servant. Science makes discoveries, art composes works. Science is an acquirement of man, science is a ladder; one savant overtops the other.

Some day, sooner perhaps than people think, the charge with the bayonet will be itself superseded by peace, at first European, by-and-by universal, and then a whole science—the military science—will vanish away. For that science, its improvement lies in its disappearance.

The cardinal virtues are no longer the law in anthropology.

At times science is an obstacle to science. The savants give way to scruples and cavil at study. Science is the asymptote of truth. It approaches unceasingly and never touches. Nevertheless it has every greatness. It has will, precision, enthusiasm, profound attention, penetration, shrewdness, strength, patience by concatenation, permanent watching for phenomena, the ardor of progress, and even flashes of bravery. But science is series. It proceeds by tests heaped one above the other, and the thick obscurity of which rises slowly to the level of truth. Nothing like it in art. Art is not successive. All art is *ensemble*.

Some religions die away; and when they disappear, they bequeath a great artist to other religions coming after them.

(Hugo got this expression from *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius.) "Religion does not consist in turning unceasingly toward the veiled stone, nor in approaching all the altars, nor in throwing one's self prostrated on the ground, nor in raising the hands before the habitations of gods, nor deluging the temples with the blood of beasts, nor in heaping vows upon vows, but in beholding all with a peaceful soul."

Imbecile contempt can have the same effect as imbecile adoration.

Progress offering its services to faith, offends it. Faith is an ignorance which professes to know, and which, in certain cases, knows perhaps more than science.

To understand some philosophy, would be like a swimmer capable of landing on an isle which was always receding before him.

A commercial firm passes away; a school remains.

Art is an immense gaping chasm, ready to receive all that is within possibility.

One of the characteristics of genius is the singular union of faculties the most distant.

One of the characteristics which distinguish men of genius from ordinary minds, is that they have a double reflection.

Society must be saved in literature as well as in politics.

Wrinkles are the furrows of wisdom; some frowns are tragic.

God creates by intuition; man creates by inspiration, strengthened by observation.

Hatred is not intelligence.

Do you know anything more useless than the sting which does not sting?

The only dungeon is that which walls conscience in.

To characterize right as crime, and movement as rebellion, is the immemorial talent of tyrants.

A genius is a promontory into the infinite.

Certain souls have teeth. Do not wake up their hunger.

For great books there must be great readers.

What is done is but little by the side of what remains to be done.

To destroy is the task: to build is the work. Progress demolishes with the left hand; it is with the right hand that it builds.

The human mind—an important thing to say at this minute—has a greater need of the ideal even than of the real. It is by the real that we exist; it is by the ideal that we live. Now do you wish to realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives.

Genius is not made for genius, it is made for man. Genius on earth is God giving Himself. Each time that a masterpiece appears, it is a distribution of God that takes place. The masterpiece is a variety of the miracle.

The act of doing one's duty is worth all the trial it costs.

No loss of beauty results from goodness.

A prodigy without love is a monster.

There is such a thing as the indignation of baseness.

Make sure of the future by your own exertions.

To lose the false is to gain.

There are cases in which the repayment of a debt is of greater import to the debtor than to the creditor.

Unresisting presence is an encouraging submission.

A century is a formula; an epoch is a thought expressed—after which, civilization passes to another. Civilization has phrases: these phrases are the centuries. It does not repeat here what it says there; but its mysterious phrases are bound together by a chain—logic (logos) is within—and their series constitutes progress. All these phrases, expressive of a single idea—the divine idea—write slowly the word fraternity.

—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

There are men, oceans in reality.

These waves; this ebb and flow; this terrible go-and-come; this noise of every gust; these lights and shadows; these vegetations belonging to the gulf; this democracy of clouds in full hurricane; these eagles in the foam; these wonderful gatherings of stars reflected in one knows not what mysterious crowd by millions of luminous specks, heads confused with the innumerable; those grand errant lightnings which seem to watch; these huge sobs; these monsters glimpsed at; this roaring, disturbing these nights of darkness; these furies, these frenzies, these tempests, these rocks, these shipwrecks, these fleets crushing each other, these human thunders mixed with divine thunders, this blood in the abyss; then these graces, these sweetnesses, these *fêtes,* these gay white veils, these fishing-boats, these songs in the uproar, these splendid ports, this smoke of the earth, these towns in the horizon, this deep blue of water and sky, this useful sharpness, this bitterness which renders the universe wholesome, this rough salt without which all would putrefy, these angers and assuagings, this whole in one, this unexpected in the immutable, this vast marvel of monotony, inexhaustibly varied, this level after that earthquake, these hells and these paradises of immensity eternally agitated, this infinite, this unfathomable—all this can exist in one spirit; and then this spirit is called genius, and you have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare; and looking at these minds is the same thing as to look at the ocean.

Shakespeare! What is he? You might almost answer, He is the earth. Lucretius is the sphere; Shakespeare is the globe. There is more and less in the globe than in the sphere. In the sphere there is the whole, on the globe there is man. Here the outer, there the inner, mystery. Lucretius is the being; Shakespeare is the existence. Thence so much shadow in Lucretius; thence so much movement in Shakespeare. Space—*the blue,* as the Germans say—is certainly not forbidden to Shakespeare. The earth sees and surveys heaven; the earth knows heaven under its two aspects, darkness and azure, doubt and hope. Life goes and comes in death. All life is a secret—a sort of enigmatical parenthesis between birth and the death-throe, between the eye which opens and the eye which closes. This secret imparts its restlessness to Shakespeare. Lucretius is; Shakespeare lives. In Shakespeare the birds sing, the bushes become verdant, the hearts love, the souls suffer, the cloud wanders, it is hot, it is cold, night falls, time passes, forests and crowds speak, the vast eternal dream hovers about. The sap and the blood, all forms of the fact multiple, the actions and the ideas, man and humanity, the living and the life, the solitudes, the cities, the religions, the diamonds and pearls, the dung-hills and the charnel-houses, the ebb and flow of beings, the steps of the comers and goers—all, all are on Shakespeare and in Shakespeare; and this genius being the earth, the dead emerge from it. Certain sinister sides of Shakespeare are haunted by specters. Shakespeare is a brother of Dante. The one completes the other. Dante incarnates all supernaturalism, Shakespeare all nature; and as these two regions, nature and supernaturalism, which appear to us so different, are really the same unity, Dante and Shakespeare, however dissimilar, commingle outwardly, and are but one innately. There is something of the Alighieri, something of the ghost in Shakespeare. The skull passes from the hands of Dante into the hands of Shakespeare. Ugolino gnaws it, Hamlet questions it; and it shows perhaps even a deeper meaning and a loftier teaching in the second than in the first. Shakespeare shakes it and makes stars fall from it. The isle of Prospero, the forest of Ardennes, the heath of Armuyr, the platform of Elsinore, are not less illuminated than the seven circles of Dante's spiral by the somber reverberation of hypothesis. The unknown—half fable, half truth—is outlined there as well as here. Shakespeare as much as Dante allows us to glimpse at the crepuscular horizon of conjecture. In the one as in the other there is the possible—that window of the dream opening on reality. As for the real, we insist on it, Shakespeare overflows with it; everywhere the living flesh. Shakespeare possesses emotion, instinct, the true cry, the right tone, all the human multitude in his clamor. His poetry is himself, and at the same time it is you. Like Homer, Shakespeare is element. Men of genius, re-beginners—it is the right name for them—rise at all the decisive crises of humanity; they sum up the phases and complete the revolutions. In civilization, Homer stamps the end of Asia and the commencement of Europe, Shakespeare stamps the end of the Middle Ages. This closing of the Middle Ages, Rabelais and Cervantes have fixed also; but, being essentially satirists, they give but a partial aspect. Shakespeare's mind is a total; like Homer, Shakespeare is a cyclic man. These two geniuses, Homer and Shakespeare, close the two gates of barbarism—the ancient door and the gothic one. That was their mission; they have fulfilled it. That was their task; they have accomplished it. The third great human crisis is the French Revolution; it is the third huge gate of barbarism, the monarchical gate, which is closing at this moment. The nineteenth century hears it rolling on its hinges. Thence for poetry, the drama, and art arises the actual era, as independent of Shakespeare as of Homer.

Let us say a few words about Æschylus. It would be impossible to write the biography of Shakespeare without some knowledge of this giant. These two men are the two immovable giants of the human mind. Each of them represents the sum total of absolute that man can realize.

Æschylus, a kind of genius out of time, worthy to stamp either a beginning or an end in humanity, does not seem to be placed in his right turn in the series, and, as we have said, seems an elder son of Homer's.

If we remember that Æschylus is nearly submerged by the darkness rising over human memory; if we remember that ninety of his plays have disappeared, that of that sublime hundred there remain no more than seven dramas, which are also seven odes, we are stupefied by what we see of that genius, and almost frightened by what we do not see.

What, then, was Æschylus? What proportions and what forms had he in all this shadow? Æschylus is up to his shoulders in the ashes of ages. His head alone remains out of that burying; and, like the giant of the desert, with his head alone he is as immense as all the neighboring gods standing on their pedestals.

Man passes before this insubmergible wreck. Enough remains for an immense glory. What the darkness has taken adds the unknown to this greatness. Buried and eternal, his brow projecting from the grave, Æschylus looks at generations.

Æschylus is the ancient Shakespeare. He is the grandsire of the stage. Whoever does not comprehend Æschylus is irremediably an ordinary mind. Intellects may be tried on Æschylus.

What personages does Æschylus take? Volcanoes—one of his lost tragedies is called "Etna;" then the mountains—Caucasus, with Prometheus; then the sea—the ocean on its dragon, and the waves, the Oceanides; then the vast East—the Persians; then the bottomless darkness—the Eumenides. Æschylus proves the man by the giant. In Shakespeare the drama approaches nearer to humanity, but remains colossal. Macbeth seems a polar Atrides. You see that the drama opens nature, then opens the soul; there is no limit to this horizon. The drama is life; and life is everything. The epic poem can be only great; the drama must necessarily be immense. This immense, in Æschylus, is a will. It is also a temperament. This immensity, it is Æschylus throughout, and Shakespeare throughout.

The renown of Æschylus filled the world of those days. Egypt, feeling with reason that he was a giant and somewhat Egyptian, bestowed on him the name of Pimander, signifying "Superior Intelligence." In Sicily, whither he had been banished, and where they sacrificed he-goats before his tomb at Gela, he was almost an Olympian. Later on, he was almost a prophet for the Christians, owing to the prediction in "Prometheus," which some people thought to apply to Jesus.

The complete copy of Æschylus's works were in the Alexandrian library, and when Omar destroyed the library in the seventh century, the world lost these mighty works. The work of Æschylus was, by its extent, the greatest, certainly, of all antiquity. Seven of his plays are in print today. The fire destroyed around ninety-seven. Æschylus is incommensurate. There is in him something of India. The wild majesty of his stature recalls those vast poems of the Ganges which walk through art with the steps of a mammoth, and which have, among the Iliads and the Odysseys, the appearance of hippopotami among lions. Æschylus, a thorough Greek, is yet something else besides a Greek. He has the Oriental immensity.

Where is Æschylus? In pieces everywhere. Æschylus is scattered in twenty different places. Æschylus, enlightened by the unconscious divination of genius, without suspecting that he has behind him, in the East, the resignation of Job, completes it, unwittingly, by the revolt of Prometheus; so that the lesson may be complete, and that the human race, to whom Job has taught but duty, shall feel in Prometheus right drawing. There is something ghastly in Æschylus from one end to the other; there is a vague outline of an extraordinary Medusa behind the figures in the foreground. Æschylus is magnificent and powerful—as though you saw him knitting his brows beyond the sun. He has two Cains—Eteocles and Polynices; Genesis has but one. His swarm of sea-monsters come and go in the dark sky, as a flock of driven birds. Æschylus has none of the known proportions. He is rough, abrupt, immoderate, incapable of smoothing the way, almost ferocious, with a grace of his own which resembles the flowers in wild places, less haunted by nymphs than by the Eumenides, of the faction of the Titans; among goddesses choosing the somber ones, and smiling darkly at the Gorgons; a son of the earth like Othryx and Briareus, and ready to attempt again the scaling of heaven against that *parvenu* Jupiter. Æschylus is ancient mystery made man—something like a Pagan prophet. His work, if we had it all, would be a kind of Greek Bible. Poet hundred-handed, having an Orestes more fatal than Ulysses and a Thebes grander than Troy, hard as a rock, raging like the foam, full of steeps, torrents, and precipices, and such a giant that at times you might suppose that he becomes mountain. Coming later than the Iliad, he has the appearance of an elder son of Homer.

You can now see Æschylus holding up the mirror, and Shakespeare looking, looking back through the centuries, and getting the lesson of life that was left by that august character. Shakespeare is Æschylus II.

Now, take away from the drama the East and replace it by the North; take away Greece and put England, take away India and put Germany, that other immense mother, *All-men* (Allemagne); take away Pericles and put Elizabeth; take away the

Parthenon and put the Tower of London; take away the plebs and put the mob; take away the fatality and put the melancholy; take away the gorgon and put the witch; take away the eagle and put the cloud; take away the sun and put on the heath, shuddering in the evening wind, the livid light of the moon, and you have Shakespeare.

Why has Shakespeare the cry of an eagle calling to the sun? Why does his heart pulsate with the great heart of humanity? Why is he something unheard-of, gigantic, immeasurable? Why is he a total? Why is he that great solar system moving onward? Shakespeare understood the soul. His brain was a blaze of light flashing from all points at once and illuminating all questions. He was the great fifth dimension, of time, and space.

The secret of Shakespeare's greatness was his ability to go to the unfathomable depth of the soul.

The production of souls is the secret of the unfathomable depth. The innate, what a shadow! What is that concentration of the unknown which takes place in the darkness, and whence abruptly bursts forth that light, a genius? What is the law of these events, O, Love? The human heart does its work on earth, and that moves the great deep. What is that incomprehensible meeting of material sublimation and moral sublimation in the atom, indivisible if looked at from life, incorruptible if looked at from death? The atom, what a marvel! No dimension, no extent, nor height, nor width, nor thickness, independent of every possible measure, and yet, everything in this nothing! For algebra, the geometrical point. For philosophy, a soul. As a geometrical point, the basis of science; as a soul, the basis of faith. Such is the atom. Two urns, the sexes, imbibe life from the infinite; and the spilling of one into the other produces the being. This is the normal condition of all, animal as well as man. But the man more than man, whence comes he?

The Supreme Intelligence, which here below is the great man, what is the power which invokes it, incorporates it, and reduces it to a human state? What part do the flesh and the blood take in this prodigy? Why do certain terrestrial sparks seek certain celestial molecules? Where do they plunge, those sparks? Where do they go? How do they manage? What is this gift of man to set fire to the unknown? This mine, the infinite, this extraction, a genius, what more wonderful! Whence does that spring up? Why, at a given moment, this one and not that one? Here, as everywhere, the incalculable law of affinities appears and escapes. One gets a glimpse, but sees not. O, forger of the unfathomable, where art thou?

Qualities the most diverse, the most complex, the most opposed in appearance, enter into the composition of souls. The contraries do not exclude each other—far from that; they complete each other. More than one prophet contains a scholiast; more than one magian is a philologist. Inspiration knows its own trade. Every poet is a critic: witness that excellent piece of criticism on the theater that Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Hamlet. A visionary mind may be at the same time precise—like Dante, who writes a book on rhetoric, and a grammar. A precise mind may be at the same time visionary—like Newton, who comments on the Apocalypse; like Leibnitz, who demonstrates, *nova inventa logica,* the Holy Trinity. Dante knows the distinction between the three sorts of words, *parola piana, parola sdrucciola, parola tronca;* he knows that the *piana* gives a trochee, the *sdrucciola* a dactyl and the *tronca* an iambus. Newton is perfectly sure that the Pope is the Antichrist. Dante combines and calculates; Newton dreams.

No law is to be grasped in that obscurity. No system is possible. The currents of adhesions and of cohesions cross each other pell-mell. At times one imagines that he detects the phenomenon of the transmission of the idea, and fancies that he distinctly sees a hand taking the light from him who is departing, to give it to him who arrives. 1642, for example, is a strange year. Galileo dies, Newton is born, in that year. Good. It is a thread; try and tie it, it breaks at once. Here is a disappearance; on the 23rd of April, 1616, on the same day, almost at the same minute, Shakespeare and Cervantes die. Why are these two flames extinguished at the same moment? No apparent logic. A whirlwind in the night.

Enigmas constantly. Why does Commodus proceed from Marcus Aurelius?

These problems beset in the desert Jerome, that man of the caves, that Isaiah of the New Testament. He interrupted his deep thoughts on eternity, and his attention to the trumpet of the archangel, in order to meditate on the soul of some Pagan in whom he felt interested. He calculated the age of Persius, connecting that research with some obscure chance of possible salvation for that poet, dear to the cenobite on account of his strictness; and nothing is so surprising as to see this wild thinker, half naked on his straw, like Job, dispute on this question, so frivolous in appearance, of the birth of a man, with Rufinus and Theophilus of Alexandria—Rufinus observing to him that he is mistaken in his calculations, and that Persius having been born in December under the consulship of Fabius Persicus and Vitellius, and having died in November, under the consulship of Publius Marius and Asinius Gallus, these periods do not correspond rigorously with the year II of the two hundred and third Olympiad, and the year II of the two hundred and tenth, the dates fixed by Jerome. The mystery thus attracts deep thinkers.

These calculations, almost wild, of Jerome, or other similar ones, are made by more than one dreamer. Never to find a stop, to pass from one spiral to another like Archimedes, and from one zone to another like Alighieri, to fall, while fluttering about in the circular well, is the eternal lot of the dreamer. He strikes against the hard wall on which the pale ray glides. Sometimes certainty comes to him as an obstacle, and sometimes clearness as a fear. He keeps on his way. He is the bird under the vault. It is terrible. No matter, the dreamer goes on.

To dream is to think here and there—*passim.* What means the birth of Euripides during that battle of Salamis where Sophocles, a youth, prays, and where Æschylus, in his manhood, fights? What means the birth of Alexander in the night which saw the burning of the temple of Ephesus? What tie between that temple and that man? Is it the conquering and radiant spirit of Europe which, destroyed under the form of the *chef-d'œuvre,* revives under the form of the hero? For do not forget that Ctesiphon is the Greek architect of the temple of Ephesus. We have mentioned just now the simultaneous disappearance of Shakespeare and Cervantes. Here is another case not less surprising. The day when Diogenes died at Corinth, Alexander died at Babylon. These two cynics, the one of the tub, the other of the sword, depart together; and Diogenes, longing to enjoy the immense unknown radiance, will again say to Alexander: "Stand out of my sunlight!"

What is the meaning of certain harmonies in the myths represented by divine men? What is this analogy between Hercules and Jesus which struck the fathers of the church, which made Sorel indignant, but edified Duperron, and which makes Alcides a kind of material mirror of Christ? Is there not a community of souls, and, unknown to them, a communication between the Greek legislator and the Hebrew legislator, creating at the same moment, without knowing each other, and without their suspecting the existence of each other, the first the Areopagus, the second the Sanhedrim? Strange resemblance between the jubilee of Moses and the jubilee of Lycurgus! What are these double paternities—paternity of the body, paternity of the soul, like that of David for Solomon? Giddy heights, steeps, precipices.

He who looks too long into this sacred horror feels immensity racking his brain. What does the sounding-line give you when thrown into that mystery? What do you see? Conjectures quiver, doctrines shake, hypotheses float; all the human philosophy vacillates before the mournful blast rising from that chasm.

The expanse of the possible is, so to speak, under your eyes. The dream that you have in yourself, you discover it beyond yourself. All is indistinct. Confused white shadows are moving. Are they souls? One catches, in the depths below, a glimpse of vague archangels passing along; will they be men at some future day? Holding your head between your hands, you strive to see and to know. You are at the window looking into the unknown. On all sides the deep layers of effects and causes, heaped one behind the other, wrap you with mist. The man who meditates not lives in blindness; the man who meditates lives in darkness. The choice between darkness and darkness, that is all we have. In that darkness, which is up to the present time nearly all our science, experience gropes, observation lies in wait, supposition moves about. If you gaze at it very often, you become *vates*. Vast religious meditation takes possession of you.

Every man has in him his Patmos. He is free to go or not to go on that frightful promontory of thought from which darkness is seen. If he goes not, he remains in the common life, with the common conscience, with the common virtue, with the common faith, or with the common doubt; and it is well. For the inward peace it is evidently the best. If he ascends to that peak, he is caught. The profound waves of the marvellous have appeared to him. No one sees with impunity that ocean. Henceforth he will be the thinker enlarged, magnified, but floating—that is to say, the dreamer. He will partake of the poet and of the prophet. A certain quantity of him now belongs to darkness. The boundless enters into his life, into his conscience, into his virtue, into his philosophy. He becomes extraordinary in the eyes of other men, for his measure is different from theirs. He has duties which they have not. He lives in a sort of vague prayer, attaching himself, strangely enough, to an indefinite certainty which he calls God. He distinguishes in that twilight enough of the anterior life and enough of the ulterior life to seize these two ends of the dark thread, and with them to tie up his soul again. Who has drunk will drink; who has dreamed will dream. He will not give up that alluring abyss, that sounding of the fathomless, that indifference for the world and for life, that entrance into the forbidden, that effort to handle the impalpable and to see the invisible; he returns to them, he leans and bends over them; he takes one step forward, then two—and thus it is that one penetrates into the impenetrable; and thus it is that one plunges into the boundless chasms of infinite meditation.

He who walks down them is a Kant; he who falls down them is a Swedenborg.

To keep one's own free will in that dilatation, is to be great. But, however great one may be, the problems cannot be solved. One may ply the fathomless with questions. Nothing more. As for the answers, they are there, but mingled with shadows. The huge lineaments of truth seem at times to appear for one moment, then go back, and are lost in the absolute. Of all those questions, that among them all which besets the intellect, that among them all which rends the heart, is the question of the soul.

Does the soul exist? Question the first. The persistency of the self is the thirst of man. Without the persistent self, all creation is for him but an immense *cui bono?* Listen to the astounding affirmation which bursts forth from all consciences. The whole sum of God that there is on the earth, within all men, condenses itself in a single cry—to affirm the soul. And then, question the second: Are there great souls?

It seems impossible to doubt it. Why not great minds in humanity as well as great trees in the forest, as well as great peaks in the horizon? The great souls are seen as well as the great mountains. Then, they exist. But here the interrogation presses further; interrogation is anxiety: Whence come they? What are they? Who are they? Are these atoms more divine than others? This atom, for instance, which shall be endowed with irradiation here below, this one which shall be Thales, this one Æschylus, this one Plato, this one Ezekiel, this one Macchabœus, this one Apollonius of Tyana, this one Tertullian, this one Epictetus, this one Marcus Aurelius, this one Nestorius, this one Pelagius, this one Gama, this one Copernicus, this one Jean Huss, this one Descartes, this one Vincent de Paul, this one Piranesi, this one Washington, this one Beethoven, this one Garibaldi, this one John Brown—all these atoms, souls having a sublime function among men, have they seen other worlds, and do they bring on earth the essence of those worlds? The master souls, the leading intellects, who sends them? Who determines their appearance? Who is judge of the actual want of humanity? Who chooses the souls? Who musters the atoms? Who ordains the departures? Who premeditates the arrivals? Does the atom conjunction, the atom universal, the atom binder of words, exist? Is not that the great soul?

To complete one universe by the other; to pour upon the too little of the one the too much of the other; to increase here liberty, there science, there the ideal; to communicate to the inferiors patterns of superior beauty; to exchange the effluvia; to bring the central fire to the planet; to harmonize the various worlds of the same system; to urge forward those which are behind; to mix the creations—does not that mysterious function exist?

Is it not fulfilled, unknown to them, by certain elects, who, momentarily and during their earthly transit, partly ignore themselves? Is not the function of such or such atom, divine motive power called soul, to give movement to a solar man among earthly men? Since the floral atom exists why should not the stellary atom exist? That solar man will be, in turn, the savant, the seer, the calculator, the thaumaturge, the navigator, the architect, the magian, the legislator, the philosopher, the prophet, the hero, the poet. The life of humanity will move onward through them. The volutation of civilization will be their task; that team of minds will drag the huge chariot. One being unyoked, the others will start again. Each completion of a century will be one stage on the journey. Never any solution of continuity. That which one mind will begin, another mind will finish, soldering phenomenon to phenomenon, sometimes without suspecting that welding process. To each revolution in the fact will correspond an adequate revolution in the ideas, and reciprocally. The horizon will not be allowed to extend to the right without stretching as much to the left. Men the most diverse, the most opposite, sometimes will adhere by unexpected parts; and in these adherences will burst forth the imperious logic of progress. Orpheus, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Moses, Manou, Mahomet, with many more, will be the links of the same chain. A Gutenberg discovering the method for the sowing of civilization and the means for the ubiquity of thought, will be followed by a Christopher Columbus discovering a new field. A Christopher Columbus discovering a world will be followed by a Luther discovering a liberty. After Luther, innovator in the dogma, will come Shakespeare, innovator in art. One genius completes the other.

But not in the same region. The astronomer follows the philosopher; the legislator is the executor of the poet's wishes; the fighting liberator lends his assistance to the thinking liberator; the poet corroborates the statesman. Newton is the appendix to Bacon; Danton originates from Diderot; Milton confirms Cromwell; Byron supports Botzaris; Æschylus, before him, has assisted Miltiades. The work is mysterious even for the very men who perform it. Some are conscious of it, others not. At great distances, at intervals of centuries, the correlations manifest themselves, wonderful. The modification in human manners, begun by the religious revealer, will be completed by the philosophical reasoner, so that Voltaire follows up Jesus. Their work agrees and coincides. If this concordance rested with them, both would resist, perhaps—the one, the divine man, indignant in his martyrdom; the other, the human man, humiliated in his irony; but that is so. Some one who is very high orders it in that way.

Yes, let us meditate on these vast obscurities. The characteristic of revery is to gaze at darkness so intently that it brings light out of it.

Humanity developing itself from the interior to the exterior is, properly speaking, civilization. Human intelligence becomes radiance, and step by step, wins, conquers, and humanizes matter. Sublime domestication! This labor has phases; and each of these phases, marking an age in progress, is opened or closed by one of those beings called geniuses. These missionary spirits, these legates of God, do they not carry in them a sort of partial solution of this question, so abstruse, of free will? The apostolate, being an act of will, is related on one side to liberty, and on the other, being a mission, is related by predestination to fatality. The voluntary necessary. Such is the Messiah; such is genius.

Now let us return—for all questions which append to mystery form the circle, and one cannot get out of it—let us return to our starting-point, and to our first question: What is a genius? Is it not perchance a cosmic soul, a soul imbued with a ray from the unknown? In what depths are such souls prepared? How long do they wait? What medium do they traverse? What is the germination which precedes the hatching? What is the mystery of the ante-birth? Where was this atom? It seems as if it was the point of intersection of all the forces. How come all the powers to converge and tie themselves into an indivisible unity in this sovereign intelligence? Who has bred this eagle? The incubation of the fathomless on genius, what an enigma! These lofty souls, momentarily belonging to earth, have they not seen something else? Is it for that reason that they arrive here with so many intuitions? Some of them seem full of the dream of a previous world. Is it thence that comes to them the scared wildness that they sometimes have? Is it that which inspires them with wonderful words? Is it that which gives them strange agitations? Is it thence that they derive the hallucination which makes them, so to speak, see and touch imaginary things and beings? Moses had his fiery thicket; Socrates his familiar demon; Mahomet his dove; Luther his goblin playing with his pen, and to whom he would say, "Be still, there!" Pascal his gaping chasm that he hid with a screen.

Many of those majestic souls are evidently conscious of a mission. They act at times as if they knew. They seem to have a confused certainty. They have it. They have it for the mysterious *ensemble*. They have it also for the detail. Jean Huss, dying, predicts Luther. He exclaims, "You burn the goose (Huss), but the swan will come." Who sends these souls? Who creates them? What is the law of their formation anterior and superior life? Who provides them with force, patience, fecundation, will, passion? From what urn of goodness have they drawn sternness? In what region of the lightnings have they culled love? Each of these great newly arrived souls renews philosophy or art or science or poetry, re-makes these worlds after its own image. They are as though impregnated with creation. At times a truth emanates from these souls which lights up the questions on which it falls. Some of these souls are like a star from which light would drip. From what wonderful source, then, do they proceed, that they are all different? Not one originates from the other, and yet they have this in common, that they all bring the infinite. Incommensurable and insoluble questions. That does not stop the good pedants and the clever men from bridling up, and saying, while pointing with the finger at the sidereal group of geniuses on the heights of civilization: "You will have no more men such as those. They cannot be matched. There are no more of them. We declare to you that the earth has exhausted its contingent of master spirits. Now for decadence and general closing. We must make up our minds to it. We shall have no more men of genius."—Ah, you have seen the bottom of the unfathomable, you!

No, thou art not worn out. Thou hast not before thee the bourn, the limit, the term, the frontier. Thou hast nothing to bound thee, as winter bounds summer, as lassitude the birds, as the precipice the torrent, as the cliff the ocean, as the tomb man. Thou art boundless. The "Thou shalt not go farther," is spoken *by* thee, and it is not said *of* thee. No, thou windest not a skein which diminishes, and the thread of which breaks; no, thou stoppest not short; no, thy quantity decreaseth not; no, thy thickness becometh not thinner; no, thy faculty miscarrieth not; no, it is not true that they begin to perceive in thy all-powerfulness that transparence which announces the end, and to get a glimpse behind thee of another thing besides thee. Another thing! And what then? The obstacle. The obstacle to whom? The obstacle to creation, the obstacle to the everlasting, the obstacle to the necessary! What a dream!

When thou hearest men say, "This is as far as God advances—do not ask more of Him; He starts from here, and stops there. In Homer, in Aristotle, in Newton, He has given you all that He had; leave Him at rest now—He is empty. God does not begin again; He could do that once, He cannot do it twice; He has spent Himself altogether in this man—enough of God does not remain to make a similar man"—when thou hearest them say such things, if thou wast a man like them, thou wouldst smile in thy terrible depth; but thou art not in a terrible depth, and being goodness, thou hast no smile. The smile is but a passing wrinkle, unknown to the absolute.

Thou struck by a powerful chill; thou to leave off; thou to break down; thou to say "Halt!" Never. Thou shouldst be compelled to take breath after having created a man! No; whoever that man may be, thou art God. If this weak swarm of living beings, in presence of the unknown, must feel wonder and fear at something, it is not at the possibility of seeing the germ-seed dry up and the power of procreation become sterile; it is, O God, at the eternal unleashing of miracles. The hurricane of miracles blows perpetually. Day and night the phenomena surge around us on all sides, and, not less marvelous, without disturbing the majestic tranquillity of the Being. This tumult is harmony.

The huge concentric waves of universal life are boundless. The starry sky that we study is but a partial apparition. We steal from the network of the Being but some links. The complication of the phenomenon, of which a glimpse can be caught, beyond our senses, only by contemplation and ecstasy, makes the mind giddy. The thinker who reaches so far, is, for other men, only a visionary. The necessary entanglement of the perceptible and of the imperceptible strikes the philosopher with stupor. This plenitude is required by thy all-powerfulness, which does not admit any blanks. The permeation of universes into universes makes part of thy infinitude. Here we extend the word universe to an order of facts that no astronomer can reach. In the Cosmos that the vision spies, and which escapes our organs of flesh, the spheres enter into the spheres without deforming each other, the density of creations being different; so that, according to every appearance, with our world is amalgamated, in some inexplicable way, another world invisible to us, as we are invisible to it.

And thou, center and place of all things, as though thou, the Being, couldst be exhausted! that the absolute serenities could, at certain moments, fear the want of means on the part of the Infinite! that there would come an hour when thou couldst no longer supply humanity with the lights which it requires! that mechanically unwearied, thou couldst be worn out in the intellectual and moral order! that it would be proper to say, "God is extinguished on this side!" No! no! no! O, Father!

Phidias created does not stop you from making Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo completed, there still remains to thee the material for Rembrandt. A Dante does not tire thee. Thou art no more exhausted by a Homer than by a star. The auroras by the side of auroras, the indefinite renewing of meteors, the worlds above the worlds, the wonderful passage of these incandescent stars comets, the geniuses and again the geniuses, Orpheus, then Moses, then Isaiah, then Æschylus, then Lucretius, then Tacitus, then Juvenal, then Cervantes and Rabelais, then Shakespeare, then Moliere, then Voltaire, those who have been and those who will be—that does not weary thee. Swarm of constellations! there is room in thy immensity.

Let us return to Æschylus, and relate some facts. How came Æschylus's works to be in the Alexandrian Library? There was a king of Egypt, named Ptolemy Euergetes, who resolved to give Æschylus to the library. He declared that he would cause a copy to be made. He sent an embassy to borrow from the Athenians the unique and sacred copy under the care of the recorder of the republic. Athens, not over-prone to lend, hesitated and demanded a security. The king of Egypt offered fifteen silver talents. Now, those who wish to realize the value of fifteen talents, have but to know that it was three-fourths of the annual tribute of ransom paid by Judea to Egypt, which was twenty talents, and weighed so heavily on the Jewish people that the high priest Onias II, founder of the Onion temple, decided to refuse this tribute at the risk of a war. Athens accepted the security. The fifteen talents were deposited. The complete copy of Æschylus was delivered to the king of Egypt. The king gave up the fifteen talents and kept the book. Athens was not strong enough to declare war against Egypt, so she left Æschylus a prisoner in Egypt.

O! what a stock of human knowledge, formed the Alexandrian Library!

But let us return to Shakespeare. Shakespeare is the painter, and what a painter! Shakespeare in reality does more than relate; he exhibits. He has a reflector, observation, and a condenser, emotion; thence those grand luminous specters which burst out from their brain, and which go on blazing forever on the gloomy human wall. These phantoms have life.

Shakespeare has tragedy, comedy, fairy-land, hymn, farce, grand divine laughter, terror and horror, and, to say all in one word, the drama. He touches the two poles. He belongs to Olympus and to the travelling booth. No possibility fails him. When he grasps you, you are subdued. Do not expect from him any pity. He is a great stream of human emotion pouring from the depth of his cave the urn of tears.

Shakespeare is, above all, an imagination. Now—and this is a truth to which we have already alluded, and which is well known to thinkers—imagination is depth. No faculty of the mind goes and sinks deeper than imagination; it is the great diver. Science, reaching the lowest depths, meets imagination. In conic sections, in logarithms, in the differential and integral calculus, in the calculation of probabilities, in the infinitesimal calculus, in the calculations of sonorous waves, in the application of algebra to geometry, the imagination is the co-efficient of calculation, and mathematics becomes poetry. The poet philosophizes because he imagines. That is why Shakespeare has that sovereign management of reality which enables him to have his way with it; and his very whims are varieties of the true—varieties which deserve meditation.

Shakespeare is fertility, force, exuberance, the overflowing breast, the foaming cup, the brimful tub, the overrunning sap, the overflooding lava, the whirlwind scattering germs, the universal rain of life, everything by thousands, everything by millions, no reticence, no binding, no economy, the inordinate and tranquil prodigality of the Creator. To those who feel the bottom of their pocket, the inexhaustible seems insane. Will it stop soon? Never. Shakespeare is the sower of dazzling wonders. At every turn, the image; at every turn, contrast; at every turn, light and darkness.

Shakespeare is simplicity. Simplicity is grandeur. To give to each thing the quantity of space which fits it, neither more nor less, is simplicity. Simplicity is justice. The whole law of taste is in that. Each thing put in its place and spoken with its own word. On the only condition that a certain latent equilibrium is maintained and a certain mysterious proportion preserved, simplicity may be found in the most stupendous complication, either in the style, or in the *ensemble*. These are the arcana of great art.

Lofty criticism alone, which takes its starting-point from enthusiasm, penetrates and comprehends these learned laws. Opulence, profusion, dazzling radiancy, may be simplicity. The sun is simple. Whatever may be the abundance, whatever may be the entanglement, even if perplexing, confused, and inextricable, all that is true is simple. A root is simple. That simplicity which is profound is the only one that art recognizes. Shakespeare's simplicity is the great simplicity. He is foolishly full of it. He ignores the small simplicity.

Shakespeare respects nothing, he goes straight on, putting out of breath those who wish to follow; he strides over proprieties; he overthrows Aristotle; he spreads havoc among the Jesuits, Methodists, the Purists, and the Puritans; he puts Loyola to flight, and upsets Wesley; he is valiant, bold, enterprising, militant, direct. His inkstand smokes like a crater. He is always laborious, ready, spirited, disposed, going forward. Pen in hand, his brow blazing, he goes on driven by the demon of genius.

Shakespeare is, in truth, exorbitant. By all that is holy! some attention ought to be paid to others; one man has no right to everything. What! always virility, inspiration everywhere, as many metaphors as the prairie, as many antitheses as the oak, as many contrasts and depths as the universe; what! forever generation, hatching, hymen, parturition, vast *ensemble,* exquisite and robust detail, living communion, fecundation, plenitude, production! It is too much; it infringes the rights of human geldings.

Shakespeare has no reserve, no discretion, no limit, no blank. What is wanting in him is that he wants nothing. No box for savings, no fast-day with him. He overflows like vegetation, like germination, like light, like flame. Yet, it does not hinder him from thinking of you, spectator or reader, from preaching to you, from giving you advice, from being your friend, like any other kind-hearted La Fontaine, and from rendering you small services. You can warm your hands at the conflagration he kindles. Shakespeare is the poet, he offers himself: who will have me? He gives, scatters, squanders himself; he is never empty. Why? He cannot be. Exhaustion with him is impossible. There is in him something of the fathomless. He fills up again, and spends himself; then recommences. He is the bottomless treasury of genius.

Like all lofty minds in full riot of Omnipotence, Shakespeare decants all nature, drinks it, and makes you drink it. Voltaire reproached him for his drunkenness, and was quite right. Why on earth, we repeat, why has this Shakespeare such a temperament? He does not stop, he does not feel fatigue, he is without pity for the poor weak stomachs that are candidates for the Academy. The gastritis called "good taste," he does not labor under it. He is powerful. What is this vast intemperate song that he sings through ages—war-song, drinking-song, love-ditty—which passes from King Lear to Queen Mab, and from Hamlet to Falstaff, heart-rending at times as a sob, grand as the Iliad?

His poetry has the sharp perfume of honey made by the vagabond bee without a hive. Here prose, there verse; all forms, being but receptacles for the idea, suit him. This poetry weeps and laughs. The English tongue, a language little formed, now assists, now harms him, but everywhere the deep mind gushes forth translucent. Shakespeare's drama proceeds with a kind of distracted rhythm. It is so vast that it staggers; it has and gives the vertigo; but nothing is so solid as this excited grandeur. Shakespeare, shuddering, has in himself the winds, the spirits, the philters, the vibrations, the fluctuations of transient breezes, the obscure penetration of effluvia, the great unknown sap. Thence his agitation, in the depth of which is repose. It is this agitation in which Goethe is wanting, wrongly praised for his impassiveness, which is inferiority. This agitation, all minds of the first order have it. It is in John, in Æschylus, in Alighieri. This agitation is humanity. On earth the divine must be human. It must propose to itself its own enigma and feel disturbed about it.

Inspiration being prodigy, a sacred stupor mingles with it. A certain majesty of mind resembles solitudes and is blended with astonishment. Shakespeare, like all great poets, like all great things, is absorbed by a dream. His own vegetation astounds him; his own tempest appalls him. It seems at times as if Shakespeare terrified Shakespeare. He shudders at his own depth. This is the sign of supreme intellects. It is his own vastness which shakes him and imparts to him unaccountable huge oscillations. There is no genius without waves. An inebriated savage it may be. He has the wildness of the virgin forest; he has the intoxication of the high sea.

Shakespeare (the condor alone gives some idea of such gigantic gait) departs, arrives, starts again, mounts, descends, hovers, dives, sinks, rushes, plunges into the depths below, plunges into the depths above. He is one of those geniuses that God purposely leaves unbridled, so that they may go headlong and in full flight into the infinite.

From time to time comes on this globe one of these spirits. Their passage, as we have said, renews art, science, philosophy, or society.

They fill a century, then disappear. Then it is not one century alone that their light illumines, it is humanity from one end to another of time; and it is perceived that each of these men was the human mind itself contained whole in one brain, and coming, at a given moment, to give on earth an impetus to progress.

These supreme spirits, once life achieved and the work completed, go in death to rejoin the mysterious group, and are probably at home in the infinite.

What kind of models did Shakespeare have? What were the culminating points? Are his portraits human? Well, let us see who his characters were!

The characteristic of men of genius of the first order is to produce each a peculiar model of man. All bestow on humanity its portrait—some laughing, some weeping, others pensive. These last are the greatest. Plautus laughs, and gives to man Amphitryon; Rabelais laughs, and gives to man Gargantua; Cervantes laughs, and gives to man Don Quixote; Beaumarchais laughs, and gives to man Figaro; Moliere weeps, and gives to man Alceste; Shakespeare dreams, and gives to man Hamlet; Æschylus meditates, and gives to man Prometheus. The others are great; Æschylus and Shakespeare are immense.

These portraits of humanity, left to humanity, as a last farewell by those passers-by, the poets, are rarely flattered, always exact, striking likenesses. Vice, or folly, or virtue, is extracted from the soul and stamped on the visage. The tear congealed becomes a pearl; the smile petrified ends by looking like a menace; wrinkles are the furrows of wisdom; some frowns are tragic. This series of models of man is the permanent lesson for generations; each century adds in some figures—sometimes done in full light and strong relief, like Macette, Celimene, Tartuffe, Turcaret, and the Nephew of Rameau; sometimes simple profiles, like Gil Blas, Manon Lescaut, Clarissa Harlowe, and Candide.

God creates by intuition; man creates by inspiration, strengthened by observation. This second creation, which is nothing else but divine action carried out by man, is what is called genius.

The poet stepping into the place of destiny; an invention of men and events so strange, so true to nature, and so masterly that certain religious sects hold it in horror as an encroachment upon Providence, and call the poet "the liar;" the conscience of man, taken in the act and placed in a medium which it combats, governs or transforms—such is the drama. And there is in this something superior. This handling of the human soul seems a kind of equality with God—equality, the mystery of which is explained when we reflect that God is within man. This equality is identity. Who is our conscience? He. And He counsels good acts. Who is our intelligence? He. And He inspires the *chef-d'œuvre.*

God may be there, but it removes nothing, as we have proved, from the sourness of critics; the greatest minds are those which are most brought into question. It even sometimes happens that true intellects attack genius; the inspired, strangely enough, do not recognize inspiration. Erasmus, Bayle, Scaliger, St. Evremond, Voltaire, many of the fathers of the church, whole families of philosophers, the whole school of Alexandria, Cicero, Horace, Lucian, Plutarch, Josephus, Dion Chrysostom, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Philostratus, Metrodorus of Lampsacus, Plato, Pythagoras, have severally criticised Homer. In this enumeration we omit Zoilus. Men who deny are not critics. Hatred is not intelligence. To insult is not to discuss. Zoilus, Mævius, Cecchi, Green, Avellaneda, William Lauder, Vise, Freron—no cleansing of these names is possible. These men have wounded the human race through her men of genius; these wretched hands forever retain the color of the mud that they have thrown.

And these men have not even either the sad renown that they seem to have acquired by right, or the whole quantity of shame that they hoped for. One scarcely knows that they have existed. They are half forgotten—a greater humiliation than to be wholly forgotten. With the exception of two or three among them who have become by-words of contempt, despicable owls, nailed up for an example, all these wretched names are unknown. An obscure notoriety follows their equivocal existence. Look at this Clement, who had called himself the "hypercritic," and whose profession it was to bite and denounce Diderot; he disappears, and is confounded, although born at Geneva, with Clement of Dijon, confessor to Mesdames; with David Clement, author of the "Bibliotheque Curieuse;" with Clement of Baize, Benedictine of St. Maur; and with Clement d' Ascain, Capuchin, definator and provincial of Bearn. What avails it him to have declared that the work of Diderot is but an "obscure verbiage," and to have died mad at Charenton, to be afterward submerged in four or five unknown Clements? In vain did Famien Strada rabidly attack

Tacitus; one scarcely knows him now from Fabien Spada, called *L' Epee de Bois,* the jester of Sigismond Augustus. In vain did Cecchi vilify Dante; we are not certain whether his name was not Cecco. In vain did Green fasten on Shakespeare; he is now confounded with Greene. Avellaneda, the "enemy" of Cervantes, is perhaps Avellanedo. Lauder, the slanderer of Milton, is perhaps Leuder. The unknown De Vise, who tormented Moliere, turns out to be a certain Donneau; he had surnamed himself De Vise, through a taste for nobility. Those men relied, in order to create for themselves a little *eclat,* on the greatness of those whom they outraged. But no, they have remained obscure. These poor insulters did not get their salary. Contempt has failed them. Let us pity them.

Let us add that calumny loses its labor. Then what purpose can it serve? Not even an evil one. Do you know anything more useless than the sting which does not sting?

Better still. This sting is beneficial. In a given time it is found that calumny, envy, and hatred, thinking to labor against, have worked in aid of truth. Their insults bring fame, their blackening makes illustrious. They succeed only in mingling with glory an outcry which increases it.

Let us continue.

So, each of the men of genius tries on in his turn this immense human mask; and such is the strength of the soul which they cause to pass through the mysterious aperture of the eyes, that this look changes the mask, and, from terrible, makes it comic, then pensive, then grieved, then young and smiling, then decrepit, then sensual and gluttonous, then religious, then outrageous; and it is Cain, Job, Atreus, Ajax, Priam, Hecuba, Niobe, Clytemnestra, Nausicaa, Pistoclerus, Grumio, Davus, Pasicompsa, Chimene, Don Arias, Don Diego, Mudarra, Richard III, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Juliet, Romeo, Lear, Sancho Panza, Pantagruel, Panurge, Arnolphe, Dandin Sganarelle, Agnes, Rosine, Victorine, Basile, Almaviva, Cherubin, Manfred.

From the direct divine creation proceeds Adam, the prototype. From the indirect divine creation—that is to say, from the human creation—proceed other Adams, the types.

A type does not produce any man in particular; it cannot be exactly superposed upon any individual; it sums up and concentrates under one human form a whole family of characters and minds. A type is no abridgment; it is a condensation. It is not one, it is all. Alcibiades is but Alcibiades, Petronius is but Petronius, Bassompierre is but Bassompierre, Buckingham is but Buckingham, Fronsac is but Fronsac, Lauzun is but Lauzun; but take Lauzun, Fronsac, Buckingham, Bassompierre, Petronius, and Alcibiades, and pound them in the mortar of imagination, and from that process you have a phantom more real than them all—Don Juan. Take the usurers one by one; no one of them is that fierce merchant of Venice, crying, "Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him if he forfeit." Take all the usurers together; from the crowd of them comes a total—Shylock. Sum up usury, you have Shylock. The metaphor of the people, who are never mistaken, confirms, without knowing it, the inventions of the poet; and while Shakespeare makes Shylock, it creates the *gripe-all.* Shylock is the Jewish bargaining. He is also Judaism; that is to say, his whole nation—the high as well as the low, faith as well as fraud; and it is because he sums up a whole race, such as oppression has made it, that Shylock is great. Jews, even those of the Middle Ages, might with reason say that not one of them is Shylock. Men of pleasure may with reason say that not one of them is Don Juan. No leaf of the orange-tree when chewed gives the flavor of the orange, yet there is a deep affinity, an identity of roots, a sap rising from the same source, the sharing of the same subterraneous shadow before life. The fruit contains the mystery of the tree, and the type contains the mystery of the man. Hence the strange vitality of the type. For—and this is the prodigy—the type lives. If it were but an abstraction, men would not recognize it, and would allow this shadow to pass by. The tragedy termed classic makes larvae; the drama creates types. A lesson which is a man; a myth with a human face so plastic that it looks at you, and that its look is a mirror; a parable which warns you; a symbol which cries out "Beware"! an idea which is nerve, muscle, and flesh, and which has a heart to love, bowels to suffer, eyes to weep, and teeth to devour or laugh, a psychical conception with the relief of actual fact, and which, if it bleeds, drops real blood—that is the type. O, power of true poetry! Types are beings. They breathe, palpitate, their steps are heard on the floor, they exist. They exist with an existence more intense than that of any creature thinking himself living there in the street. These phantoms have more density than man. There is in their essence that amount of eternity which belongs to *chefs-d'œuvre,* and which makes Trimalcion live, while M. Romieu is dead.

Types are cases foreseen by God; genius realizes them. It seems that God prefers to teach man a lesson through man, in order to inspire confidence. The poet is on the pavement of the living; he speaks to them nearer to their ear. Thence the efficacy of types. Man is a premise, the type the conclusion; God creates the phenomenon, genius puts a name on it; God creates the miser only, genius Harpagon; God creates the traitor only, genius makes Iago; God creates the coquette, genius makes Celimene; God creates the citizen only, genius makes Chrysale; God creates the king only, genius makes Grandgousier. Sometimes, at a given moment, the type proceeds complete from some unknown partnership of the mass of the people with a great natural comedian, involuntary and powerful realizer; the crowd is a midwife. In an epoch which bears at one of its extremities Talleyrand, and at another Chodruc-Duclos, springs up suddenly, in a flash of lightning, under the mysterious incubation of the theater, that specter, Robert Macaire.

Types go and come firmly in art and in nature. They are the ideal realized. The good and the evil of man are in these figures.

From each of them results, in the eyes of the thinker, a humanity.

As we have said before, so many types, so many Adams. The man of Homer, Achilles, is an Adam; from him comes the species of the slayers; the man of Æschylus, Prometheus, is an Adam; from him comes the race of the fighters: Shakespeare's man, Hamlet, is an Adam; to him belongs the family of the dreamers. Other Adams, created by poets, incarnate, this one passion, another duty, another reason, another conscience, another the fall, another the ascension. Prudence, drifting to trepidation, goes on from the old man Nestor to the old man Geronte. Love, drifting to appetite, goes on from Daphne to Lovelace. Beauty, entwined with the serpent, goes from Eve to Melusina. The types begin in Genesis, and a link of their chain passes through Restif de la Bretonne and Vade. The lyric suits them. Billingsgate is not unbecoming to them. They speak in country dialects by the mouth of Gros-Rene; and in Homer they say to Minerva, holding them by the hair of the head: "What dost thou want with me, goddess"?

A surprising exception has been conceded to Dante. The man of Dante is Dante. Dante has, so to speak, created himself a second time in his poem. He is his own type; his Adam is himself. For the action of his poem he has sought out no one. He has only taken Virgil as supernumerary. Moreover, he made himself epic at once, without even giving himself the trouble to change his name. What he had to do was in fact simple—to descend into hell and remount to heaven. What good was it to trouble himself for so little? He knocks gravely at the door of the infinite and says, "Open! I am Dante."

Two marvelous Adams, we have just said, are the man of Æschylus, Prometheus, and the man of Shakespeare, Hamlet.

Prometheus is action. Hamlet is hesitation.

In Prometheus the obstacle is exterior; in Hamlet it is interior.

In Prometheus the will is securely nailed down by nails of brass and cannot get loose; besides, it has by its side two watchers—force and power. In Hamlet the will is more tied down yet; it is bound by previous meditation—the endless chain of the undecided. Try to get out of yourself if you can! What a Gordian knot is our revery! Slavery from within, that is slavery indeed. Scale this enclosure, "to dream!" escape, if you can, from this prison, "to love!" The only dungeon is that which walls conscience in. Prometheus, in order to be free, has but a bronze collar to break and a god to conquer; Hamlet must break and conquer himself. Prometheus can raise himself upright, if he only lifts a mountain; to raise himself up, Hamlet must lift his own thoughts. If Prometheus plucks the vulture from his breast, all is said; Hamlet must tear Hamlet from his breast. Prometheus and Hamlet are two naked livers; from one runs blood, from the other doubt.

We are in the habit of comparing Æschylus and Shakespeare by Orestes and Hamlet, these two tragedies being the same drama. Never in fact was a subject more identical. The learned mark an analogy between them; the impotent, who are also the ignorant, the envious, who are also the imbeciles, have the petty joy of thinking they establish a plagiarism. It is, after all, a possible field for erudition and for serious criticism. Hamlet walks behind Orestes, parricide through filial love. This easy comparison, rather superficial than deep, strikes us less than the mysterious confronting of those two enchained beings, Prometheus and Hamlet.

Let us not forget that the human mind, half divine as it is, creates from time to time superhuman works. These superhuman works of man are, moreover, more numerous than it is thought, for they entirely fill art. Out of poetry, where marvels abound, there is in music Beethoven, in sculpture Phidias, in architecture Piranesi, in painting Rembrandt, and in painting, architecture, and sculpture Michael Angelo. We pass many over, and not the least.

Prometheus and Hamlet are among those more than human works.

A kind of gigantic determination; the usual measure exceeded; greatness everywhere; that which astounds ordinary intellects demonstrated when necessary by the improbable; destiny, society, law, religion, brought to trial and judgment in the name of the unknown, the abyss of the mysterious equilibrium; the event treated as a *rôle* played out, and, on occasion, hurled as a reproach against fatality or providence; passion, terrible personage, going and coming in man; the audacity and sometimes the insolence of reason; the haughty forms of a style at ease in all extremes, and at the same time a profound wisdom; the gentleness of the giant; the goodness of a softened monster; an ineffable dawn which cannot be accounted for and which lights up everything—such are the signs of those supreme works. In certain poems there is starlight.

This light is in Æschylus and in Shakespeare.

Nothing can be more fiercely wild than Prometheus stretched on the Caucasus. It is gigantic tragedy. The old punishment that our ancient laws of torture call extension, and which Cartouche escaped because of a hernia, Prometheus undergoes it; only, the wooden horse is a mountain. What is his crime? Right. To characterize right as crime, and movement as rebellion, is the immemorial talent of tyrants. Prometheus has done on Olympus what Eve did in Eden—he has taken a little knowledge. Jupiter, identical with Jehovah *(Iovi, Iova)*, punishes this temerity—the desire to live. The Eginetic traditions, which localize Jupiter, deprive him of the cosmic personality of the Jehovah of Genesis. The Greek Jupiter, bad son of a bad father, in rebellion against Saturn, who has himself been a rebel against Cœlus, is a *parvenu*. The Titans are a sort of elder branch, which has its legitimists, of whom Æschylus, the avenger of Prometheus, was one. Prometheus is right conquered. Jupiter has, as is always the case, consummated the usurpation of power by the punishment of right. Olympus claims the aid of Caucasus. Prometheus is fastened there to the *carcan*. There is the Titan, fallen, prostrate, nailed down. Mercury, the friend of everybody, comes to give him such counsel as follows generally the perpetration of *coups d'état.* Mercury is the type of cowardly intellect, of every possible vice, but of vice full of wit. Mercury, the god of vice, serves Jupiter, the god of crime. This fawning in evil is still marked today by the veneration of the pickpocket for the assassin. There is something of that law in the arrival of the diplomatist behind the conqueror. The *chefs-d'œuvre* are immense in this, that they are eternally present to the deeds of humanity. Prometheus on the Caucasus, is Poland after 1772; France after 1815; the Revolution after Brumaire. Mercury speaks; Prometheus listens but little. Offers of amnesty miscarry when it is the victim who alone should have the right to grant pardon. Prometheus, though conquered, scorns Mercury standing proudly above him, and Jupiter standing above Mercury, and Destiny standing above Jupiter. Prometheus jests at the vulture which gnaws at him; he shrugs disdainfully his shoulders as much as his chain allows. What does he care for Jupiter, and what good is Mercury? There is no hold on this haughty sufferer. The scorching thunderbolt causes a smart, which is a constant call upon pride. Meanwhile tears flow around him, the earth despairs, the women-clouds (the fifty Oceanides) come to worship the Titan, the forests scream, wild beasts groan, winds howl, the waves sob, the elements moan, the world suffers in Prometheus; his *carcan* chokes universal life. An immense participation in the torture of the demigod seems to be henceforth the tragic delight of all nature; anxiety for the future mingles with it: and what is to be done now? How are we to move? What will become of us? And in the vast whole of created beings, things, men, animals, plants, rocks, all turned toward the Caucasus, is felt this inexpressible anguish—the liberator is enchained.

Hamlet, less of a giant and more of a man, is not less grand—Hamlet, the appalling, the unaccountable, complete in incompleteness; all, in order to be nothing. He is prince and demagogue, sagacious and extravagant, profound and frivolous, man and neuter. He has but little faith in the scepter, rails at the throne, has a student for his comrade, converses with any one passing by, argues with the first comer, understands the people, despises the mob, hates strength, suspects success, questions obscurity, and says "thou" to mystery. He gives to others maladies which he has not himself; his false madness inoculates his mistress with true madness. He is familiar with specters and with comedians. He jests with the axe of Orestes in his hand. He talks of literature, recites verses, composes a theatrical criticism, plays with bones in a cemetery, dumfounds his mother, avenges his father, and ends the wonderful drama of life and death by a gigantic point of interrogation. He terrifies and then disconcerts. Never has anything more overwhelming been dreamed. It is the parricide saying: "What do I know"?

Parricide? Let us pause on that word. Is Hamlet a parricide? Yes, and no. He confines himself to threatening his mother; but the threat is so fierce that the mother shudders. His words are like daggers. "What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me? Help! help! ho!" And when she dies, Hamlet, without grieving for her, strikes Claudius with this tragic cry: "Follow my mother"! Hamlet is that sinister thing, the possible parricide.

In place of the northern ice which he has in his nature, let him have, like Orestes, southern fire in his veins, and he will kill his mother.

This drama is stern. In it truth doubts, sincerity lies. Nothing can be more immense, more subtle. In it man is the world, and the world is zero. Hamlet, even full of life, is not sure of his existence. In this tragedy, which is at the same time a philosophy, everything floats, hesitates, delays, staggers, becomes discomposed, scatters, and is dispersed. Thought is a cloud, will is a vapor, resolution is a crepuscule; the action blows each moment in an opposite direction; man is governed by the winds. Overwhelming and vertiginous work, in which is seen the depth of everything, in which thought oscillates only between the king murdered and Yorick buried, and in which what is best realized is royalty represented by a ghost, and mirth represented by a death's-head.

"Hamlet" is the *chef d'œuvre* of the tragedy-dream.

One of the probable causes of the feigned madness of Hamlet has not been up to the present time indicated by critics. It has been said, "Hamlet acts the madman to hide his thought, like Brutus." In fact, it is easy for apparent imbecility to hatch a great project; the supposed idiot can take aim deliberately. But the case of Brutus is not that of Hamlet. Hamlet acts the madman for his safety. Brutus screens his project, Hamlet his person. The manners of those tragic courts being known, from the moment that Hamlet, through the revelation of the ghost, is acquainted with the crime of Claudius, Hamlet is in danger. The superior historian within the poet is here manifested, and one feels the deep insight of Shakespeare into the ancient darkness of royalty. In the Middle Ages and in the Lower Empire, and even at earlier periods, woe unto him who found out a murder or a poisoning committed by a king! Ovid, according to Voltaire's conjecture, was exiled from Rome for having seen something shameful in the house of Augustus. To know that the king was an assassin was a state crime. When it pleased the prince not to have had a witness, it was a matter involving one's head to ignore everything. It was bad policy to have good eyes. A man suspected of suspicion was lost. He had but one refuge—folly; to pass for "an innocent." He was despised, and that was all. Do you remember the advice that, in Æschylus, the ocean gives to Prometheus: "To look a fool is the secret of the wise man." When the Chamberlain Hugolin found the iron spit with which Edrick the Vendee had impaled Edmond II, "he hastened to put on madness," says the Saxon Chronicle of 1016, and saved himself in that way. Heraclian of Nisibe, having discovered by chance that Rhinomete was a fratricide, had himself declared mad by the doctors, and succeeded in getting himself shut up for life in a cloister. He thus lived peaceably, growing old and waiting for death with a vacant stare. Hamlet runs the same peril, and has recourse to the same means. He gets himself declared mad like Heraclian, and puts on folly like Hugolin. This does not prevent the restless Claudius from twice making an effort to get rid of him—in the middle of the drama by the axe or the dagger in England, and toward the conclusion by poison.

The same indication is again found in "King Lear"; the Earl of Gloster's son takes refuge also in apparent lunacy. There is in that a key to open and understand Shakespeare's thought. In the eyes of the philosophy of art, the feigned folly of Edgar throws light upon the feigned folly of Hamlet.

The Amleth of Belleforest is a magician; the Hamlet of Shakespeare is a philosopher. We just now spoke of the strange reality which characterizes poetical creation. There is no more striking example than this type—Hamlet. Hamlet has nothing belonging to an abstraction about him. He has been at the university; he has the Danish rudeness softened by Italian politeness; he is small, plump, somewhat lymphatic; he fences well with the sword, but is soon out of breath. He does not care to drink too soon during the assault of arms with Laertes—probably for fear of producing perspiration. After having thus supplied his personage with real life, the poet can launch him into full ideal. There is ballast enough.

Other works of the human mind equal "Hamlet"; none surpasses it. The whole majesty of melancholy is in "Hamlet." An open sepulcher from which goes forth a drama—that is colossal. "Hamlet" is to our mind Shakespeare's chief work.

No figure among those that poets have created is more poignant and stirring. Doubt counselled by a ghost—that is Hamlet. Hamlet has seen his dead father and has spoken to him. Is he convinced? No, he shakes his head. What shall he do? He does not know. His hands clench, then fall by his side. Within him are conjectures, systems, monstrous apparitions, bloody recollections, veneration for the specter, hate, tenderness, anxiety to act and not to act, his father, his mother, his duties in contradiction to each other—a deep storm. Livid hesitation is in his mind. Shakespeare, wonderful plastic poet, makes the grandiose pallor of this soul almost visible. Like the great larva of Albert Durer, Hamlet might be named "Melancholia." He also has above his head the bat which flies disembowelled; and at his feet science, the sphere, the compass, the hour-glass, love; and behind him in the horizon an enormous, terrible sun, which seems to make the sky but darker.

Nevertheless, at least one-half of Hamlet is anger, transport, outrage, hurricane, sarcasm to Ophelia, malediction on his mother, insult to himself. He talks with the gravediggers, nearly laughs, then clutches Laertes by the hair in the very grave of Ophelia, and stamps furiously upon the coffin. Sword-thrusts at Polonius, sword-thrusts at Laertes, sword-thrusts at Claudius. From time to time his inaction is torn in twain, and from the rent comes forth thunder.

He is tormented by that possible life, intermixed with reality and chimera, the anxiety of which is shared by all of us. There is in all his actions an expanded somnambulism. One might almost consider his brain as a formation; there is a layer of suffering, a layer of thought, then a layer of dreaminess. It is through this layer of dreaminess that he feels, comprehends, learns, perceives, drinks, eats, frets, mocks, weeps, and reasons. There is between life and him a transparency; it is the wall of dreams. One sees beyond, but one cannot step over it. A kind of cloudy obstacle everywhere surrounds Hamlet. Have you ever, while sleeping, had the nightmare of pursuit or flight, and tried to hasten on, and felt anchylosis in the knees, heaviness in the arms, the horror of paralyzed hands, the impossibility of movement? This nightmare Hamlet undergoes while waking. Hamlet is not upon the spot where his life is. He has ever the appearance of a man who talks to you from the other side of a stream. He calls to you at the same time that he questions you. He is at a distance from the catastrophe in which he takes part, from the passer-by whom he interrogates, from the thought that he carries, from the action that he performs. He seems not to touch even what he grinds. It is isolation in its highest degree. It is the loneliness of a mind, even more than the loftiness of a prince. Indecision is in fact a solitude. You have not even your will to keep you company. It is as if your own self was absent and had left you there. The burden of Hamlet is less rigid than that of Orestes, but more undulating. Orestes carries predestination; Hamlet carries fate.

And thus apart from men, Hamlet has still in him a something which represents them all. *Agnosco fratrem.* At certain hours, if we felt our own pulse, we should be conscious of his fever. His strange reality is our own reality after all. He is the mournful man that we all are in certain situations. Unhealthy as he is, Hamlet expresses a permanent condition of man. He represents the discomfort of the soul in a life which is not sufficiently adapted to it. He represents the shoe that pinches and stops our walking; the shoe is the body. Shakespeare frees him from it, and he is right. Hamlet—prince if you like, but king never—Hamlet is incapable of governing a people; he lives too much in a world beyond. On the other hand, he does better than to reign; he *is.* Take from him his family, his country, his ghost, and the whole adventure at Elsinore, and even in the form of an inactive type, he remains strangely terrible. That is the consequence of the amount of humanity and the amount of mystery that is in him. Hamlet is formidable, which does not prevent his being ironical. He has the two profiles of destiny.

Let us retract a statement made above. The chief work of Shakespeare is not "Hamlet." The chief work of Shakespeare is all Shakespeare. That is, moreover, true of all minds of this order. They are mass, block, majesty, Bible, and their solemnity is their *ensemble.*

Have you sometimes looked upon a cape prolonging itself under the clouds and jutting out, as far as the eye can go, into deep water? Each of its hillocks contributes to make it up. No one of its undulations is lost in its dimension. Its strong outline is sharply marked upon the sky, and enters as far as possible into the waves, and there is not a useless rock. Thanks to this cape, you can go amidst the boundless waters, walk among the winds, see closely the eagles soar and the monsters swim, let your humanity wander mid the eternal hum, penetrate the impenetrable. The poet renders this service to your mind. A genius is a promontory into the infinite.

Near "Hamlet" and on the same level, must be placed three grand dramas—"Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear."

Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear—these four figures tower upon the lofty edifice of Shakespeare. We have said what Hamlet is.

To say "Macbeth is ambitious" is to say nothing. Macbeth is hunger. What hunger? The hunger of ten monsters, which is always possible in man. Certain souls have teeth. Do not wake up their hunger.

To bite at the apple, that is a fearful thing. The apple is called *Omnia,* says Filesac, that doctor of the Sorbonne who confessed Rabaillac. Macbeth has a wife whom the chronicle calls Gruoch. This Eve tempts this Adam. Once Macbeth has given the first bite he is lost. The first thing that Adam produces with Eve is Cain; the first thing that Macbeth accomplishes with Gruoch is murder.

Covetousness easily becoming violence, violence easily becoming crime, crime easily becoming madness—this progression is Macbeth. Covetousness, crime, madness—these three vampires have spoken to him in the solitude, and have invited him to the throne. The cat Graymalkin has called him: Macbeth will be cunning. The toad Paddock has called him: Macbeth will be horror. The *unsexed* being, Gruoch, completes him. It is done; Macbeth is no longer a man. He is nothing more than an unconscious energy rushing wildly toward evil. Henceforth, no notion of right; appetite is everything. Transitory right, royalty; eternal right, hospitality—Macbeth murders them all. He does more than slay them—he ignores them. Before they fell bleeding under his hand, they already lay dead within his soul. Macbeth commences by this parricide—the murder of Duncan, his guest; a crime so terrible that from the counter-blow in the night, when their master is stabbed, the horses of Duncan again become wild. The first step taken, the fall begins. It is the avalanche. Macbeth rolls headlong. He is precipitated. He falls and rebounds from one crime to another, always deeper and deeper. He undergoes the mournful gravitation of matter invading the soul. He is a thing that destroys. He is a stone of ruin, flame of war, beast of prey, scourge. He marches over all Scotland, king as he is, his bare legged kernes and his heavily-armed gallowglasses, devouring, pillaging, slaying. He decimates the Thanes, he kills Banquo, he kills all the Macduffs except the one who shall slay him, he kills the nobility, he kills the people, he kills his country, he kills "sleep." At length the catastrophe arrives—the forest of Birnam moves against him. Macbeth has infringed all, burst through everything, violated everything, torn everything, and this desperation ends in arousing even nature. Nature loses patience. Nature enters into action against Macbeth, nature becomes soul against the man who has become brute force.

This drama has epic proportions. Macbeth represents that frightful hungry one who prowls throughout history, called brigand in the forest and on the throne conqueror. The ancestor of Macbeth is Nimrod. These men of force, are they forever furious? Let us be just; no. They have a goal, which being attained, they stop. Give to Alexander, to Cyrus, to Sesostris, to Cæsar, what?—the world; they are appeased. Geoffroy St.

Hilaire said to me one day: "When the lion has eaten, he is at peace with nature." For Cambyses, Sennacherib, and Genghis Khan, and their parallels, to have eaten is to possess all the earth. They would calm themselves down in the process of digesting the human race.

Now, what is Othello? He is night; an immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of day. Darkness loves the dawn. The African adores the white women. Desdemona is Othello's brightness and frenzy! And then how easy to him is jealousy! He is great, he is dignified, he is majestic, he soars above all heads, he has as an escort bravery, battle, the braying of trumpets, the banner of war, renown, glory; he is radiant with twenty victories, he is studded with stars, this Othello: but he is black. And thus how soon, when jealous, the hero becomes monster, the black becomes the negro! How speedily has night beckoned to death!

By the side of Othello, who is night, there is Iago, who is evil—evil, the other form of darkness. Night is but the night of the world; evil is the night of the soul. How deeply black are perfidy and falsehood! To have ink or treason in the veins is the same thing. Whoever has jostled against imposture and perjury knows it. One must blindly grope one's way with roguery. Pour hypocrisy upon the break of day, and you put out the sun; and this, thanks to false religions, happens to God.

Iago near Othello is the precipice near the landslip. "This way!" he says in a low voice. The snare advises blindness. The being of darkness guides the black. Deceit takes upon itself to give what light may be required by night. Jealousy uses falsehood as the blind man his dog. Othello the negro, Iago the traitor, opposed to whiteness and candor—what can be more terrible! These ferocities of the darkness act in unison. These two incarnations of the eclipse conspire together—the one roaring, the other sneering; the tragic extinguishment of light.

Sound this profound thing. Othello is the night, and being night, and wishing to kill, what does he take to slay with? Poison, the club, the axe, the knife? No; the pillow. To kill is to lull to sleep. Shakespeare himself perhaps did not take this into account. The creator sometimes, almost unknown to himself, yields to his type, so much is that type a power. And it is thus that Desdemona, spouse of the man night, dies stifled by the pillow, which has had the first kiss, and which has the last sigh.

Lear is the occasion for Cordelia. Maternity of the daughter toward the father—profound subject; maternity venerable among all other maternities, so admirably translated by the legend of that Roman girl, who, in the depth of a prison, nurses her old father. The young breast near the white beard—there is not a spectacle more holy. This filial breast is Cordelia.

Once this figure dreamed of and found, Shakespeare created his drama. Where should he put this consoling vision? In an obscure age. Shakespeare has taken the year of the world 3105, the time when Joas was king of Judah. Aganippus, king of France, and Leir, king of England. The whole earth was at that time mysterious. Represent to yourself that epoch: the temple of Jerusalem is still quite new; the gardens of Semiramis, constructed nine hundred years previously, begin to crumble; the first gold coin appears in Ægina; the first balance is made by Phydon, tyrant of Argos; the first eclipse of the sun is calculated by the Chinese; three hundred and twelve years have passed since Orestes, accused by the Eumenides before the Areopagus, was acquitted; Hesiod is just dead; Homer, if he still lives, is a hundred years old; Lycurgus, thoughtful traveler, re-enters Sparta; and one may perceive in the depth of the somber cloud of the East the chariot fire which carries Elias away. It is at that period that Leir—Lear—lives, and reigns over the dark islands. Jonas, Holofernes, Draco, Solon, Thespis, Nebuchadnezzar, Anaximenes who is to invent the signs of the zodiac, Cyrus, Zorobabel, Tarquin, Pythagoras, Æschylus, are not born yet. Coriolanus, Xerxes, Cincinnatus, Pericles, Socrates, Brennus, Aristotle, Timoleon, Demosthenes, Alexander, Epicurus, Hannibal, are larvæ waiting their hour to enter among men. Judas Maccabæus, Viriatus, Popilius, Jugurtha, Mithridates, Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, Cleopatra, and Anthony, are far away in the future; and at the moment when Lear is king of Brittany and of Iceland, there must pass away eight hundred and ninety-five years before Virgil says, "Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos," and nine hundred and fifty years before Seneca says "Ultima Thule." The Picts and the Celts (the Scotch and the English) are tattooed. A redskin of the present day gives a vague idea of an Englishman then. It is this twilight that Shakespeare has chosen—a broad night well adapted to the dream in which this inventor at his pleasure puts everything that he chooses, this King Lear, and then a King of France, a Duke of Burgundy, a Duke of Cornwall, a Duke of Albany, and Earl of Kent, and an Earl of Gloster. What does your history matter to him who has humanity? Besides, he has with him the legend, which is a kind of science also, and as true as history perhaps, but in another point of view. Shakespeare agrees with Walter Mapes, archdeacon of Oxford—that is something; he admits, from Brutus to Cadwalla, the ninety-nine Celtic kings who have preceded the Scandinavian Hengist and the Saxon Horsa: and since he believes in Mulmutius, Cinigisil, Ceolulf, Cassibelan, Cymbeline, Cynulphus, Arviragus, Guiderius, Escuin, Cudred, Vortigern, Arthur, Uther Pendragon, he has every right to believe in King Lear, and to create Cordelia. This land adopted, the place for the scene marked out, this foundation established, he takes everything and builds his work. Unheard of edifice. He takes tyranny, of which, at a later period, he will make weakness—Lear; he takes treason—Edmond; he takes devotion—Kent; he takes ingratitude which begins with a caress, and he gives to this monster two heads—Goneril, whom the legend calls Gornerille, and Regan, whom the legend calls Ragau; he takes paternity; he takes royalty; he takes feudality; he takes ambition; he takes madness, which he divides into three, and he puts in presence three madmen—the king's buffoon, mad-man by trade; Edgar of Gloster, mad for prudence's sake; the king mad through misery. It is at the summit of this tragic heap that he raises Cordelia.

There are some formidable cathedral towers, like, for instance, the Giralda, of Seville, which seem made all complete, with their spirals, their staircases, their sculptures, their cellars, their cœcums, their aerial cells, their sounding chambers, their bells, and their mass and their spire, and all their enormity, in order to carry an angel spreading on their summit her golden wings. Such is this drama, "King Lear."

The father is the pretext for the daughter. This admirable human creation, Lear, serves as a support to that ineffable divine creation, Cordelia. The reason why that chaos of crimes, vices, madnesses, and miseries exists is, for the more splendid setting forth of virtue. Shakespeare, carrying Cordelia in his thoughts, created that tragedy like a god who, having an Aurora to put forward, makes a world expressly for it.

And what a figure is that father! What a caryatid! He is man bent down by weight, but shifts his burdens for others that are heavier. The more the old man becomes enfeebled, the more his load augments. He lives under an overburden. He bears at first power, then ingratitude, then isolation, then despair, then hunger and thirst, then madness, then all nature. Clouds overcast him, forests heap shadow on him, the hurricane beats on the nape of his neck, the tempest makes his mantle heavy as lead, the rain falls on his shoulders, he walks bent and haggard as if he had the two knees of night upon his back. Dismayed and yet immense, he throws to the winds and to the hail this epic cry: "Why do you hate me, tempests? Why do you persecute me? *You are not my daughters.*" And then it is over; the light is extinguished—reason loses courage and leaves him. Lear is in his dotage. Ah, he is childish, this old man. Very well; he requires a mother. His daughter appears—his one daughter Cordelia; for the two others, Regan and Goneril, are no longer his daughters, save to that extent which gives them a right to the name of parricides.

Cordelia approaches—"Sir, do you know me?" "You are a spirit, I know," replies the old man, with the same sublime clairvoyance of bewilderment. From this moment the adorable nursing commences. Cordelia applies herself to nourish this old despairing soul, dying of inanition in hatred. Cordelia nourishes Lear with love, and his courage revives; she nourishes him with respect, and the smile returns; she nourishes him with hope, and confidence is restored; she nourishes him with wisdom, and reason revives. Lear, convalescent, rises again, and, step by step, returns again to life. The child becomes again an old man; the old man becomes a man again. And behold him happy, this wretched one. It is on this expansion of happiness that the catastrophe is hurled down.

Alas! There are traitors, there are perjurers, there are murderers. Cordelia dies. Nothing more heartrending than this. The old man is stunned; he no longer understands anything; and embracing the corpse, he expires. He dies on this dead one. The supreme anguish is spared him of remaining behind her among the living, a poor shadow, to feel the place in his heart empty and to seek for his soul, carried away by that sweet being who is departed. O, God, those whom thou lovest thou dost not allow to survive.

To live after the flight of the angel; to be the father orphaned of his child; to be the eye which no longer has light; to be the deadened heart which has no more joy; from time to time to stretch the hands into obscurity, and try to reclasp a being who was there (where, then, can she be?); to feel himself forgotten in that departure; to have lost all reason for being here below; to be henceforth a man who goes to and fro before a sepulcher, not received, not admitted—that would be indeed a gloomy destiny. Thou hast done well, poet, to kill this old man.

And so Shakespeare goes on. Today he is a marvelous con-

stellation. At each instant he is more luminous. He is a prodigious celestial diamond. Look yonder at that diamond shining in the clear horizon, and as it ascends it mingles with the vast dawn of Jesus Christ.—ANDERSON M. BATEN.
Adapted from Victor Hugo.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

The world has grown better just in the proportion that it has grown free, and I want to do what little I can in my feeble way to add another flame to the torch of progress. I do not know, of course, what will come, but if I have said anything tonight that will make a husband love his wife better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make a wife love her husband better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will add one more ray of joy to life, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will save the tender flesh of a child from a blow, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make us more willing to extend to others the right we claim for ourselves, I am satisfied. I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we have made the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no hearts to be lacerated; they have no children to be stolen, no cradles to be violated. I know that science has given us better houses; I know it has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands, and more beautiful children; I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty. I know not, I say, what discoveries may lead the world to glory; but I do know that from the infinite sea of the future never a greater or grander blessing will strike this bank and shoal of time, than liberty for man, woman and child.—INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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GRASS IS NATURE'S CONSTANT BENEDICTION

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900.)

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SHAKESPEARE

Not all the poetry written before his time would make his sum—not all that has been written since, added to all that was written before, would equal his. There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of man—the theories, customs, superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices and virtues of the human race.

He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head—no fear he had not felt—no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity, the extravagance, of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a god has been exhausted—that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty, or sublimity to be put in words—and yet, the next play opens as fresh as the dewy gates of another day.

The outstretched wings of his imagination filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown o' the earth.—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding: but that which is in the midst of fools is made known.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge: but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife: but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.

Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it: but the instruction of fools is folly.

—SOLOMON (1033-975 B.C.).

A TRIBUTE TO EBON C. INGERSOLL

By HIS BROTHER ROBERT

Dear Friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven on the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: *"For Justice, all place a temple, and all season, summer."* He believed that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

And now, to you, who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy.—BRAHMA.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
  —Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard (1716-1771).

EARTHBOUND

I observe an earthworm emerge from the ground.
It gets out by terrific, writhing squirms,
And then it gropes around
As if ne'er hoping to get any place
Except where it came from:
    Underground.

What business has it down there?
Why doesn't it stay out and seek the light?
Why doesn't it feed upon greenery
And thus, like other worms,
Become a butterfly,
Giving the earth if but a few days of
its flitting beauty,
Rewarding that which gave it nurture?

Perhaps, thinks I, the earthworm is human.
Some humans are that way:
It is well the earthworm returned to the soil,
For it took nothing, gave nothing—
It is far better underground.

—JACKSON BLACK.

Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind.

When the day is done—when the work of a life is finished—when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death. "Let me not live after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits."

When the old oak is visited in vain by spring—when light and rain no longer thrill—it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone. It is better far to fall where nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine.

How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life, that rises in a world unknown, and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes has never pressed! How little of this life we know—this struggling ray of light 'twixt gloom and gloom—this strip of land by verdure clad, between the unknown wastes—this throbbing moment filled with love and pain—this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death!

We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust, and the "knot intricate" forever falls apart.

But this we know: A noble life enriches all the world.

Music expresses feeling and thought, without language.

THE MUSIC OF WAGNER

When I listen to the music of Wagner, I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect, the swell of a hip, the wave of a breast, the glance of an eye. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine, with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the whitecaps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange chasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued foam.

Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which music suggests, that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

The music of Wagner has color, and when I hear the violins, the morning seems to slowly come. A horn puts a star above the horizon. The night, in the purple hum of the bass, wanders away like some enormous bee across wide fields of dead clover. The light grows whiter as the violins increase. Colors come from other instruments, and then the full orchestra floods the world with day.

Wagner seems not only to have given us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The horns run riot; the drums and cymbals join in the general joy; the old bass viols are alive with passion; the 'cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine fury, and the notes rush out as eager for the air as pardoned prisoners for the roads and fields.

The music of Wagner is filled with landscapes. There are some strains, like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory; not only for the present, but for prophecy.

Wagner was a sculptor, a painter, in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world, ceased. His music will instruct and refine forever.

MARRIAGE

Marriage is the most important, the most sacred, contract that human beings can make. No matter whether we call it a contract, or a sacrament, or both, it remains precisely the same. And no matter whether this contract is entered into in the presence of magistrate or priest, it is exactly the same. A true marriage is a natural concord and agreement of souls, a harmony in which discord is not even imagined; it is a mingling so perfect that only one seems to exist; all other considerations are lost; the present seems to be eternal. In this supreme moment there is no shadow—or the shadow is as luminous as light. And when two beings thus love, thus unite, this is the true marriage of soul and soul. That which is said before the altar, or minister, or magistrate, or in the presence of witnesses, is only the outward evidence of that which has already happened within; it simply testifies to a union that has already taken place—to the uniting of two mornings of hope to reach the night together. Each has found the ideal; the man has found the one woman of all the world—the impersonation of affection, purity, passion, love, beauty, and grace; and the woman has found the one man of all the world, her ideal, and all that she knows of romance, of art, courage, heroism, honesty, is realized in him. The idea of contract is lost. Duty and obligation are instantly changed into desire and joy, and two lives, like uniting streams, flow on as one. Nothing can compare to the sacredness of this marriage, to the obligation and duty of each to each. There is nothing in the ceremony except the desire on the part of the man and woman that the whole world should know that they are really married and that their souls have been united.

Every marriage, for a thousand reasons, should be public, should be recorded, should be known; but, above all, to the end that the purity of the union should appear. These ceremonies are not only for the good and for the protection of the married, but also for the protection of their children, and of society as well. But, after all, the marriage remains a contract of the highest character—a contract in which each gives and receives a heart.

HOME

The good home is the unit of the good government. The hearthstone is the corner-stone of civilization. Society is not interested in the preservation of hateful homes, of homes where husbands and wives are selfish, cold, and cruel. It is not to the interest of society that good women should be enslaved, that they should live in fear, or that they should become mothers by husbands whom they hate. Homes should be filled with kind and generous fathers, with true and loving mothers; and when they are so filled, the world will be civilized. Intelligence will rock the cradle; justice will sit in the courts; wisdom in the legislative halls; and above all and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty.

VIRTUE

Men and women are not virtuous by law. Law does not of itself create virtue, nor is it the foundation or fountain of love. Law should protect virtue, and law should protect the wife, if she has kept her contract, and the husband, if he has fulfilled his. But the death of love is the end of marriage. Love is natural. Back of all ceremony burns and will forever burn the sacred flame.

There has been no time in the world's history when that torch was extinguished. In all ages, in all climes, among all people, there has been true, pure, and unselfish love. Long before a ceremony was thought of, long before a priest existed, there were true and perfect marriages. Back of public opinion is natural modesty, the affections of the heart; and in spite of all law, there is and forever will be the realm of choice. Wherever love is, it is pure; and everywhere, and at all times, the ceremony of marriage testifies to that which has happened within the temple of the human heart.

DEATH

Why should I fear death? If I am, death is not. If death is, I am not.

Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?

If there is, beyond the veil, beyond the night called death, another world to which men carry all the failures and the triumphs of this life; if above and over all there be a God who loves the right, an honest man has naught to fear. If there be another world in which sincerity is a virtue, in which fidelity is loved and courage honored, then all is well with the dear friend whom we have lost.

But if the grave ends all; if all that was our friend is dead, the world is better for the life he lived. Beyond the tomb we cannot see. We listen, but from the lips of mystery there comes no word. Darkness and silence brooding over all. And yet, because we love we hope. Farewell! And yet again, Farewell!

And will there some time be another world? We have our dream. The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book or of any creed. It was born of affection. And it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness, as long as love kisses the lips of death. We have our dream.

When the angel of pity is driven from the heart; when the fountain of tears is dry—the soul becomes a serpent crawling in the dust of a desert.

The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the well-being of man.

Why should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance—to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue.

LOVE

Love is a transfiguration. It ennobles, purifies and glorifies. In true marriage two hearts burst into flower. Two lives unite. They melt in music. Every moment is a melody. Love is revelation, a creation. From love the world borrows its beauty and the heavens their glory. Justice, self-denial, charity and pity are the children of love. Lover, wife, mother, father, child, home—these words shed light—they are the germs of human speech. Without love all glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist.

Words are the garments of thought, the robes of ideas.

MY CHOICE

I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself—and daub it with clay, and live there with my wife and children; and have a winding path leading down to the spring where the water bubbles out, day and night, whispering a poem to the white pebbles, from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and a thrush in the air like a winged joy —I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the babe in the cradle—I would rather live there, with my soul erect and free, than in a palace of gold, and wear a crown of imperial power, and feel that I was superstition's slave, and dare not speak my honest thought.

When a fact can be demonstrated, force is unnecessary; when it cannot be demonstrated, force is infamous.

Where industry creates, and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

The combined wisdom and genius of mankind cannot conceive of an argument against the liberty of thought.

One drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas, one leaf as all the forests, and one grain of sand as all the stars.

The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all the world.

Logic was not buried with the dead languages.

Many of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty.

A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul.

Arguments cannot be answered with insults. Kindness is strength. Anger blows out the lamp of the mind. In the examination of great questions everyone should be serene, slow-pulsed and calm. Intelligence is not the foundation of arrogance. Insolence is not logic. Epithets are the arguments of malice. Candor is the courage of the soul.

In love and liberty, extravagance is economy.

There is nothing grander than to rescue from the leprosy of slander the reputation of a great and splendid man.

To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance.

Out upon the intellectual sea there is room for every sail. In the intellectual air there is space for every wing.

Happiness is the legal-tender of the soul.

A lie will not fit a fact; it will only fit another lie made for the purpose.

Keep your word with your child the same as you would with your banker.

—ROBT. G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899).

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SERVICE

Service, not years, is the standard by which life should be measured.

Usefulness, not time, is what counts. It is the measure of greatness and goodness.

There are numbers of men and women whose names are recorded in history with the phrase, "the great," following them, who were never great, because they were never useful. Some were accorded distinction because they terrorized the people with the power and authority vested in them instead of using it as it was hoped they would.

Ten years of helpful, useful, constructive service for mankind is worth more than would be the 969 years, which were the measure of Methuselah's life, if they be spent in folly or inactivity.

One sometimes, because of circumstances, becomes the center of some dramatic or romantic episode and thereby gets the attention of the multitude focused upon him for the time. If such incident be set with features marked by tragedy, or extraordinary manifestation of one of the beautiful virtues, the admiration and wonder of those following such a one's doings makes him great in their sight, when there is nothing to warrant such estimate at all. For they were not builders.

Flaming genius, often erratic, may for the moment draw widespread attention, but if it be not devoted to constructive endeavor it were better had it never been given him who possesses it.

Great indeed is he who is possessed of genius or of talent and devotes it faithfully and constantly to the promotion of the happiness and comfort of humanity.

Humble, faithful, plodding, laboring, in a cause productive of good for mankind is much more deserving of the laurel-wreath than is extraordinary talent wasting its mind and energies in an enterprise that is barren of such result.

The spasmodic efforts of the genius, often not well timed, planned or executed, weigh far less in the scale of true usefulness than do the faithful and constant endeavor of what we call "the average man."

The world depends most upon the work of "the average man."

In life's marathon the genius is the hare and the "average man" the tortoise.

The greatest genius is he who can organize, co-ordinate and apply genius to the affairs of life with the same degree of continuity that the "average man" gives to his less sensational gifts. He who can bring together the combined power of many geniuses is himself a genius greater than those he directs.

Harnessing the high-powered impulsion of collected genius to the accomplishment of the commonplace things of life is genius under the direction of super-genius.

And super-genius is *common sense* impelled by love for mankind and supplemented with patience and perseverance.

The Almighty, who had infinite power and infinite intelligence, occupied His time and devoted His energies to the needs of humanity. Everything He did was constructive to the last degree. He was the Great "Builder."—DEWITT MCMURRAY.
Permission from the Dallas News.

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this vital threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives casts off his purple, and Lazarus his rags; the poor man is rich as the richest, and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from his unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which makes life so cruel and inexplicable a tragedy, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mighty captain succumbs to the invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.—JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900).
Permission from E. B. Barnett, Publisher, Kansas City, Mo.

A true statesman thinks of what he says, in place of how he says it.

A man who has his statue chiseled out of the finest Italian marble has not accomplished anything, unless he has embedded his character into the hearts of the people.

I sometimes think the punishment fixed by law exceeds the offense.

Some people see, who are blind, and others who are blind see.

Some people can correct the faults of others, but cannot reform themselves.

The bigness of an employer can be seen through his attitude toward his employees.

I would rather have a large heart than a prodigious brain.

There is many a great man who does not belong to any society and is without emblems or regalia, but has a membership with all humanity.

I would rather have you speak what you think than to see you live behind a mask of vanity and hypocrisy.

We sip the cup of life as it passes.

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.

He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.

Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out.

Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Be not a witness against thy neighbor without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.

—SOLOMON (1033-975 B.C.).

SEARGENT SMITH PRENTISS

Seargent Smith Prentiss was born on the 30th day of September, 1808, in Portland, Maine. His parents were of New England stock. He was born a perfectly healthy baby, but while an infant a deadly fever almost took his life. His strong constitution triumphed, but the disease left its lifelong mark in a lameness which followed him through life. Prentiss died in 1850.

Prentiss moved to Mississippi, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was a great reader. Of the poets, Byron, Scott and Shakespeare were his favorites. He could almost rehearse them by the volume. He devoured the current literature of his day.

Prentiss was the prodigious orator of all time. "He seemed always able to touch the diapason that vibrated through the soul." "Byron was his chief favorite; in fact, the cast of his genius was not unlike that of the poet's: the same brilliant imagination, the same capacious memory, the same exquisite diction, the same classic culture; if we add to this a similar physical infirmity, the likeness is still more complete; this misfortune warped Byron into misanthropy and colored the life of Prentiss with a faint tinge of jocular cynicism." Where are Prentiss's mighty speeches? They are gone forever. Only a few fragments here and there, but nothing complete. "He flung his glittering thoughts broadcast among the multitude and they have sunk into oblivion."

We get hints and touches of his life from the two volumes written by his brothers, and one volume written by Joseph D. Shields. Shields knew Prentiss, and went to school under him when a young boy.

Natchez and Vicksburg, Miss., attracted a great deal of distinguished men to the bar. And it was in these two towns that Prentiss rose to the highest point of brilliancy. We see him now at the age of 25, standing before the Supreme Court of the United States. "Even the venerable Chief Justice Marshall, who had been accustomed to listen to Pinckney, Wirt, Webster, Clay and other legal giants of the day, was entranced by Prentiss's unique style of argument, and expressed his encomiums upon this maiden effort of the young counsellor."

Prentiss fought two duels, but no one was killed. Prentiss was an expert with a pistol. These duels were brought on by a few idle words and a blow.

When Prentiss was a boy he had met and shaken hands with Lafayette. Here are a few lines from Prentiss's eulogy of Lafayette. We shall here only give the opening and closing paragraphs:

"Death, who knocks with equal hand at the door of the cottage and at the palace gate, has been busy at work; mourning prevails throughout the land, and the countenances of all are shrouded in the mantle of regret. Far across the wide Atlantic, amid the pleasant vineyards on the sunny lands of France, there, too, is mourning, and the weeds of sorrow are all there, worn by prince and peasant. The friend and companion of Washington is no more! He who taught the eagle of our country while yet unfledged to plume his young wing and mate his talons with the lion's strength, has taken his flight far beyond the stars, beneath whose influence he fought so well! . . . Lafayette is no more! . . .

"Peace be to his ashes! Calm and quiet may they rest upon some vineclad hill of his own beloved land, and should be called the 'Mount Vernon' of France. Let no cunning sculpture, no monumental marble, deface with its mock dignity the patriot's grave, but, rather, let the unpruned vine, the wild-flower, and the free song of the uncaged bird, all that speaks of freedom and peace, be gathered around it. Lafayette needs no mausoleum, his epitaph is graved in the heart of men."

Prentiss's written productions are never so eloquent as his extemporaneous speeches. "His thoughts flashed faster than his pen could record them." He could electrify any crowd, because they first magnetized him. "Prentiss had the fancy and imagination of a poet, an extraordinary memory, a faculty of sarcasm and invective never surpassed, wit and humor in inexhaustible stores, and a rare power of analysis and investigation; add to this his indomitable courage and firmness of purpose, and we have a combination of mental and moral attributes such as the world rarely sees. At the bar he never had a superior."

At the age of 29 the State of Mississippi sent him to Washington as a member of the Twenty-fifth Congress. Congress contested his election. There was a resolution before the House that "S. S. Prentiss is not a member of the Twenty-fifth Congress, and is not entitled to a seat."

But look at the prodigious Prentiss! "It was on this resolution, the result, no doubt, of consultation, that Mr. Prentiss made his first great speech, the delivery of which occupied about three hours a day for three days. Let us picture the scene. The old Hall of Representatives was a grand looking chamber, with its lofty dome, its speaker's chair beneath the eagle draped in the folds of our flag, its oval shape, and its taper pillars supporting the lofty gallery. Before the young aspirant sat an array of the talent of our country which has rarely, if ever, been equalled. Near him sat the wit, diplomatist, statesman, and sage, who reversed the maxim, 'Jack of all trades,' for he seemed to be an 'Admirable Crichton' and good at *all,* ex-President John Quincy Adams. There sat against him the short but heavy-bodied accomplished orator and scholar, Hugh Swinton Legare, of South Carolina. On his side was Tom Corwin, one of the greatest orators of his age. There was the brilliant Menefee of Kentucky. Hovering near him was the Henry Percy of the House, Henry A. Wise of Virginia, and his more phlegmatic colleague, R. M. T. Hunter. There sat Cilley of Maine, who, alas! was so soon to fall, another victim to the 'code of honor.' There was the eloquent Dawson of Georgia, whose prediction about Prentiss came true. There sat Howard of Maryland, the head and front of the opposition to him, and near him sat Bronson of New York, who was almost persuaded to be in his favor. There was Millard Fillmore, *clarem et venerable nomen;* Evans of Maine; Levi Lincoln and Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts; Sergeant of Pennsylvania, and Bell of Tennessee. These and other distinguished men of the nation now sat before him to hear, criticize, approve, or condemn."

The last five minutes of his speech was a roaring avalanche. His power was inexhaustible. It was the colossal work of his age. There he stood, original, creative and independent. He shot through the realms of thought like a royal meteor. He took the House of Representatives through the cloud-land of fancy. It was a vast symphony in words. There stood Prentiss, a blaze of light flashing from all points at once and illuminating all questions. Enthusiasm ran wild in all quarters. Listen to this giant:

"Sir, no ordinary responsibility rests upon you. The eyes of the nation are directed to your action with an anxiety commensurate with the importance of the subject to be affected by your decision; that subject is no less than *the right of representation,* the Promethean spark which imparts life and soul to our whole political system—without which all our institutions are but inanimate things, dull, cold, and senseless statues. In your situation *even good intentions* will not justify error. At your hands the American people will require a strict account of that Constitution of which you are appointed guardians and over whose most vital part a fatal stab is now impending. You cannot respond as did the first *fratricide, 'Who made me the keeper of my brother Abel?'* To you is intrusted the keeping of the Constitution, see that you rob it not of its richest treasure. . . .

"Sir, you may think it an easy and a trifling matter to deprive Mississippi of her elective franchise, for she is young, and may not, perchance, have the power to resist; but I am much mistaken in the character of her chivalrous citizens if you do not find that *she not only understands her rights,* but has both the will and the power to vindicate them. You may yet find to your sorrow that you have grasped a scorpion where you only thought to crush a worm. This House would as soon think of putting its head in a lion's mouth as to take the course which is threatened towards the elder and more powerful States. And how happens it that representatives of the States which have always been readiest in the assertion of their own rights should now be most zealous in trampling upon the rights of Mississippi? What has she done that she should be selected a victim? No State is or ever has been more ardently attached to the Union, and if she is placed beyond your pale it will be your fault, not her own. Sir, if you consummate this usurpation you degrade the State of Mississippi; and if she submits, never again can she wear the lofty look of conscious independence. Burning shame will set its seal upon her brow, and when her proud sons travel in other lands they will blush at the history of her dishonor as it falls from the sneering lips of the stranger. Sir, place her not in that terrible and trying position in which her love for this glorious Union will be found at war with her own honor, and the paramount obligation which binds her to transmit to the next generation untarnished and undiminished her portion of that rich legacy of the Revolution which was bought with blood, and which should never be parted with for a price less than it cost.

"Is there a State in this Union that would part with it—*that* *would submit* to have her *representative chosen by this House* and forced upon her against her will? . . .

"Upon all the States do I most solemnly call for that justice to another which they would expect for themselves. Compel her not to drink its bitter ingredients, lest some day even-handed justice should 'commend' the poisoned chalice to your own lips.

"Rescind that resolution which presses like a foul incubus upon the Constitution. You sit here twenty-five sovereign States in judgment of the most sacred right of a sister State—that which is to a State what chastity is to a woman or honor to a man—should you decide against her, you tear from her brow the richest jewel which sparkles there, and forever bow her head in shame and dishonor. But if your determination is taken, if the blow must fall, if the Constitution must bleed, I have but one request on her behalf to make: When you decide that *she cannot* choose her own representation, at the same moment blot from the star-spangled banner of this Union the bright *star* that glitters to name of *Mississippi,* but *leave* the stripe behind, a fit emblem of her degradation."

If Prentiss could have dropped dead at the end of this burst of oratory, what a picture it would have been for posterity! "And so, with the clarion voice of Mississippi appealing to her sister States, echoing and vibrating through the hall and touching every heart, the great orator closed on the third hour of the third day. Intense was the excitement; never before in that hall had fallen such a speech from the lips of living man. The speaker, for the moment, had realized the motto of *'Le Grand Monarch,' 'L'état c'est moi!'* and it had thrilled every fiber of his great soul. Friends crowded around him and handkerchiefs waved."

What a day in American history! "There were no electric telegraphs in those days, but that speech rang from one end of the Union to the other. Grave senators like Webster said that they had never before heard anything like it except from Prentiss himself, and that only he could equal it. It occupied in all nine hours—three hours every day for three days."

"It was always impossible to report Prentiss's speeches, and therefore the report of this one is not exactly the speech as delivered; for even the stenographers, those automata who can ordinarily unmoved jot down in their hieroglyphics the most glowing of sentences, here sat with suspended stencils, and finally, utterly enthused, threw them up, exclaiming, 'We *cannot* report a man who talks as though he were inspired!' "

"It is said that Webster, who was seated near, as Prentiss's last words thrilled the hall, in enthusiastic admiration, exclaimed, 'That can't be beat!' "

Prentiss's mind was an inexhaustible and ever-gushing spring.

—ANDERSON M. BATEN.

References: On S. S. Prentiss, from *S. S. Prentiss,* by J. D. Shields; publisher, J. B. Lippincott & Co. From *Memoir of S. S. Prentiss,* edited by his brother; publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons.

FLASHES FROM CHARLES PHILLIPS

PRIESTHOOD

It is not in the gaudy ring of courtly dissipation that you will find the priesthood—not at the levee, or the lounge, or the election-riot. No; you will find them wherever good is to be done, or evil to be corrected—rearing their miters in the van of misery, consoling the captive, reforming the convict, enriching the orphan; ornaments of this world, and emblems of a better: preaching their God through the practice of every virtue; monitors at the confessional, apostles in the pulpit, saints at the death-bed, holding the sacred water to the lip of sin, or pouring the redeeming unction on the agonies of despair.

Oh, prejudice, where is thy reason! Oh, bigotry, where is thy blush! If ever there was an opportunity for man to combine gratitude with justice, and dignity with safety, it is the present.

Ireland will not bow to this French despot. We are men who, sooner than see this land polluted by the footsteps of a slave, would wish the ocean wave become its sepulcher, and that the orb of heaven forget where it exists.

Look to Protestant Ireland, shooting over the empire those rays of genius, and those thunderbolts of war, that have at once embellished and preserved it.

TRUE PATRIOT

Let us turn from the blight and ruin of this wintry day to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land shall stand erect among the nations, fearless and unfettered; her brow blooming with the wreath of science, and her path strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag, the extremities of earth acknowledging her name, her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture, her ports alive with the contributions of commerce, and her temples vocal with unrestricted piety. Such is the ambition of the true patriot; such are the views for which we are calumniated! Oh, divine ambition! Oh, delightful calumny! Happy he who shall see thee accomplished! Happy he who through every peril toils for thy attainment! Proceed, friend of Ireland and partaker of her wrongs, proceed undaunted to this glorious consummation. Fortune will not gild, power will not ennoble thee: but thou shalt be rich in the love and titled by the blessings of thy country; thy path shall be illumined by the public eye, thy labors enlightened by the public gratitude; and oh, remember—amid the impediments with which corruption will oppose, and the dejection with which disappointments may depress you; remember you are acquiring a name to be cherished by the future generations of earth, long after it has been enrolled amongst the inheritors of heaven.

There is a bond of union between brethren, however distant; there is a sympathy between the virtuous, however separated;

there is a heaven-born instinct by which the associates of the heart become at once acquainted, and kindred natures as it were by magic see in the face of a stranger, the features of a friend.

O'CONNELL

Surely, surely if merit had fair play, if splendid talents, if indefatigable industry, if great research, if unsullied principle, if a heart full of the finest affections, if a mind matured in every manly accomplishment; in short, if every noble, public quality, mellowed and reflected in the pure mirror of domestic virtue, could entitle a subject to distinguish in a state, Mr. O'Connell should be distinguished.

Some people might be privileged to get drunk in gratitude—some might change satire into pity, and ridicule into contempt.

Merciful God! is it not almost an argument for the skeptic and the disbeliever, when we see the human shape almost without an aspiration of the human soul, separated by no boundary from the beasts that perish, beholding with indifference the captivity of their country, the persecution of their creed, and the helpless, hopeless destiny of their children? But they have no creed, nor consciences, nor country; their God is gold, their gospel is a contract, their church a counting-house, their characters a commodity; they never pray but for the opportunities of corruption, and hold their consciences as they do their government-debentures, at a price proportioned to the misfortunes of their country.

To every man who succeeds, every obstacle has vanished into air; every favorable circumstance has hardened into adamant.

THE POPE

The Pope, whom childhood was taught to lisp as the enemy of religion, and age shuddered at as a prescriptive calamity, has by his example put the princes of Christendom to shame. This day of miracles, in which the human heart has been strung to its extremest point of energy; this day, to which posterity will look for instances of every crime and every virtue, holds not in its page of wonders a more sublime phenomenon than that calumniated pontiff. Placed at the very pinnacle of human elevation, surrounded by the pomp of the Vatican and the splendors of the court, pouring the mandates of Christ from the throne of the Cæsars, nations were his subjects, kings were his companions, religion was his hand-maid; he went forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending, and every eye, blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. Have we not seen him, in one moment, his crown crumbled, his scepter a reed, his throne a shadow, his home a dungeon! But if we have Catholics, it was only to show how inestimable is human virtue compared with human grandeur; it was only to show those whose faith was failing, and whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints, and the patience of the martyrs, had not wholly vanished. Perhaps it was also ordained to show the bigot at home, as well as the tyrant abroad, that though the person might be chained, and the motive calumniated, religion was still strong enough to support her sons, and to confound, if she could not reclaim, her enemies. No threats could awe, no promises could tempt, no suffering could appall him; mid the damps of his dungeon he dashed away the cup in which the pearl of his liberty was to be dissolved. Only reflect on the state of the world at that moment! All around him was convulsed, the very foundations of the earth seemed giving away, the comet was let loose that "from its fiery hair shook pestilence and death," the twilight was gathering, the tempest was roaring, the darkness was at hand; but he towered sublime, like the last mountain in the deluge—majestic, not less in his elevation than in his solitude, immutable amid change, magnificent amid ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting-place of heaven's light! Thus have the terrors of the Vatican retreated; thus has that cloud which hovered o'er your cause brightened at once into a sign of your faith and an assurance of your victory.

A COMMON GOD

I would say to the Protestant, Concede; I would say to the Catholic, Forgive; I would say to both, Though you bend not at the same shrine, you have a common God, and a common country; the one has commanded love, the other kneels to you for peace. This hostility of her sects has been the disgrace, the peculiar disgrace of Christianity. The Gentoo loves his caste, so does the Mahometan, so does the Hindoo, whom England out of the abundance of her charity is about to teach her creed—I hope she may not teach her practice. But Christianity, Christianity alone exhibits her thousand sects, each denouncing his neighbor here, in the name of God, and damning hereafter out of pure devotion! "You're a heretic," says the Catholic; "You're a Papist," says the Protestant; "I appeal to Saint Peter," exclaims the Catholic; "I appeal to Saint Athanasius," cries the Protestant: "and if it goes to damning, he's as good at it as any saint in the calendar." "You'll all be damned eternally," moans out the Methodist; "I'm the elect"! Thus it is, you see, each has his anathema, his accusation, and his retort, and in the end religion is the victim! The victory of each is the overthrow of all; and Infidelity, laughing at the contest writes the refutation of their creed in the blood of the combatants! I wonder if this reflection has ever struck any of those reverend dignitaries who rear their miters against Catholic emancipation. Has it ever glanced across their Christian zeal, if the story of our country should have casually reached the valleys of Hindustan, with what an argument they are furnishing the heathen world against their sacred missionary? In what terms could the Christian ecclesiastic answer the Eastern Bramin, when he replied to his exhortations in language such as this, "Father, we have heard your doctrine: it is splendid in theory, specious in promise, sublime in prospect; like the world to which it leads, it is rich in the miracles of light. But, father, we have heard that there are times when its rays vanish and leave your sphere in darkness, or when your only luster arises from meteors of fire, and moons of blood: we have heard of the verdant island which the Great Spirit has raised in the bosom of the waters with such a bloom of beauty, that the very wave she has usurped, worships the loveliness of her intrusion. The sovereign of our forests is not more generous in his anger than her sons; the snow-flake, ere it falls on the mountain, is not purer than her daughters; little inland seas reflect the splendors of her landscape, and her valleys smile at the story of the serpent! Father, is it true that this isle of the sun, this people of the morning, find the fury of the ocean in your creed, and more than the venom of the viper in your policy? Is it true that for six hundred years, her peasant has not tasted peace, nor her piety rested from persecution? Oh! Brama, defend us from the God of the Christian! Father, father, return to your brethren, retrace the waters; we may live in ignorance, but we live in love, and we will not taste the tree that gives us evil when it gives us wisdom. The heart is our guide, nature is our gospel; in the imitation of our fathers we found our hope, and, if we err, on the virtue of our motives we rely for our redemption." How would the missionaries of the miter answer him? How will they answer that insulted Being of whose creed their conduct carries the refutation? But to what end do I argue with the bigot?—a wretch, whom no philosophy can humanize, no charity soften, no religion reclaim; no miracle convert; a monster, who, red with the fires of hell, and bending under the crimes of earth, erects his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls, and would gladly feed even with a brother's blood the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar! His very interest cannot soften him into humanity. Surely, if it could, no man would be found mad enough to advocate a system which cankers the very heart of society, and undermines the natural resources of government; which takes away the strongest excitement to industry, by closing up every avenue to laudable ambition; which administers to the vanity or the vice of a party, when it should only study the advantage of a people; and holds out the perquisites of state as an impious bounty on the persecution of religion.

A usurper is an interference assumed without right, exercised without principle, and followed by calamities apparently without end.

TRUTH

Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sunbeam. Vapors may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance that would check only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fullness of its meridian, all life and sight and luster, the minutest objects visible in its refulgence.

BIGOTRY

Oh! there will never be a time with bigotry! She has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!

ADULTERER

Of his character I know but little, and I am sorry that I know so much. If I am instructed rightly, he is one of those vain and vapid coxcombs, whose vices tinge the frivolity of their follies with something of a more odious character than ridicule—with just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel for its consequences; one of those fashionable insects, that folly has painted, and fortune plumed, for the annoyance of our atmosphere; dangerous alike in their torpidity and their animation; infesting where they fly, and poisoning where they repose.

But the depravity of this man was of no common dye; the asylum of innocence was selected only as the sanctuary of his crimes; and the pure and the spotless chosen as his associates, because they would be more unsuspected subsidiaries to his wickedness.

It was by arts such as I have alluded to—by pretending the most strict morality, the most sensitive honor, the most high and undeviating principles of virtue—that the defendant banished every suspicion of his designs.

A PURE WOMAN

This earth could not reveal a lovelier vision: Virtue blessed, affection followed, beauty beamed on her; the light of every eye, the charm of every heart, she moved along in cloudless chastity, cheered by the song of love, and circled by the splendors she created!

THE ADULTERER'S AMBITION

I had heard, indeed, that ambition was a vice, but then a vice so equivocal, it verged on virtue; that it was the aspiration of a spirit, sometimes perhaps appalling, always magnificent; that though its grasp might be fate, and its flight might be famine, still it reposed on earth's pinnacle, and played in heaven's lightnings; that though it might fall in ruins, it arose in fire, and was with all so splendid, that even the horrors of that fall became immerged and mitigated in the beauties of that aberration! But here is an ambition!—base and barbarous and illegitimate; with all the grossness of the vice, with none of the grandeur of the virtue; a mean, muffled, dastard incendiary, who, in the silence of sleep, and in the shades of midnight, steals his Ephesian torch into the fane, which it was virtue to adore, and worse than sacrilege to have violated!

The merciless murderer may have manliness to plead; the highway robber may have want to palliate; yet they both are objects of criminal infliction: but the murderer of connubial bliss, who commits his crime in secrecy—the robber of domestic joys, whose very wealth, as in this case, may be his instrument—he is suffered to calculate on the infernal fame which a superfluous and unfelt expenditure may purchase.

CLERGYMAN

It is a title which you know, in this country, no rank ennobles, no treasure enriches, no establishment supports; its possessor stands undisguised by any *rag* of this world's decoration, resting all temporal, all eternal hope upon his toil, his talents, his attainments, and his piety—doubtless, after all, the highest honors, as well as the most imperishable treasures of the man of God.

His precept was but the hand-maid to his practice; the skeptic heard him, and was convinced; the ignorant attended him, and were taught; he smoothed the death-bed of too heedless wealth; he rocked the cradle of the infant charity; oh, no wonder he walked in the sunshine of the public eye, no wonder he toiled through the pressure of the public benediction.

INFAMOUS JOURNAL

There is not a provincial village in Ireland, which some such official fiend does not infest, fabricating a gazette of fraud and falsehood, upon all who presume to advocate her interests, or uphold the ancient religion of her people—the worst foes of government, under pretense of giving it assistance; the deadliest enemies to the Irish name, under the mockery of supporting its character; the most licentious, irreligious, illiterate banditti, that ever polluted the fair fields of literature, under the spoliated banner of the press. Bloated with the public spoil, and blooded in the chase of character, no abilities can arrest, no piety can awe; no misfortune affect, no benevolence conciliate them; the reputation of the living, and the memory of the dead, are equally plundered in their desolating progress; even the awful sepulcher affords not an asylum to their selected victim. Human hyenas! they will rush into the sacred receptacle of death, gorging their ravenous and brutal rapine, amid the memorials of our last infirmity!

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

There is, however, one subject connected with this trial, public in its nature, and universal in its interest, which imperiously calls for an exemplary verdict; I mean the liberty of the press—a theme which I approach with mingled sensations of awe, and agony, and admiration. Considering all that we too fatally have seen—all that, perhaps, too fearfully we may have cause to apprehend, I feel myself cling to that residuary safeguard, with an affection no temptations can seduce, with a suspicion no anodyne can lull, with a fortitude that peril but infuriates. In the direful retrospect of experimental despotism, and the hideous prospect of its possible reanimation, I clasp it with the desperation of a widowed female, who in the desolation of her house, and the destruction of her houshold, hurries the last of her offspring through the flames, at once the relic of her joy, the depository of her wealth, and the remembrancer of her happiness. It is the duty of us all to guard strictly this inestimable privilege—a privilege which can never be destroyed, save by the licentiousness of those who wilfully abuse it. No, it is not in the arrogance of power; no, it is not in the artifices of law; no, it is not in the fatuity of princes; no, it is not in the venality of parliaments to crush this mighty, this majestic privilege; reviled, it will remonstrate; murdered, it will revive; buried, it will re-ascend; the very attempt at its oppression will prove the truth of its immortality, and the atom that presumed to spurn, will fade away before the trumpet of its retribution! Man holds it on the same principle that he does his soul: the powers of this world cannot prevail against it; it can only perish through its own depravity. What then shall be his fate, through whose instrumentality it is sacrificed? Nay more, what shall be his fate, who, intrusted with the guardianship of its security, becomes the traitorous accessory to its ruin? Nay more, what shall be his fate, by whom its powers, delegated for the public good, are converted into the calamities of private virtue; against whom, industry denounced, merit undermined, morals calumniated, piety aspersed, all through the means confided for their protection, cry aloud for vengeance? What shall be his fate? Oh, I would hold such a monster, so protected, so sanctified, and so sinning, as I would some demon, who, going forth consecrated in the name of the Deity, the book of life on his lips, and the dagger of death beneath his robe, awaits the sigh of piety, as the signal of plunder, and unveins the heart's blood confiding adoration!

SLANDEROUS PRESS

No; you will not only search in vain for such a palliative, but you will find this publication springing from the most odious origin, and disfigured by the most foul accompaniments, founded in a bigotry at which hell rejoices, crouching with a sycophancy at which flattery blushes, deformed by a falsehood at which perjury would hesitate, and to crown the climax of its crowded infamies, committed under the sacred shelter of the press; as if this false, slanderous, sycophantic slave could not assassinate private worth without polluting public privilege; as if he could not sacrifice the character of the pious without profaning the protection of the free; as if he could not poison learning, liberty, and religion, unless he filled his chalice from the very font whence they might have expected to derive the waters of their salvation!

THE ADULTERER

Gentlemen, the adulterer has entered the home of a man of lowly birth and humble station, and carried away the saintly chastity of his devoted daughter.

This poor man is a man of lowly birth and humble station; with little wealth but from the labor of his hands, with no rank but the integrity of his character, with no recreation but in the circle of his home, and with no ambition, but, when his days are full, to leave that little circle the inheritance of an honest name, and the treasure of good man's memory.

The adulterer, on the contrary, is amply either blessed or cursed with those qualifications which enable a man to adorn or disgrace the society in which he lives. He is, I understand, the representative of an honorable name, the relative of a distinguished family, the supposed heir to their virtues, the indisputable inheritor of their riches.

I have no doubt I am addressing men who will not prostrate their consciences before privilege or power; who will remember that there is a nobility above birth, and a wealth beyond riches; who will feel that, as in the eye of that God to whose aid they have appealed, there is not the minutest difference between the rag and the robe, so in the contemplation of that law which constitutes our boast, guilt can have no protection, or innocence no tyrant; men who will have pride in proving that the noblest adage of our noble constitution is not an illusive shadow, and that the peasant's cottage, roofed with straws and tenanted by poverty, stands as inviolate from all invasion as the mansion of the monarch.

My client is an honest man, and that is almost all of his history. To cultivate the path of honest industry, comprises, in one line, "the short and simple annals of the poor." This has been his humble, but at the same time most honorable occupation. It matters little with what artificial nothings chance may distinguish the name, or decorate the person: the child of lowly life, with virtue for its handmaid, holds as proud a title as the highest —as rich an inheritance as the wealthiest. Well has the poet of our country said that

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

For all the virtues which adorn that peasantry, which can render humble life respected, or give the highest stations their most permanent distinctions, my client stands conspicuous.

My client had a family of seven children, whom they educated in the principles of morality and religion, and who, until the adulterer's interference, were the pride of their humble home, and the charm or the consolation of its vicissitudes. In their virtuous children the rejoicing parents felt their youth renewed, their age made happy; the days of labor became holidays in their smile; and if the hand of affliction pressed on them, they looked upon their little ones and their mourning ended. I cannot paint the glorious host of feelings; the joy, the love, the hope, the pride, the blended paradise of rich emotions with which the God of nature fills the father's heart, when he beholds his child in all its filial loveliness, when the vision of his infancy rises, as it were, reanimate before him, and a divine vanity exaggerates every trifle into some mysterious omen, which shall smooth his aged wrinkles, and make his grave a monument of honor! I cannot describe them; but, if there be a parent on the jury, he will comprehend me.

It is stated to me that of all his children there were none more likely to excite such feelings in the adulterer than the unfortunate subject of the present action: she was his favorite daughter, and she did not shame his preference. You shall find most satisfactorily, that she was without stain or imputation; an aid and a blessing to her parents, and an example to her younger sisters, who looked up to her for instruction. She took a pleasure in assisting in the industry of their home; and it was at a neighboring market, where she went to dispose of the little produce of that industry, that she, unhappily, attracted the notice of the adulterer. Indeed, such a situation was not without its interest—a young female, in the bloom of her attractions, exerting her faculties in a parent's service, is an object lovely in the eye of mankind. Far different, however, were the sensations which she excited in the adulterer. He saw her arrayed, as he confesses, in charms that enchanted him; but her youth, her beauty, the smile of her innocence, and the piety of her toil, but inflamed a brutal and licentious lust, that should have blushed itself away in such a presence. What cared *he* for the consequences of his gratification? There was

> "No honor, no relenting ruth,
> To paint the parents fondling o'er their child,
> Then show the ruin'd maid, and her distraction wild!"

What thought *he* of the home he was to desolate? What thought *he* of the happiness he was to plunder? His sensual rapine paused not to contemplate the speaking picture of the cottage-ruin, the blighted hope, the broken hearts, the parents' agony, and, last and most withering in the woeful group, the wretched victim herself starving on the sin of a promiscuous prostitution, and at length, perhaps, with her own hand, anticipating the more tedious murder of its diseases! *He* need not, if I am instructed rightly, have tortured his fancy for the miserable consequences of hope bereft, and expectation plundered. Through no very distant vista, he might have seen the form of deserted loveliness weeping over the worthlessness of his worldly expiation, and warning him, that as there were cruelties no repentance could atone, so there were sufferings neither wealth, nor time, nor absence, could alleviate.

If his memory should fail him, if he should deny the picture, no man can tell him half so efficiently as the venerable advocate he has so judiciously selected, that a case might arise, where, though the energy of native virtue should defy the spoliation of the person, still crushed affection might leave an infliction on the mind, perhaps less deadly, but certainly not less indelible. I turn from this subject with an indignation which tortures me into brevity; I turn to the agents by which this contamination was effected.

I almost blush to name them, yet they were worthy of their vocation. They were no other than a menial servant of the adulterer, and a base, abandoned, profligate ruffian, a brother-in-law of the devoted victim herself, whose bestial appetites he bribed into subserviency! It does not seem as if by such a selection he was determined to degrade the dignity of the master while he violated the finer impulses of the man, by not merely associating with his own servant, but by diverting the purest streams of social affinity into the vitiated sewer of his enjoyment. Seduced by such instruments into a low public house at Athlone, this unhappy girl heard, without suspicion, their mercenary panegyric of the defendant, when, to her amazement, but, no doubt, according to their previous arrangement, he entered and joined their company. I do confess to you, gentlemen, when I first perused this passage in my brief, I flung it from me with a contemptuous incredulity. What! I exclaimed, as no doubt you are all ready to exclaim, can this be possible? Is it thus I am to find the educated youth of Ireland occupied? Is this the employment of the miserable aristocracy that yet lingers in this devoted country? Am I to find them, not in the pursuit of useful science, not in the encouragement of arts or agriculture, not in the relief of an impoverished tenantry, not in the proud march of an unsuccessful but not less sacred patriotism, not in the bright page of warlike immortality, dashing its iron crown from guilty greatness, or feeding freedom's laurel with the blood of the despot!—but am I to find them, amid drunken panders and corrupted slaves, debauching the innocence of village life, and even amid the stews of the tavern, collecting or creating the materials of the brothel! Gentlemen, I am still unwilling to believe it, and, with all the sincerity of the adulterer's advocate, I do entreat you to reject it altogether, if it be not substantiated by the unimpeachable corroboration of an oath. As I am instructed, he did not, at this time, alarm his victim by any direct communication of his purpose; he saw that "she was good as she was fair," and that a premature disclosure would but alarm her virtue into an impossibility of violation. His satellites, however, acted to admiration. They produced some trifle which he had left for her disposal; they declared he had long felt for her a sincere attachment; as a proof that it was pure, they urged the modesty with which, at a first interview, elevated above her as he was, he avoided its disclosure. When she pressed the madness of the expectation which could alone induce her to consent to his addresses, they assured her that, though in the first instance such an event was impossible, still in time it was far from being improbable; that many men, from such motives, forget altogether the difference of station; that the adulterer's own family had already proved every obstacle might yield to an all-powerful passion, and induce him to make her his wife, who had reposed an affectionate credulity on his honor! Such were the subtle artifices to which he stooped. Do not imagine, however, that she yielded immediately and implicitly to their persuasions; I should scarcely wonder if she did. Every day shows us the rich, the powerful, and the educated, bowing before the spell of ambition, or avarice, or passion, to the sacrifice of their honor, their country, and their souls; what wonder, then, if a poor, ignorant peasant girl had at once sunk before the united potency of such temptations! *But* she did not. Many and many a time the truths which had been inculcated by her adoring parents rose up in arms; and it was not until various interviews, and repeated artifices, and untiring efforts, that she yielded her faith, her fame, and her fortunes, to the disposal of her seducer. Alas, alas! how little did she suppose that a moment was to come when, every hope denounced, and every expectation dashed, he was to fling her for a very subsistence on the charity or the crimes of the world she had renounced for him! How little did she reflect that in her humble station, unsoiled and sinless, she might look down upon the elevation to which vice would raise her! Yes, even were it a throne, I say she might look down on it. There is not on this earth a lovelier vision; there is not for the skies a more angelic candidate than a young, modest maiden, robed in chastity; no matter what its habitation, whether it be the palace or the hut.

Let foreign envy decry us as it will, chastity is the instinct of the Irish female: the pride of her talents, the power of her beauty, the splendor of her accomplishments, are but so many handmaids of this vestal virtue; it adorns her in the court, it ennobles her in the cottage; whether she basks in prosperity or pines in sorrow, it clings about her like the diamond of the morning on the mountain floweret, trembling even in the ray that at once exhibits and inhales it! Rare in our land is the absence of this virtue. Thanks to the modesty that venerates; thanks to the manliness that brands and avenges its violation. You have seen that it was by no common temptations even this humble villager yielded to seduction.

I now come, gentlemen, to another fact in the progress of this transaction, betraying in my mind as base a premeditation, and as low and as deliberate a deception as I ever heard of. While this wretched creature was in a kind of counterpoise between her fear and her affection, struggling as well as she could between passion inflamed and virtue unextinguished, the adulterer, ardently avowing that such an event as separation was impossible, ardently avowing an eternal attachment, insisted upon perfecting an article which should place her above the reach of contingencies. Gentlemen, you shall see this document voluntarily executed by an educated and estated gentleman of your country. I know not how you will feel, but for my part, I protest I am in a suspense of admiration between the virtue of the proposal and the magnificent prodigality of the provision. Listen to the article: it is all in his own handwriting: "I promise," says he, "to give Mary Connaghton the sum of ten pounds sterling per annum, when I part with her; but if she, the said Mary, should at any time hereafter conduct herself improperly or (mark this, gentlemen) *has done so before the drawing of this article,* I am not bound to pay the sum of ten pounds, and this article becomes null and void as if the same was never executed." There, gentlemen, there is the notable and dignified document for you! Take it into your jury box, for I know not how to comment on it. Oh, yes, I have heard of ambition urging men to crime—I have heard of love inflaming even to madness—I have read of passion rushing over law and religion to enjoyment; but never, until this, did I see a frozen avarice chilling the hot pulse of sensuality; and desire pause, before its brutish draught, that it might add deceit to desolation! I need not tell you that having provided in the very execution of this article for its predetermined infringement; that knowing, as he must, any stipulation for the purchase of vice to be invalid by our law; that having in the body of this article inserted a provision against that previous pollution which his prudent caprice might invent hereafter, but which his own conscience, her universal character, and even his own desire for her possession, all assured him did not exist at the time, I need not tell you that he now urges the invalidity of that instrument; that he now presses that previous pollution; that he refuses from his splendid income the pittance of ten pounds to the wretch he has ruined, and spurns her from him to pine beneath the *reproaches* of a parent's mercy, or linger out a living death in the charnel houses of prostitution! You see, gentlemen, to what designs like these may lead a man. I have no doubt, if the adulterer had given his heart fair play, had let his own nature gain a moment's ascendency, he would not have acted so; but there is something in guilt which infatuates its votaries forward; it may begin with a promise broken, it will end with the home depopulated. But there is something in a seducer of peculiar turpitude. I know of no character so vile, so detestable. He is the vilest of robbers, for he plunders happiness; the worst of murderers, for he murders innocence; his appetites are of the brute, his arts of the demon; the heart of the child and the corse of the parent are the foundations of the altar which he rears to a lust, whose fires are the fires of hell, and whose incense is the agony of virtue! I hope the adulterer's advocate may prove that he does not deserve to rank in such a class as this; but if he does, I hope the infatuation inseparably connected with such proceedings may tempt him to deceive you through the same plea by which he has defrauded his miserable dupe.

I dare him to attempt the defamation of a character, which, before his cruelties, never was even suspected. Happily, gentlemen, happily for herself, this wretched creature, thus cast upon the world, appealed to the parental refuge she had forfeited. I need not describe to you the parents' anguish at the heart-rending discovery. God help the *poor* man when misfortune comes upon him! How few are his resources! how distant his consolation! You must not forget, gentlemen, that it is not the unfortunate victim herself who appeals to you for compensation. Her crimes, poor wretch, have outlawed her from retribution, and, however the temptations by which her erring nature was seduced, may procure an audience from the ear of mercy, the stern morality of earthly law refuses their interference. No, no; it is the wretched parent who comes this day before you—his aged locks withered by misfortune, and his heart broken by crimes of which he was unconscious. He resorts to this tribunal, in the language of the law, claiming the value of his daughter's servitude; but let it not be thought that it is for her mere manual labor he solicits compensation. No, you are to compensate him for all he has suffered, for all he has to suffer, for feelings outraged, for gratifications plundered, for honest pride put to the blush, for the exiled endearments of his once happy home, for all those innumerable and instinctive ecstasies with which a virtuous daughter fills her father's heart, for which language is too poor to have a name, but of which nature is abundantly and richly eloquent! Do not suppose I am endeavoring to influence you by the power of declamation. I am laying down to you the British law, as liberally expounded and solemnly adjudged. I speak the language of the English Lord Eldon, a judge of great experience and greater learning. [Mr. Phillips here cited several cases as decided by Lord Eldon.]

Such, gentlemen, is the language of Lord Eldon. I speak also on the authority of our own Lord Avonmore, a judge who illuminated the bench by his genius, endeared it by his suavity, and dignified it by his bold uncompromising probity; one of those rare men, who hid the thorns of law beneath the brightest flowers of literature, and, as it were, with the wand of an enchanter, changed a wilderness into a garden! I speak upon that high authority—but I speak on other authority paramount to all!—on the authority of nature rising up within the heart of man, and calling for vengeance upon such an outrage. God forbid, that in a case of this kind we were to grope our way through the ruins of antiquity, and blunder over statutes, and burrow through black letter in search of an interpretation which Providence has engraved in living letters on every human heart. Yes; if there be one amongst you blessed with a daughter, the smile of whose infancy still cheers your memory, and the promise of whose youth illuminates your hope, who has endeared the toils of your manhood, whom you look up to as the solace of your declining years, whose embrace alleviated the pang of separation, whose growing welcome hailed your oft anticipated return—Oh, if there be one amongst you, to whom those recollections are dear, to whom those hopes are precious—let him only fancy that daughter torn from his caresses by a seducer's arts, and cast upon the world, robbed of her innocence—And then let him ask his heart, *"what money could reprise him!"*

The adulterer, gentlemen, cannot complain that I put it thus to you. If, in place of seducing, he had assaulted this poor girl—if he had attempted by force what he has achieved by fraud, his life would have been the forfeit; and yet how trifling in comparison would have been the parents' agony! He has no right, then, to complain, if you should estimate this outrage at the price of his very existence! I am told, indeed, this gentleman entertains an opinion, prevalent enough in the age of a feudalism, as arrogant as it was barbarous, that the poor are only a species of property, to be treated according to interest or caprice; and that wealth is at once a patent for crime and an exemption from its consequences. Happily for this land, the day of such opinions has passed over it—the eye of a purer feeling and more profound philosophy now beholds riches but as one of the aids to virtue, and sees in oppressed poverty only an additional stimulus to increased protection. A generous heart cannot help feeling, that in cases of this kind the poverty of the injured is a dreadful aggravation. If the rich suffer, they have much to console them; but when a poor man loses the darling of his heart—the sole pleasure with which nature blessed him—how abject, how cureless is the despair of his destitution! Believe me, gentlemen, you have not only a solemn duty to perform, but you have an awful responsibility imposed upon you. You are this day, in some degree, trustees for the morality of the people—perhaps of the whole nation; for, depend upon it, if the sluices of immorality are once opened among the lower orders, the frightful tide, drifting upon its surface all that is dignified or dear, will soon rise even to the habitations of the highest. I feel, gentlemen, I have discharged *my* duty—I am sure you will do *yours*. I repose my client with confidence in your hands; and most fervently do I hope, that when evening shall find you at your happy fireside, surrounded by the sacred circle of your children, you may not feel the heavy curse gnawing at your heart, of having let loose, unpunished, the prowler that may devour them.

THE ADULTERER

But what aggravation does seduction need? Vice is its essence, lust its end, hypocrisy its instrument, and innocence its victim. Must I detail its miseries? Who depopulates the home of virtue, making the child an orphan and the parent childless? Who wrests its crutch from the tottering helplessness of piteous age? Who wrings its happiness from the heart of youth? Who shocks the vision of the public eye? Who infects your very thoroughfares with disease, disgust, obscenity, and profaneness? Who pollutes the harmless scenes where modesty resorts for mirth, and toil for recreation, with sights that stain the pure and shock the sensitive? Are these the phrases of an interested advocacy? Is there one amongst you but has witnessed their verification? Is there one amongst you so fortunate, or so secluded, as not to have wept over the wreck of health, and youth, and loveliness, and talent, the fatal trophies of the seducer's triumph—some form, perhaps, where every grace was squandered, and every beauty paused to waste its bloom, and every beam of mind and tone of melody poured their profusion of the public wonder; all that a parent's prayer could ask, or a lover's adoration fancy; in whom even pollution looked so lovely, that virtue would have made her more than human? Is there an epithet too vile for such a spoiler? Is there a punishment too severe for such depravity?

THE ADULTERER DESTROYS THE HOME

It was indeed the summer of their lives, and with it came the swarm of summer friends, that revel in the sunshine of the hour, and vanish with its splendor. High and honored in that crowd—most gay, most cherished, most professing, stood the defendant, Mr. Blake. He was the plaintiff's dearest, fondest friend, to every pleasure called, in every case consulted, his day's companion, and his evening guest, his constant, trusted, bosom confidant, and under guise of all, oh, human nature! he was his fellest, deadliest, final enemy! Here, on the authority of this brief do I arraign him, of having wound himself into my client's intimacy—of having encouraged that intimacy into friendship, of having counterfeited a sympathy in his joys and in his sorrows; and when he seemed too pure even for skepticism itself to doubt him, of having under the very sanctity of his roof, perpetrated an adultery the most unprecedented and perfidious? If this be true, can the world's wealth defray the penalty of such turpitude? . . .

Now, if it shall appear that all this was only a screen for his adultery—that he took advantage of his friend's misfortune to seduce the wife of his bosom—that he affected confidence only to betray it—that he perfected the wretchedness he pretended to console, and that in the midst of poverty he has left his victim, friendless, hopeless, companionless; a husband without a wife, and a father without a child. Gracious God! is it not enough to turn mercy herself into an executioner? You convict for murder—here is the hand that murdered innocence! You convict for treason—here is the vilest disloyalty to friendship! You convict for robbery—here is one who plundered virtue of her dearest pearl, and dissolved it, even in the bowl that hospitality held out to him! They pretend that he is innocent! Oh, effrontery the most unblushing! Oh, vilest insult, added to the deadliest injury! Oh, base, detestable and damnable hypocrisy! Of the final testimony it is true enough their cunning has deprived us: but, under Providence, I shall pour upon this baseness such a flood of light, that I will defy, not the most honorable man merely, but the most charitable skeptic, to touch the holy evangelists, and say, by their sanctity, it has not been committed. Attend upon me, now, gentlemen, step by step, and with me rejoice that, no matter how cautious may be the conspiracies of guilt, there is a Power above to confound and to discover them. . . .

Of mere adultery I had heard before. It was bad enough—a breach of all law, religion and morality—but—what shall I call this?—that seduced innocence—insulted misfortune—betrayed friendship—violated hospitality—tore up the very foundations of human nature, and hurled its fragments at the violated altar, as if to bury religion beneath the ruins of society! Oh, it is guilt that might put a demon to the blush! . . .

He seduced from his friend the idol of his soul, and the mother of his children, and when he was writhing under the recent wound, he deliberately offers him a bribe in compensation! I will not depreciate this cruelty by any comment; yet the very brute he would barter for that unnatural mother, would have lost its life rather than desert its offspring. Now, gentlemen, what rational mind but must spurn the asseveration of innocence after this! . . .

The very offer was a judgment by default, a distinct, undeniable corroboration of his guilt. Was it that the female character should not suffer? Could there be a more trumpet-tongued proclamation of her criminality! . . .

By what hitherto undiscoverable standard shall we regulate the shades between solemnity and levity? Will you permit this impudent espionage upon your households; upon the hallowed privacy of your domestic hours; and for what purpose? Why, that the seducer and the adulterer may calculate the security of his cold-blooded libertinism!—that he may steal like an assassin upon your hours of relaxation, and convert perhaps your confidence into the instrument of your ruin! If this be once permitted as a ground of justification, we may bid farewell at once to all the delightful intercourse of social life. Spurning as I do at this odious system of organized distrust, suppose the admission made, that my client was careless, indiscreet, culpable, if they will, in his domestic regulations; is it therefore to be endured, that every abandoned burglar should seduce his wife, or violate his daughter?

Merciful God! will you endure him when he tells you thus, that he is on the watch to prowl upon the weakness of humanity, and audaciously solicits your charter for such libertinism? . . .

You have home and wife and children dear to you, and cannot fancy the misery of their deprivation. I might as well ask the young mountain peasant, breathing the wild air of health and liberty, to feel the iron of the inquisition's captive—I might as well journey to the convent grate, and ask religion's virgin devotee to paint that mother's agony of heart who finds her first-born dead in her embraces! Their saddest visions would be sorrow's mockery—to be comprehended, misery must be felt, and he who feels it most can least describe it. What is the world with its vile pomps and vanities now to my poor client? He sees no world except the idol he has lost—wherever he goes, her image follows him—she fills that gaze else bent on vacancy—the "highest noon" of fortune now would only deepen the shadow that pursues him—even "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," gives him no restoration—she comes upon his dream as when he saw her first in beauty's grace and virtue's loveliness—as when she heard him breathe his timid passion, and blushed the answer that blest him with its return—he sees her kneel—he hears her vow—religion registers what it scarce could chasten, and there, even there, where paradise reveals itself before him, the visionary world vanishes, and wakes him to the hell of his reality. Who can tell the misery of this? Who can ever fancy it that has not felt it? Who can fancy his soul-riving endurance while his foul tormentor gradually goaded him from love into suspicion, and from suspicion into madness! Alas!

ADULTERER

Gentlemen, if this be suffered to continue, what home shall be safe, what hearth shall be sacred, what parent can, for a moment, calculate on the possession of his child, what child shall be secure against the orphanage that springs from prostitution? What solitary right, whether of life, or liberty, or of property, in the land, shall survive amongst us, if that hallowed couch which modestly has veiled and love endeared and religion consecrated, is to be invaded by a vulgar and promiscuous libertinism? A time there was when that couch was inviolable in Ireland—when conjugal infidelity was deemed but an invention—when marriage was considered as a sacrament of the heart, and faith and affection sent a mingled flame together from the altar: are such times to dwindle into a legend or tradition? Are the dearest rights of man, and the holiest ordinances of God, no more to be respected? Is the marriage vow to become but the prelude to perjury and prostitution? Shall our enjoyments debase themselves into an adulterous participation, and our children propagate an incestuous community?—Hear the case which I am fated to unfold, and then tell me whether a single virtue is yet to linger amongst us with impunity—whether honor, friendship, or hospitality, are to be sacred—whether that endearing confidence by which the bitterness of this life is sweetened, is to become the instrument of a perfidy beyond conception; and whether the protection of the roof, the fraternity of the board, the obligations of the altar, and the devotion of the heart, are to be so many panders to the hellish abominations they should have purified. Hear the case which must go forth to the world, but which, I trust in God, your verdict will accompany, to tell that world, that if there was vice enough amongst us to commit the crime, there is virtue enough to brand it with an indignant punishment.

A LOVELY WIFE

She was then in the very spring of life, and never did the sun of heaven unfold a lovelier blossom. Her look was beauty and her breath was fragrance—the eye that saw her caught a luster from the vision; and all the virtues seemed to linger round her, like so many spotless spirits enamored of her loveliness.

"Yes, she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her,
As pure in thought as angels are,
To see her was to love her."

What years of tongueless transport might not her happy husband have anticipated! What one addition could her beauties gain to render them all perfect! In the connubial rapture there was only one, and she was blessed with it. A lovely family of infant children gave her the consecrated name of mother, and with it all that heaven can give of interest to this world's worthlessness. Can the mind imagine a more delightful vision than that of such a mother, thus young, thus lovely, thus beloved, blessing a husband's heart, basking in a world's smile; and while she breathed into her little ones the moral light, showing them that robed in all the light of beauty, it was still possible for their virtues to cast it into the shade. Year after year of happiness rolled on, and every year but added to their love a pledge, to make it happier than the former. Without ambition but her husband's love, without one object but her children's happiness, this lovely woman circled in her orbit, all bright, all beauteous in the prosperous hour, and if that hour ever darkened, only beaming the brighter and the lovelier. What human hand could mar so pure a picture? What punishment could adequately visit its violation?

"O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt rapture! bliss beyond compare!"

ADVERSITY IS WOMAN'S HOUR

The hour of adversity is woman's hour—in the full blaze of fortune's rich meridian, her modest beam retires from vulgar notice, but when the clouds of woe collect around us, and shades and darkness dim the wanderer's path, that chaste and lovely light shines forth to cheer him, an emblem and an emanation of the heavens!—It was then her love, her value, and her power was visible. No, it is not for the cheerfulness with which she bore the change I prize her—it is not that without a sigh she surrendered all the baubles of prosperity—but that she pillowed her poor husband's heart, welcomed adversity to make him happy, held up her little children as the wealth that no adversity could take away; and when she found his spirit broken and his soul dejected, with a more than masculine understanding, retrieved, in some degree, his desperate fortunes, and saved the little wreck that solaced their retirement. What was such a woman worth, I ask you? If you can stoop to estimate by dross the worth of such a creature, give me even a notary's calculation, and tell me then what was she worth to him to whom she had consecrated the bloom of her youth, the charm of her innocence, the splendor of her beauty, the wealth of her tenderness, the power of her genius, the treasure of her fidelity? She, the mother of his children, the pulse of his heart, the joy of his prosperity, the solace of his misfortunes—what was she worth to him?

A FALLEN WOMAN

Fallen as she is, you may still estimate her; you may see her value even in her ruin. The gem is sullied, the diamond is shivered; but even in its dust you may see the magnificence of its material.

VIRTUE

Chastity outspread her spotless wings, and gave the household virtues a protection. Genuine loveliness consists in virtue—all else is fleeting and perfidious; it is as the orient dawn that ushers in the tempest—it is as the green and flowery turf, beneath which the earthquake slumbers.—CHARLES PHILLIPS (1787-1859).

Compiler, Anderson M. Baten.

DEATH

The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world today will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise: we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb: but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemantha."—GEORGE D. PRENTICE (1802-1870).

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YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

I am standing on a narrow strip of sand, the verge of a vast ocean. Behind me lies a continent; its mountains, valleys, plains and hills standing in solemn stillness.

The noon of day is past and the full sun of autumn is slowly descending the western sky so that the shadow of the hills behind me reach to my feet, but the shore is bright before me.

The ocean is calm, save for the never ending roll of the restless tide.

The horizon is invisible, a haze of fleecy clouds hangs before it as a curtain.

I strain my eyes to pierce the veil and see what lies beyond. In vain.

Behind me all is clear—the mountain tops I've scaled, the hills I've climbed, the highways I have trod, the vales that sheltered me. It is the land of yesterday.

The sands from whence I gaze, the narrow strip of time on which I stand, we call today; and the vast waste of water o'er which I cast my eyes in eager quest is the mystery of tomorrow.

As I gaze the shadowy clouds, gathering a reflex from the descending god of day, assume a golden glow.

I linger still.

The evening shadows gather; a gentle wind lifts the misty veil, a fair bright star appears upon the far horizon, and to the unspoken question of my soul, the murmuring surges whisper, hope!—FREDERICK WARDE.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.

A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it; and a flattering mouth worketh ruin.

—SOLOMON (1033-975 B.C.).

In general, the wise in all ages have always said the same things, and the fools, who at all times form the immense majority, have in their way, too, acted alike and done the opposite; and so it will continue. For, as Voltaire says, "we shall leave the world as foolish and wicked as we found it."—SCHOPENHAUER (1788-1860).

A RETROSPECT

I have had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and according to the changes and chances of destiny, I have received in my house, sometimes in intimacy, chancellors, peers, dukes, Pasquier, Pontecoulant, Montalembert, Bellune; and celebrated men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Chateaubriand; presidents of the republic, Manin; leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Heliade; leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Microslawski; artists, Rossini, David d'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugene Delacroix; marshals, Soult, Mackau; sergeants, Boni, Heurtebise; bishops, the Cardinal of Besancon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and comedians, Frederick Lemaitre, Mlle. Rachel, Mlle. Mars, Mme. Dorval, Macready; ministers and ambassadors, Moli, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; princes, imperial and royal highnesses and plain highnesses, such as the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis Charles Pierre, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of kings and emperors, Jerome of Westphalia, Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of thorough revolutionists, Bourillon. I have had sometimes in my hands the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognized that both are but men. After all these have passed before me, I say that humanity has a synonym—equality; and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to—genius; and only one thing before which we ought to kneel—goodness.

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

NEW ATLANTIS

We sailed from Peru, where we had continued by the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals for twelve months; and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months' space and more. But then the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then again there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east; which carried us up, for all that we could do, toward the north: by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that finding ourselves, in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victual, we gave ourselves up for lost men, and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who showeth his wonders in the deep; beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the deep, and brought forth dry land, so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish. And it came to pass, that the next day about evening we saw within a kenning before us, toward the north, as it were, thick clouds which did put us in some hope of land: knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown; and might have islands or continents, that hitherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land, all that night; and in the dawning of next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land flat to our sight, and full of boscage, which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city. Not great indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea. And we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore and offered to land. But straightway we saw divers of the people, with bastons in their hands, as it were, forbidding us to land: yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off, by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomfited, we were advising with ourselves what we should do. During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it, whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who made aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible), and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the school, and in

Spanish these words: "Land ye not, none of you, and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you; meanwhile, if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubim's wings, not spread, but hanging downward, and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer. Consulting hereupon among ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing, and hasty warning us away, troubled us much: on the other side, to find that the people had languages, and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument, was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue, "That for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds, than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran in danger of their lives." Our other wants we set down in particular, adding, "That we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants, without being chargeable unto them." We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer; but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left us, and went back in another little boat which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer there came toward us a person (as it seemed) of a place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water chamolet, of an excellent azure color, far more glossy than ours: his under apparel was green, and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight-shot of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water, which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man among us save one, and four of our number with him. When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called to us to stay, and not to approach further, which we did. And thereupon the man, whom I before described, stood up, and with a loud voice in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We were;" fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lift up his right hand toward heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth (which is the gesture they use, when they thank God), and then said: "If ye will swear, all of you, by the merits of the Savior, that ye are no pirates; nor have shed blood, lawfully nor unlawfully, within forty days past; you may have license to come on land." We said, "We were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, which was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud: "My lord would have you know, that it is not of pride, or greatness, that he cometh not aboard your ship: but for that, in your answer, you declare that you have many sick among you, he was warned by the conservator of health of the city that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves toward him, and answered: "We were his humble servants; and accounted for great honor and singular humanity toward us, that which was already done: but hoped well, that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and a while after came the notary to us aboard our ship; holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of color between orange-tawny and scarlet: which cast a most excellent odor. He used it (as it seemed) for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath, "By the name of Jesus, and his merits:" and after told us, that the next day by six of the clock in the morning, we should be sent to, and brought to the strangers' house (so he called it), where we should be accommodated of things, both for our whole and for our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling, said, "He must not be twice paid for one labor:" meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient of the state for his service. For (as I after learned) they call an officer that taketh rewards twice paid.

The next morning early, there came to us the same officer that came to us at first with his cane, and told us: "He came to conduct us to the strangers' house: and that he had prevented the hour, because we might have the whole day before us for our business. For (said he) if you will follow my advice, there shall first go with me some few of you, and see the place, and how it may be made convenient for you: and then you may send for your sick and the rest of your number, which ye will bring on land." We thanked him, and said, "That his care which he took of desolate strangers, God would reward." And so six of us went on land with him; and when we were on land, he went before us, and turned to us and said, "He was but our servant and our guide." He led us through three fair streets; and all the way we went there were gathered some people on both sides, standing in a row; but in so civil a fashion, as if it had been, not to wonder at us, but to welcome us; and divers of them, as we passed by them, put their arms a little abroad, which is their gesture when they bid any welcome. The strangers' house is a fair and spacious house, built of brick, of somewhat a bluer color than our brick; and with handsome windows, some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled. He brought us first into a fair parlor above stairs, and then asked us, "What number of persons we were? and how many sick"? We answered, "We were in all (sick and whole) one and fifty persons, whereof our sick were seventeen." He desired us to have patience a little, and to stay till he came back to us which was about an hour after; and then he led us to see the chambers which were provided for us, being in number nineteen. They having cast it (as it seemeth) that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, might receive four of the principal men of our company; and lodge them alone by themselves; and the other fifteen chambers were to lodge us, two and two together. The chambers were handsome and cheerful chambers, and furnished civilly. Then he led us to a long gallery like a dorture, where he showed us all along the one side (for the other side was but wall and window) seventeen cells, very neat ones, having partitions of cedar wood. Which gallery and cells, being in all forty (many more than we needed), were instituted as an infirmary for sick persons. And he told us withal, that as any of our sick waxed well, he might be removed from his cell to a chamber: for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spake of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlor, and lifting up his cane a little (as they do when they give any charge or commands), said to us, "Ye are to know that the custom of the land requireth, that after this day and tomorrow (which we give you for removing your people from your ship), you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather left to your rest and ease. You shall want nothing; and there are six of our people appointed to attend you for any business you may have abroad." We gave him thanks with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty pistolets, but he smiled and only said: "What? Twice paid!" And so he left us. Soon after our dinner was served; in which was right good viands, both for bread and meat; better than any collegiate diet that I have known in Europe. We had also drink of three sorts, all wholesome and good; wine of the grape; a drink of grain, such as is with us our ale, but more clear; and a kind of cider made of a fruit of that country; a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us great store of those scarlet oranges for our sick; which (they said) were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also a box of small gray or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills every night before sleep; which (they said) would hasten their recovery. The next day, after that our trouble of carriage and removing of our men and goods out of our ship was somewhat settled and quiet, I thought good to call our company together, and when they were assembled, said unto them, "My dear friends, let us know ourselves, and how it standeth with us. We are men cast on land, as Jonas was out of the whale's belly, when we were as buried in the deep; and now we are on land, we are but between death and life, for we are beyond both the old world and the new; and whether ever we shall see Europe, God only knoweth. It is a kind of miracle hath brought us hither, and it must be little less that shall bring us hence. Therefore in regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways. Besides we are come here among a Christian people, full of piety and humanity. Let us not bring that confusion of face upon ourselves, as to show our vices or unworthiness before them. Yet there is more, for they have by commandment (though in form of courtesy) cloistered us within these walls for three days; who knoweth whether it be not to take some taste of our manners and conditions? And if they find them bad, to banish us straightway; if good, to give us further time. For these men that they have given us for attendance, may withal have an eye upon us. Therefore, for God's love, and as we love the weal of our souls and bodies, let us so behave ourselves, as we may be at peace with God, and may find grace in the eyes of this people." Our company with one voice thanked me for my good admonition, and promised me to live soberly and civilly, and without giving any the least occasion of offense. So we spent our three days joyfully, and without care, in expectation what would be done with us when they were expired. During which time, we had every hour joy of the amendment of our sick, who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing, they mended so kindly and so fast.

The morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man, that we had not seen before, clothed in blue as the former was, save that his turban was white with a small red cross on the top. He had also a tippet of fine linen. At his coming in, he did bend to us a little, and put his arms abroad. We of our parts saluted him in a very lowly and submissive manner; as looking that from him we should receive sentence of life or death. He desired to speak with some few of us. Whereupon six of us only stayed, and the rest avoided the room. He said, "I am by office governor of this house of strangers, and by vocation I am a Christian priest; and therefore am come to you, to offer you my service, both as strangers, and chiefly as Christians. Some things I may tell you, which I think you will not be unwilling to hear. The state hath given you license to stay on land for the space of six weeks: and let it not trouble you, if your occasions ask further time, for the law in this point is not precise; and I do not doubt, but myself shall be able to obtain for you such further time as shall be convenient. Ye shall also understand, that the strangers' house is at this time rich, and much aforehand; for it hath laid up revenue these thirty-seven years; for so long it is since any stranger arrived in this part; and therefore take ye no care; the state will defray you all the time you stay. Neither shall you stay one day the less for that. As for any merchandise you have brought, ye shall be well used, and have your return, either in merchandise or in gold and silver; for to us it is all one. And if you have any other request to make, hide it not; for ye shall find we will not make your countenance to fall by the answer ye shall receive. Only this I must tell you, that none of you must go above a karan (that is with them a mile and a half) from the walls of the city, without special leave." We answered, after we had looked a while upon one another, admiring this gracious and parent-like usage, that we could not tell what to say, for we wanted words to express our thanks; and his noble, free offers left us nothing to ask. It seemed to us, that we had before us a picture of our salvation in heaven; for we that were a while since in the jaws of death, were now brought into a place where we found nothing but consolations. For the commandment laid upon us, we would not fail to obey it, though it was impossible but our hearts should be inflamed to tread further upon this happy and holy ground. We added, that our tongues should first cleave to the roofs of our mouths, ere we should forget, either this reverend person, or this whole nation, in our prayers. We also most humbly besought him to accept of us as his true servants, by as just a right as ever men on earth were bounden; laying and presenting both our persons and all we had at his feet. He said, he was a priest and looked for a priest's reward; which was our brotherly love, and the good of our souls and bodies. So he went from us, not without tears of tenderness in his eyes, and left us also confused with joy and kindness, saying among ourselves, that we were come into a land of angels, which did appear to us daily and present us with comforts, which we thought not of, much less expected.

The next day, about ten of the clock, the governor came to us again, and after salutations, said familiarly, that he was come to visit us; and called for a chair, and sat him down; and we being some ten of us (the rest were of the meaner sort, or else gone abroad), sat down with him; and when we were set, he began thus: "We of this island of Bensalem (for so they called it in their language) have this: that by means of our solitary situation, and of the laws of secrecy, which we have for our travelers, and our rare admission of strangers; we know well most part of the habitable world, and are ourselves unknown. Therefore because he that knoweth least is fittest to ask questions, it is more reason, for the entertainment of the time, that ye ask me questions, than that I ask you." We answered, that we humbly thanked him, that he would give us leave so to do. And that we conceived by the taste we had already, that there was no worldly thing on earth more worthy to be known than the state of that happy land. But above all (we said) since that we were met from the several ends of the world, and hoped assuredly that we should meet one day in the kingdom of heaven (for that we were both parts Christians), we desired to know (in respect that land was so remote, and so divided by vast and unknown seas from the land where our Savior walked on earth) who was the apostle of that nation, and how it was converted to the faith? It appeared in his face, that he took great contentment in this our question; he said, "Ye knit my heart to you, by asking this question in the first place: for it showeth that you first seek the kingdom of heaven: and I shall gladly, and briefly, satisfy your demand.

"About twenty years after the ascension of our Savior it came to pass, that there was seen by the people of Renfusa (a city upon the eastern coast of our island, within sight, the night was cloudy and calm), as it might be some mile in the sea, a great pillar of light; not sharp, but in form of a column, or cylinder, rising from the sea, a great way up toward heaven; and on the top of it was seen a large cross of light, more bright and resplendent than the body of the pillar. Upon which so strange a spectacle, the people of the city gathered apace together upon the sands, to wonder; and so after put themselves into a number of small boats to go nearer to this marvelous sight. But when the boats were come within about sixty yards of the pillar, they found themselves all bound, and could go no further, yet so as they might move to go about, but might not approach nearer; so as the boats stood all as in a theater, beholding this light, as an heavenly sign. It so fell out, that there was in one of the boats one of the wise men of the Society of Salomon's House; which house or college, my good brethren, is the very eye of this kingdom, who having a while attentively and devoutly viewed and contemplated this pillar and cross, fell down upon his face; and then raised himself upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, made his prayers in this manner:

" 'Lord God of heaven and earth; thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace, to those of our order to know thy works of creation, and true secrets of them; and to discern (as far as appertaineth to the generations of men) between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art and impostures, and illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing we now see before our eyes, is thy finger, and a true miracle. And foreasmuch as we learn in our books, that thou never workest miracles, but to a divine and excellent end (for the laws of nature are thine own laws, and thou exceedest them not but upon great cause), we most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy; which thou dost in some part secretly promise, by sending it unto us.'

"When he had made his prayer, he presently found the boat he was in movable and unbound; whereas all the rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and with silence rowed toward the pillar; but ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light broke up, and cast itself abroad, as it were into a firmament of many stars, which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen but a small ark, or chest of cedar, dry and not wet at all with water, though it swam; and in the fore end of it, which was toward him, grew a small green branch of palm; and when the wise man had taken it with all reverence into his boat, it opened of itself, and there were found in it a book and a letter, both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in sindons of linen. The book contained all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them (for we know well what the churches with you receive), and the Apocalypse itself; and some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written, were nevertheless in the book. And for the letter, it was in these words:

" 'I Bartholomew, a servant of the Highest, and apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an angel that appeared to me in a vision of glory, that I should commit this ark to the floods of the sea. Therefore I do testify and declare unto that people where God shall ordain this ark to come to land, that in the same day is come unto them salvation and peace, and good will from the Father, and from the Lord Jesus.'

"There was also in both these writings, as well the book as the letter, wrought a great miracle, conform to that of the apostles, in the original gift of tongues. For there being at that time, in this land, Hebrews, Persians, and Indians, besides the natives, every one read upon the book and letter, as if they had been written in his own language. And thus was this land saved from infidelity (as the remain of the old world was from water) by an ark, through the apostolical and miraculous evangelism of St. Bartholomew." And here he paused, and a messenger came, and called him forth from us. So this was all that passed in that conference.

The next day, the same governor came again to us, immediately after dinner, and excused himself, saying, "That the day before he was called from us somewhat abruptly, but now he would make us amends, and spend time with us, if we held his company and conference agreeable." We answered, that we held it so agreeable and pleasing to us, as we forgot both dangers past, and fears to come, for the time we heard him speak; and that we thought an hour spent with him was worth years of our former life. He bowed himself a little to us, and after we were set again, he said, "Well, the questions are on your part." One of our number said, after a little pause, that there was a matter we were no less desirous to know than fearful to ask, lest we might presume too far. But encouraged by his rare humanity toward us (that could scarce think ourselves strangers, being his vowed and professed servants), we would take the hardness to propound it; humbly beseeching him, if he thought it not fit to be answered, that he would pardon it, though he rejected it. We said, we well observed those his words, which he formerly spake, that this happy island, where we now stood, was known to few, and yet knew most of the nations of the world, which we found to be true, considering they had the languages of Europe, and knew much of our state and business; and yet we in Europe (notwithstanding all the remote discoveries and navigations of this last age) never heard any of the least inkling or glimpse of this island. This we found wonderful strange; for that all nations have interknowledge one of another, either by voyage into foreign parts, or by strangers that come to them; and though the traveler into a foreign country doth commonly know more by the eye than he that stayeth at home can by relation of the traveler: yet both ways suffice to make a mutual knowledge, in some degree, on both parts. But for this island, we never heard tell of any ship of theirs, that had been seen to arrive upon any shore of Europe; no, nor of either the East or West Indies, nor yet of any ship of any other part of the world, that had made return for them. And yet the marvel rested not in this. For the situation of it (as his lordship said) in the secret conclave of such a vast sea might cause it. But then, that they should have knowledge of the languages, books, affairs, of those that lie such a distance from them, it was a thing we could not tell what to make of; for that it seemed to us a condition and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen to others, and yet to have others open, and as in a light to them. At this speech the governor gave a gracious smile and said, that we did well to ask pardon for this question we now asked, for that it imported, as if we thought this land a land of magicians, that sent forth spirits of the air into all parts, to bring them news and intelligence of other countries. It was answered by us all, in all possible humbleness, but yet with a countenance taking knowledge, that we knew that he spake it but merrily. That we were apt enough to think, there was somewhat supernatural in this island, but yet rather as angelical than magical. But to let his lordship know truly what it was that made us tender and doubtful to ask this question, it was not any such conceit, but because we remembered he had given a touch in his former speech, that this land had laws of secrecy touching strangers. To this he said, "You remember it aright; and therefore in that I shall say to you, I must reserve some particulars, which it is not lawful for me to reveal, but there will be enough left to give you satisfaction.

"You shall understand (that which perhaps you will scarce think credible) that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world (especially for remote voyages) was greater than at this day. Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you, within these threescore years; I know it well, and yet I say, greater then than now; whether it was, that the example of the ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters, or what it was; but such is the truth. The Phœnicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets; so had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet farther west. Toward the east the shipping of Egypt, and of Palestine, was likewise great. China also, and the great Atlantis (that you call America), which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island (as appeareth by faithful registers of those times) had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great content. Of all this there is with you sparing memory, or none; but we have large knowledge thereof.

"At that time, this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named. And (as it cometh to pass) they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them; as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians, so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither; of whom we have some stirps and little tribes with us at this day. And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your straits, which you call the Pillars of Hercules, as to other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas; as to Paguin (which is the same with Cambalaine) and Quinzy, upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary.

"At the same time, and an age after or more, the inhabitants of the great Atlantis did flourish. For though the narration and description which is made by a great man with you, that the descendants of Neptune planted there, and of the magnificent temple, palace, city and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, which as so many chains environed the same site and temple; and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a Scala Cœli; be all poetical and fabulous; yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well as that of Peru, then called Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms, in arms, shipping, and riches; so mighty, as at one time, or at least within the space of ten years, they both made two great expeditions: they of Tyrambel through the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea; and they of Coya, through the South Sea upon this our island; and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author among you, as it seemeth, had some relation from the Egyptian priest, whom he citeth. For assuredly, such a thing there was. But whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those forces, I can say nothing; but certain it is there never came back either ship or man from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune, if they had not met with enemies of greater clemency. For the king of this island, by name Altabin, a wise man and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength and that of his enemies, handled the matter so, as he cut off their land forces from their ships, and entoiled both their navy and their camp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land; and compelled them to render themselves without striking a stroke;

and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath, that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety. But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years the Great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed; not by a great earthquake, as your man saith, for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes, but by a particular deluge, or inundation; those countries having at this day far greater rivers, and far higher mountains, to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep, not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground, so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water, yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance, whereby they of the vale that were not drowned perished for want of food and other things necessary. So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people, younger a thousand years at the least than the rest of the world, for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed which remained in their mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little, and being simple and a savage people (not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth), they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity; and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used, in respect of the extreme cold of those regions, to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts; when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day. Only they take great pride and delight in the feathers of birds, and this also they took from those their ancestors of the mountains, who were invited unto it, by the infinite flight of birds, that came up to the high grounds, while the waters stood below. So you see, by this main accident of time, we lost our traffic with the Americans, with whom of all others, in regard they lay nearest to us, we had most commerce. As for the other parts of the world, it is most manifest that in the ages following (whether it were in respect of wars, or by a natural revolution of time) navigation did everywhere greatly decay, and specially far voyages (the rather by the use of galleys, and such vessels as could hardly brook the ocean) were altogether left and omitted. So then, that part of intercourse which could be from other nations, to sail to us, you see how it hath long since ceased; except it were by some rare accident, as this of yours. But now of the cessation of that other part of intercourse, which might be by our sailing to other nations, I must yield you some other cause. For I cannot say, if I shall say truly, but our shipping for number, strength, mariners, pilots, and all things that appertain to navigation, is as great as ever; and therefore why we should sit at home, I shall now give you an account by itself; and it will draw nearer, to give you satisfaction, to your principal question.

"There reigned in this island, about 1,900 years ago, a king, whose memory of all others we most adore; not superstitiously, but as a divine instrument, though a mortal man: his name was Salomona; and we esteem him as the lawgiver of our nation. This king had a large heart, inscrutable for good; and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy. He therefore taking into consideration how sufficient and substantive this land was, to maintain itself without any aid at all of the foreigner; being 5,000 miles in circuit, and of rare fertility of soil, in the greatest part thereof; and finding also the shipping of this country might be plentifully set on work, both by fishing and by transporations from port to port, and likewise by sailing unto some small islands that are not far from us, and are under the crown and laws of this state; and recalling into his memory the happy and flourishing estate wherein this land then was, so as it might be a thousand ways altered to the worse, but scarce any one way to the better; though nothing wanted to his noble and heroical intentions, but only (as far as human foresight might reach) to give perpetuity to that which was in his time so happily established, therefore among his other fundamental laws of this kingdom he did ordain the interdicts and prohibitions which we have touching entrance of strangers; which at that time (though it was after the calamity of America) was frequent; doubting novelties and commixture of manners. It is true, the like law against the admission of strangers without license is an ancient law in the kingdom of China, and yet continued in use. But there it is a poor thing; and hath made them a curious, ignorant, fearful foolish nation. But our lawgiver made his law of another temper. For first, he hath preserved all points of humanity, in taking order and making provision for the relief of strangers distressed; whereof you have tasted." At which speech (as reason was) we all rose up, and bowed ourselves. He went on: "That king also still desiring to join humanity and policy together; and thinking it against humanity, to detain strangers here against their wills; and against policy, that they should return, and discover their knowledge of this estate, he took this course; he did ordain, that of the strangers that should be permitted to land, as many at all times might depart as many as would; but as many as would stay, should have very good conditions, and means to live from the state. Wherein he saw so far, that now in so many ages since the prohibition, we have memory not of one ship that ever returned, and but of thirteen persons only, at several times, that chose to return in our bottoms. What those few that returned may have reported abroad, I know not. But you must think, whatsoever they have said, could be taken where they came but for a dream. Now for our traveling from hence into parts abroad, our lawgiver thought fit altogether to restrain it. So is it not in China. For the Chinese sail where they will, or can; which showeth, that their law of keeping out strangers is a law of pusillanimity and fear. But this restraint of ours hath one only exception, which is admirable; preserving the good which cometh by communicating with strangers, and avoiding the hurt: and I will now open it to you. And here I shall seem a little to digress, but you will by-and-by find it pertinent. Ye shall understand, my dear friends, that among the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an order, or society, which we call Salomon's House; the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solomon's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the king of the Hebrews, which is famous with you and no stranger to us; for we have some parts of his works which with you are lost; namely, that natural history which he wrote of all plants, from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall; and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king finding himself to symbolize, in many things, with that king of the Hebrews, which lived many years before him, honored him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records, this order or society is sometimes called Solomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days' Works; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days: and therefore he instituted that house, for the finding out of the true nature of all things, whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in their use of them, did give it also that second name. But now to come to our present purpose. When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part that was not under his crown, he made, nevertheless, this ordinance; that every twelve years there should be set forth out of this kingdom, two ships, appointed to several voyages; that in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the fellows or brethren of Salomon's House, whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed; and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures, and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments, and patterns in every kind: that the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission, the ships are not otherwise fraught than with store of victuals, and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things, and rewarding of such persons, as they should think fit. Now for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained from being discovered at land, and how they that must be put on shore for any time, color themselves under the names of other nations, and to what places these voyages have been designed; and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions, and the like circumstances of the practice, I may not do it, neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels, nor for silks, nor for spices, nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light; to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world." And when he had said this, he was silent, and so were we all; for indeed we were all astonished to hear so strange things so probably told. And he perceiving that we were willing to say somewhat, but had it not ready, in great courtesy took us off, and descended to ask us questions of our voyage and fortunes, and in the end concluded that we might do well to think with ourselves, what time of stay we would demand of the state, and bade us not to scant ourselves; for he would procure such time as we desired. Whereupon we all rose up and preesnted ourselves to kiss the skirt of his tippet, but he would not suffer us, and so took his leave. But when it came once among our people, that the state used to offer conditions to strangers that would stay, we had work enough to get any of our men to look to our ship, and to keep them from going presently to the governor, to crave conditions; but with much ado we restrained them, till we might agree what course to take.

We took ourselves now for freemen, seeing there was no danger of our utter perdition, and lived most joyfully, going abroad and seeing what was to be seen in the city and places adjacent, within our tedder; and obtaining acquaintance with many of the city, not of the meanest quality, at whose hands we found such humanity, and such a freedom and desire to take strangers, as it were, into their bosom, as was enough to make us forget all that was dear to us in our own countries: and continually we met with many things, right worthy of observation and relation; as indeed, if there be a mirror in the world, worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country. One day there were two of our company bidden to a feast of the family, as they call it; a most natural, pious, and reverend custom it is, showing that nation to be compounded of all goodness. This is the manner of it: it is granted to any man that shall live to see thirty persons descended of his body, alive together, and all above three years old, to make this feast, which is done at the cost of the state. The father of the family, whom they call the Tirsan, two days before the feast, taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to choose, and is assisted also by the governor of the city or place where the feast is celebrated, and all the persons of the family, of both sexes, are summoned to attend him. These two days the Tirsan sitteth in consultation, concerning the good estate of the family. There, if there be any discord or suits between any of the family, they are compounded and appeased. There, if any of the family be distressed or decayed, order is taken for their relief, and competent means to live. There, if any be subject to vice, or take ill courses, they are reproved and censured. So likewise direction is given touching marriages, and the courses of life which any of them should take, with divers other the like orders and advices. The governor assisteth to the end, to put into execution, by his public authority, the decrees and orders of the Tirsan, if they should be disobeyed, though that seldom needeth; such reverence and obedience they give to the order of Nature. The Tirsan doth also then ever choose one man from among his sons, to live in house with him; who is called ever after the Son of the Vine. The reason will hereafter appear. On the feast day, the father or Tirsan cometh forth after divine service into a large room where the feast is celebrated; which room hath an half-pace at the upper end. Against the wall, in the middle of the half-pace, is a chair placed for him, with a table and carpet before it. Over the chair is a state, made round or oval, and it is of ivy; an ivy somewhat whiter than ours, like the leaf of a silver asp, but more shining; for it is green all winter. And the state is curiously wrought with silver and silk of divers colors, broiding or binding in the ivy; and is ever of the work of some of the daughters of the family; and veiled over at the top, with a fine net of silk and silver. But the substance of it is true ivy; whereof after it is taken down, the friends of the family are desirous to have some leaf or sprig to keep. The Tirsan cometh forth with all his generation or lineage, the males before him, and the females following him; and if there be a mother, from whose body the whole lineage is descended, there is a traverse placed in a loft above on the right hand of the chair, with a privy door, and a carved window of glass, leaded with gold and blue; where she sitteth, but is not seen. When the Tirsan is come forth, he sitteth down in the chair; and all the lineage place themselves against the wall, both at his back, and upon the return of the half-pace, in order of their years, without difference of sex, and stand upon their feet. When he is set, the room being always full of company, but well kept and without disorder, after some pause there cometh in from the lower end of the room a Taratan (which is as much as an herald), and on either side of him two young lads: whereof one carrieth a scroll of their shining yellow parchment, and the other a cluster of grapes of gold, with a long foot or stalk. The herald and children are clothed with mantles of sea-water green satin; but the herald's mantle is streamed with gold, and hath a train. Then the herald with three curtsies, or rather inclinations, cometh up as far as the half-pace, and there first taketh into his hand the scroll. This scroll is the king's charter, containing gift of revenue, and many privileges, exemptions, and points of honor, granted to the father of the family, and it is ever styled and directed, "To such an one, our well-beloved friend and creditor," which is a title proper only to this case. For they say, the king is debtor to no man, but for propagation of his subjects; the seal set to the king's charter is the king's image, embossed or molded in gold; and though such charters be expedited of course, and as of right, yet they are varied by discretion, according to the number and dignity of the family. This charter the herald readeth aloud; and while it is read, the father or Tirsan standeth up, supported by two of his sons, such as he chooseth. Then the herald mounteth the half-pace, and delivereth the charter into his hand: and with that there is an acclamation, by all that are present, in their language, which is thus much, "Happy are the people of Bensalem." Then the herald taketh into his hand from the other child the cluster of grapes, which is of gold; both the stalk, and the grapes. But the grapes are daintily enameled; and if the males of the family be the greater number, the grapes are enameled purple, with a little sun set on the top; if the females, then they are enameled into a greenish yellow, with a crescent on the top. The grapes are in number as many as there are descendants of the family. This golden cluster the herald delivereth also to the Tirsan; who presently delivereth it over to that son that he had formerly chosen, to be in house with him; who beareth it before his father, as an ensign of honor, when he goeth in public ever after; and is thereupon called the Son of the Vine. After this ceremony endeth the father or Tirsan retireth; and after some time cometh forth again to dinner, where he sitteth alone under the state, as before; and none of his descendants sit with him, of what degree or dignity so ever, except he hap to be of Salomon's House. He is served only by his own children, such as are male; who perform unto him all service of the table upon the knee, and the women only stand about him, leaning against the wall. The room below his half-pace hath tables on the sides for the guests that are bidden; who are served with great and comely order; and toward the end of dinner (which in the greatest feasts with them lasteth never above an hour and a half) there is an hymn sung, varied according to the invention of him that composeth it (for they have excellent poesy), but the subject of it is always the praises of Adam, and Noah, and Abraham; whereof the former two peopled the world, and the last was the father of the faithful: concluding ever with a thanksgiving for the nativity of our Savior, in whose birth the births of all are only blessed. Dinner being done, the Tirsan retireth again; and having withdrawn himself alone into a place, where he maketh some private prayers, he cometh forth the third time, to give the blessing; with all his descendants, who stand about him as at the first. Then he calleth them forth by one and by one, by name as he pleaseth, though seldom the order of age be inverted. The person that is called (the table being before removed) kneeleth down before the chair, and the father layeth his hand upon his head, or her head, and giveth the blessing in these words: "Son of Bensalem (or daughter of Bensalem), thy father saith it; the man by whom thou hast breath and life speaketh the word; the blessing of the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and the Holy Dove be upon thee, and make the days of thy pilgrimage good and many." This he saith to every of them; and that done, if there be any of his sons of eminent merit and virtue, so they be not above two, he calleth for them again, and saith, laying his arm over their shoulders, they standing: "Sons, it is well you are born, give God the praise, and persevere to the end." And withal delivereth to either of them a jewel, made in the figure of an ear of wheat, which they ever after wear in the front of their turban, or hat; this done, they fall to music and dances, and other recreations, after their manner, for the rest of the day. This is the full order of that feast.

By that time six or seven days were spent, I was fallen into straight acquaintance with a merchant of that city, whose name was Joabin. He was a Jew and circumcised; for they have some few strips of Jews yet remaining among them, whom they leave to their own religion. Which they may the better do, because they are of a far differing disposition from the Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ, and have a secret inbred rancor against the people among whom they live; these, contrariwise, give unto our Savior many high attributes, and love the nation of Bensalem extremely. Surely this man of whom I speak would ever acknowledge that Christ was born of a Virgin; and that he was more than a man; and he would tell how God made him ruler of the seraphims, which guard his throne; and they call him also the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah, and many other high names, which though they be inferior to his divine majesty, yet they are far from the language of other Jews. And for the country of Bensalem, this man would make no end of commending it, being desirous by tradition among the Jews there to have it believed that the people thereof were of the generations of Abraham, by another son, whom they call Nachoran; and that Moses by a secret cabala ordained the laws of Bensalem which they now use; and that when the Messias should come, and sit in his throne at Hierusalem, the King of Bensalem should sit at his feet, whereas other kings should keep a great distance. But yet setting aside these Jewish dreams, the man was a wise man and learned, and of great policy, and excellently seen in the laws and customs of that nation. Among other discourses one day I told him, I was much affected with the relation I had from some of the company of their custom in holding the feast of the family, for that, methought, I had never heard of a solemnity wherein Nature did so much preside. And because propagation of families proceedeth from the nuptial copulation, I desired to know of him what laws and customs they had concerning marriage, and whether they kept marriage well, and whether they were tied to one wife? For that where population is so much affected, and such as with them it seemed to be, there is commonly permission of plurality of wives. To this he said: "You have reason for to commend that excellent institution of the feast of the family; and indeed we have experience, that those families that are partakers of the blessings of that feast, do flourish and prosper ever after, in an extraordinary manner. But hear me now, and I will tell you what I know. You shall understand that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem, nor so free from all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world; I remember, I have read in one of your European books, of an holy hermit among you, that desired to see the spirit of fornication, and there appeared to him a little foul ugly Ethiope; but if he had desired to see the spirit of chastity of Bensalem, it would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair beautiful cherubim. For there is nothing, among mortal men, more fair and admirable than the chaste minds of this people. Know, therefore, that with them there are no stews, no dissolute houses, no courtesans, nor anything of that kind. Nay, they wonder, with detestation, at you in Europe, which permit such things. They say ye have put marriage out of office; for marriage is ordained a remedy for unlawful concupiscence; and natural concupiscence seemeth as a spur to marriage. But when men have at hand a remedy, more agreeable to their corrupt will, marriage is almost expulsed. And therefore there are with you seen infinite men that marry not, but choose rather a libertine and impure single life, than to be yoked in marriage; and many that do marry, marry late, when the prime and strength of their years is past. And when they do marry, what is marriage to them but a very bargain; wherein is sought alliance, or portion, or reputation, with some desire (almost indifferent) of issue; and not the faithful nuptial union of man and wife, that was first instituted. Neither is it possible that those that have cast away so basely so much of their strength, should greatly esteem children (being of the same matter) as chaste men do. So likewise during marriage is the case much amended, as it ought to be if those things were tolerated only for necessity; no, but they remain still as a very affront to marriage. The haunting of those dissolute places, or resort to courtesans, are no more punished in married men than in bachelors. And the depraved custom of change, and the delight in meretricious embracements (where sin is turned into art), maketh marriage a dull thing, and a kind of imposition or tax. They hear you defend these things, as done to avoid greater evils; as advoutries, deflowering of virgins, unnatural lust, and the like. But they say, this is a preposterous wisdom; and they call it Lot's offer, who to save his guests from abusing, offered his daughters; nay, they say further, that there is little gained in this; for that the same vices and appetites do still remain and abound, unlawful lust being like a furnace, that if you stop the flames altogether it will quench, but if you give it any vent it will rage; as for masculine love, they have no touch of it; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there, and to speak generally (as I said before) I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs. And their usual saying is that whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself; and they say that the reverence of a man's self, is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices." And when he had said this the good Jew paused a little; whereupon I, far more willing to hear him speak on than to speak myself; yet thinking it decent that upon his pause of speech I should not be altogether silent, said only this; that I would say to him, as the widow of Sarepta said to Elias: "that he was come to bring to memory our sins"; and that I confess the righteousness of Bensalem was greater than the righteousness of Europe. At which speech he bowed his head and went on in this manner: "They have also many wise and excellent laws touching marriage. They allow no polygamy. They have ordained that none do intermarry, or contract, until a month be passed from their first interview. Marriage without consent of parents they do not make void, but they mulct it in the inheritors; for the children of such marriages are not admitted to inherit above a third part of their parents' inheritance. I have read in a book of one of your men, of a feigned commonwealth, where the married couple are permitted, before they contract, to see one another naked. This they dislike; for they think it a scorn to give a refusal after so familiar knowledge; but because of many hidden defects in men and women's bodies, they have a more civil way; for they have near every town a couple of pools (which they call Adam and Eve's pools), where it is permitted to one of the friends of the man, and another of the friends of the woman, to see them severally bathe naked."

And as we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke, that spake with the Jew; whereupon he turned to me and said, "You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste." The next morning he came to me again, joyful as it seemed and said, "There is word come to the governor of the city, that one of the fathers of Salomon's House will be here this day seven-night; we have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry." I thanked him, and told him I was most glad of the news. The day being come he made his entry. He was a man of middle stature and age, comely of person, and had an aspect as if he pitied men. He was clothed in a robe of fine black cloth with wide sleeves, and a cape; his under garment was of excellent white linen down to the foot, girt with a girdle of the same; and a sindon or tippet of the same about his neck. He had gloves that were curious, and set with stone; and shoes of peach-colored velvet. His neck was bare to the shoulders. His hat was like a helmet, or Spanish montero; and his locks curled below it decently;

they were of color brown. His beard was cut round and of the same color with his hair, somewhat lighter. He was carried in a rich chariot, without wheels, litter-wise, with two horses at either end, richly trapped in blue velvet embroidered; and two footmen on each side in the like attire. The chariot was all of cedar, gilt, and adorned with crystal; save that the fore-end had panels of sapphires, set in borders of gold, and the hinder-end the like of emeralds of the Peru color. There was also a sun of gold, radiant upon the top, in the midst; and on the top before a small cherub of gold, with wings displayed. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold tissued upon blue. He had before him fifty attendants, young men all, in white satin loose coats up to the mid-leg, and stockings of white silk; and shoes of blue velvet; and hats of blue velvet, with fine plumes of divers colors, set round like hatbands. Next before the chariot went two men, bare-headed, in linen garments down to the foot, girt, and shoes of blue velvet, who carried the one a crosier, the other a pastoral staff like a sheephook; neither of them of metal, but the crosier of balm-wood, the pastoral staff of cedar. Horsemen he had none, neither before nor behind his chariot; as it seemeth, to avoid all tumult and trouble. Behind his chariot went all the officers and principals of the companies of the city. He sat alone, upon cushions, of a kind of excellent plush, blue; and under his foot curious carpets of silk of divers colors, like the Persian, but far finer. He held up his bare hand, as he went, as blessing the people, but in silence. The street was wonderfully well kept; so that there was never any army had their men stand in better battle-array than the people stood. The windows likewise were not crowded, but everyone stood in them, as if they had been placed. When the show was passed, the Jew said to me, "I shall not be able to attend you as I would, in regard of some charge the city hath laid upon me for the entertaining of this great person." Three days after the Jew came to me again, and said, "Ye are happy men; for the father of Salomon's House taketh knowledge of your being here, and commanded me to tell you, that he will admit all your company to his presence, and have private conference with one of you, that ye shall choose; and for this hath appointed the next day after to-morrow. And because he meaneth to give you his blessing, he hath appointed it in the forenoon." We came at our day and hour, and I was chosen by my fellows for the private access. We found him in a fair chamber, richly hanged, and carpeted under foot, without any degrees to the state; he was set upon a low throne richly adorned, and a rich cloth of state over his head of blue satin embroidered. He was alone, save that he had two pages of honor, on either hand one, finely attired in white. His under garments were the like that we saw him wear in the chariot; but instead of his gown, he had on him a mantle with a cape, of the same fine black, fastened about him. When we came in, as we were taught, we bowed low at our first entrance; and when we were come near his chair, he stood up, holding forth his hand ungloved, and in posture of blessing; and we every one of us stooped down, and kissed the end of his tippet. That done, the rest departed, and I remained. Then he warned the pages forth of the room, and caused me to sit down beside him, and spake to me thus in the Spanish tongue:

"God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have. For I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Salomon's House. Son, to make you know the true state of Salomon's House, I will keep this order. First, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation. Secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned. And fourthly, the ordinances and rites which we observe.

"The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

"The preparations and instruments are these. We have large and deep caves of several depths; the deepest are sunk 600 fathoms; and some of them are digged and made under great hills and mountains; so that if you reckon together the depth of the hill, and the depth of the cave, they are, some of them, above three miles deep. For we find that the depth of an hill, and the depth of a cave from the flat, is the same thing; both remote alike from the sun and heaven's beams, and from the open air. These caves we call the lower region. And we use them for all coagulations, indurations, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies. We use them likewise for the imitation of natural mines and the producing also of new artificial metals, by compositions and materials which we use and lay there for many years. We use them also sometimes (which may seem strange) for curing of some diseases, and for prolongation of life, in some hermits that choose to live there, well accommodated of all things necessary, and indeed live very long; by whom also we learn many things.

"We have burials in several earths, where we put divers cements, as the Chinese do their porcelain. But we have them in greater variety, and some of them more fine. We also have great variety of composts and soils, for the making of the earth fruitful.

"We have high towers, the highest about half a mile in height, and some of them likewise set upon high mountains, so that the vantage of the hill with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the upper region, account the air between the high places and the low, as a middle region. We use these towers, according to their several heights and situations, for insulation, refrigeration, conservation, and for the view of divers meteors—as winds, rain, snow, hail; and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe.

"We have great lakes, both salt and fresh, whereof we have use for the fish and fowl. We use them also for burials of some natural bodies, for we find a difference in things buried in earth, or in air below the earth, and things buried in water. We have also pools, of which some do strain fresh water out of salt, and others by art do turn fresh water into salt. We have also some rocks in the midst of the sea, and some bays upon the shore for some works, wherein is required the air and vapor of the sea. We have likewise violent streams and cataracts, which serve us for many motions; and likewise engines for multiplying and enforcing of winds to set also on divers motions.

"We have also a number of artificial wells and fountains, made in imitation of the natural sources and baths, as tincted upon vitriol, sulphur, steel, brass, lead, niter, and other minerals; and again, we have little wells for infusions of many things; where the waters take the virtue quicker and better than in vessels or basins. And among them we have a water, which we call water of Paradise, being by that we do it made very sovereign for health and prolongation of life.

"We have also great and spacious houses, where we imitate and demonstrate meteors—as snow, hail, rain, some artificial rains of bodies, and not of water, thunders, lightnings; also generations of bodies in air—as frogs, flies, and divers others.

"We have also certain chambers, which we call chambers of health, where we qualify the air as we think good and proper for the cure of divers diseases, and preservation of health.

"We have also fair and large baths, of several mixtures, for the cure of diseases, and the restoring of man's body from arefaction; and others for the confirming of it in strength of sinews, vital parts, and the very juice and substance of the body.

"We have also large and various orchards and gardens, wherein we do not so much respect beauty as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs, and some very spacious, where trees and berries are set, whereof we make divers kinds of drinks, besides the vineyards. In these we practice likewise all conclusions of grafting, and inoculating, as well of wild trees as fruit trees, which produceth many effects. And we make by art, in the same orchards and gardens, trees and flowers, to come earlier or later than their seasons, and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by art greater much than their nature; and their fruit greater and sweeter, and of different taste, smell, color, and figure, from their nature. And many of them we so order, as that they become of medicinal use.

"We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds, and likewise to make divers new plants, differing from the vulgar, and to make one tree or plant turn into another.

"We have also parks, and inclosures of all sorts, of beasts and birds; which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials, that thereby may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects: as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like. We try also all poisons, and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic. By art likewise we make them greater or smaller than their kind is, and contrariwise dwarf them and stay their growth; we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is, and contrariwise barren and not generative. Also we make them differ in color, shape, activity, many ways. We find means to make commixtures and copulations of divers kinds, which have produced many new kinds, and them not barren, as the general opinion is. We make a number of kinds of serpents, worms, flies, fishes of putrefaction, whereof some are advanced (in effect) to be perfect creatures, like beasts or birds, and have sexes, and do propagate. Neither do we this by chance, but we know beforehand of what matter and commixture, what kind of those creatures will arise.

"We have also particular pools where we make trials upon fishes, as we have said before of beasts and birds.

"We have also places for breed and generation of those kinds of worms and flies which are of special use; such as are with you your silkworms and bees.

"I will not hold you long with recounting of our brew-houses, bake-houses, and kitchens, where are made divers drinks, breads, and meats, rare and of special effects. Wines we have of grapes, and drinks of other juice, of fruits, of grains, and of roots, and of mixtures with honey, sugar, manna, and fruits dried and decocted; also of the tears or wounding of trees, and of the pulp of canes. And these drinks are of several ages, some to the age or last of forty years. We have drinks also brewed with several herbs, and roots, and spices; yea, with several fleshes, and white meats; whereof some of the drinks are such as they are in effect meat and drink both, so that divers, especially in age, do desire to live with them with little or no meat or bread. And above all we strive to have drinks of extreme thin parts, to insinuate into the body, and yet without all biting, sharpness, or fretting; insomuch as some of them put upon the back of your hand, will with a little stay pass through to the palm, and yet taste mild to the mouth. We have also waters, which we ripen in that fashion, as they become nourishing, so that they are indeed excellent drinks, and many will use no other. Bread we have of several grains, roots, and kernels; yea, and some of flesh, and fish, dried, with divers kinds of leavings and seasonings; so that some do extremely move appetites, some do nourish so, as divers do live of them, without any other meat, who live very long. So for meats, we have some of them so beaten and made tender, and mortified, yet without all corrupting, as a weak heat of the stomach will turn them into good chilus, as well as a strong heat would meat otherwise prepared. We have some meats also and bread, and drinks, which taken by men, enable them to fast long after; and some other, that used make the very flesh of men's bodies sensibly more hard and tough, and their strength far greater than otherwise it would be.

"We have dispensatories or shops of medicines; wherein you may easily think, if we have such variety of plants, and living creatures, more than you have in Europe (for we know what you have), the simples, drugs, and ingredients of medicines, must likewise be in so much the greater variety. We have them likewise of divers ages, and long fermentations. And for their preparations, we have not only all manner of exquisite distillations, and separations, and especially by gentle heats, and percolations through divers strainers, yea, and substances; but also exact forms of composition, whereby they incorporate almost as they were natural simples.

"We have also divers mechanical arts, which you have not; and stuffs made by them, as papers, linen, silks, tissues, dainty works of feathers of wonderful luster, excellent dyes, and many others, and shops likewise as well for such as are not brought into vulgar use among us, as for those that are. For you must know, that of the things before recited, many of them are grown into use throughout the kingdom, but yet, if they did flow from our invention, we have of them also for patterns and principles.

"We have also furnaces of great diversities, and that keep great diversity of heats; fierce and quick, strong and constant, soft and mild, blown, quiet, dry, moist, and the like. But above all we have heats, in imitation of the sun's and heavenly bodies' heats, that pass divers inequalities, and as it were orbs, progresses, and returns whereby we produce admirable effects. Besides, we have heats of dungs, and of bellies and maws of living creatures and of their bloods and bodies, and of hays and herbs laid up moist, of lime unquenched, and such like. Instruments also which generate heat only by motion. And further, places for strong insulations; and again, places under the earth, which by nature or art yield heat. These divers heats we use, as the nature of the operation which we intend requireth.

"We have also perspective-houses, where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations, and of all colors; and out of things uncolored and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colors, not in rainbows, as it is in gems and prisms, but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance, and make so sharp, as to discern small points and lines. Also all colorations of light: all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colors; all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means, yet unknown to you, of producing of light, originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off, as in the heaven and remote places; and represent things near as afar off, and things afar off as near; making feigned distances. We have also helps for the sight far above spectacles and glasses in use; we have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies, perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colors of small flies and worms, grain, and flaws in gems which cannot otherwise be seen, observations in urine and blood not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rainbows, halos, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflections, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

"We have also precious stones, of all kinds, many of them of great beauty and to you unknown; crystals likewise, and glasses of divers kind; and among them some of metals vitrificated, and other materials, besides those of which you make glass. Also a number of fossils, and imperfect minerals, which you have not. Likewise loadstones of prodigious virtue: and other rare stones, both natural and artificial.

"We have also sound-houses, where we practice and demonstrate all sounds and their generation. We have harmony which you have not, of quarter sounds and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep, likewise great sounds, extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps, which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly; we have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it; and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice, differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have all means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

"We have also perfume-houses, wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells which may seem strange: we imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man's taste. And in this house we contain also a confiture-house, where we make all sweetmeats, dry and moist, and divers pleasant wines, milks, broths, and salads, far in greater variety than you have.

"We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practice to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets or any engine that you have; and to make them and multiply them more easily and with small force, by wheels and other means, and to make them stronger and more violent than yours are, exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war and engines of all kinds; and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gunpowder, wildfires burning in water and unquenchable, also fireworks of all variety, both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water and brooking of seas, also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks and other like motions of return, and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures by images of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents; we have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness and subtilty.

"We have also a mathematical-house, where are represented all instruments, as well of geometry as astronomy, exquisitely made.

"We have also houses of deceits of the senses, where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures and illusions, and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we, that have so many things truly natural which induce admiration, could in a world of particulars deceive the senses if we would disguise those things, and labor to make them more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures, and lies, insomuch as we have severely forbidden it to all our fellows, under pain of ignominy and fines, that they do not show any natural work or thing adorned or swelling, but only pure as it is, and without all affectation of strangeness.

"These are, my son, the riches of Salomon's House.

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries under the names of other nations (for our own we conceal), who bring us the books and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call merchants of light.

"We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call deprepators.

"We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts, and also of liberal sciences, and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call mystery-men.

"We have three that try new experiments.

"Such as themselves think good. These we call pioneers or miners.

"We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call compilers. We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call dowrymen or benefactors.

"Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labors and collections, we have three that take care out of them to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into Nature than the former. These we call lamps.

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call inoculators.

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call interpreters of Nature.

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men do not fail; besides a great number of servants and attendants, men and women. And this we do also: we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: and take all an oath of secrecy for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometime to the state, and some not.

"For our ordinances and rites, we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions: in the other we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of ships: your Monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal: the inventor of glass: the inventor of silk of the worm: the inventor of wine: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars; and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then we have divers inventors of our own, of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions you might easily err. For upon every invention of value we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honorable reward. These statues are some of brass, some of marble and touchstone, some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron, some of silver, some of gold.

"We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for his marvelous works. And forms of prayers, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labors; and turning them into good and holy uses.

"Lastly, we have circuits or visits, of divers principal cities of the kingdom; where as it cometh to pass we do publish such new profitable inventions as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, swarms of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempest, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon, what the people shall do for the prevention and remedy of them."

And when he had said this, he stood up; and I, as I had been taught, knelt down; and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said, "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made. I give thee leave to publish it, for the good of other nations; for we here are in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses, where they come, upon all occasions.

THE REST WAS NOT PERFECTED.

—FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626).

THE NEW YEAR

I promise to the young and old
Capricious fame and yellow gold.

I spin upon the low sun's rays
A gossamer web of nights and days.

Each day holds in its passing span
Achievement great for any man;

Each night holds sweet content and rest,
That makes of any man the best.

The dauntless youth shall look to me
For all he hopes and dreams to be.

The aged man will count his pelf,
Then build a New Year for himself.

I promise to the young and old
Capricious fame and yellow gold;

But, if I fail, when I am gone
Another New Year's Day will dawn.

—NAOMI SELL TALLEY.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

May is a spendthrift;
  She squanders her gold,
Wastes her silver
  On hearts that are old.

May is a spendthrift;
  Her perfumes exotic
She throws to the night winds—
  Behavior despotic.

Gold of sunsets
  And summer days,

Silver of twilight
  And new moon's haze.

Perfume of locust
  As old as the years
Bringing memories,
  Heartaches, tears.

May is a spendthrift;
  She scatters her gold,
Wastes her silver
  On hearts that are old.

—Naomi Sell Talley.

MY SINGING TREE

God knew that I loved music, so He made
  A wonder-gift for me;
Across my latticed garden fence He placed
  A mystic tree;
An old mesquite, with rugged, ragged bark,
  And leaves of filigree
That whisper to the little winds that pass—
  A singing tree.

At night when moonlight paints the sleeping world
  With magic silver brush,
And smudges charcoal shadows on the grass,
  Then—in the hush—
A sudden song lifts high its golden notes
  In throbbing ecstasy,
And all the world lies dreaming but I hear
  My singing tree.

My neighbor tells me that my singing tree
  Is just a small, gray bird
That built its nest among the lacy leaves,
  Whose song I heard;
But it is something more—I know God gave
  This gift of love to me:
A breathless rapture on the summer night—
  My singing tree.

—Naomi Sell Talley.

FEBRUARY PASTELS

The Master sketched a pastel sky, of opal tints on turquoise blue;
A flaming sunset shot with gold, that stained the lake an amethyst hue.
Like purple wine in Venoise glass, with crinkled foam where brisk winds pass.
(Flame and gold and garnet hue.)

He brushed in grey, with swift sure strokes, a dusky fog of silver blue
That wrapped the trees with black bare boughs, and snared the stars when they glimmered through;
The sun was gone, with burnished gold; a twilight scene all grey and cold.
(Grey and black and silver blue.)

The Master tired of brilliant tints—flame and gold and silver grey—
Cleared pigment from his palette board, and laid his brushes and paints away.
Then swiftly, in the waning light, drew the curtain of the night.
(O transient beauty of the day.)

—NAOMI SELL TALLEY.

THANKSGIVING

I need not lift mine eyes unto the hills
To breathe a prayer;
My heart finds peace in simple lowly things—
A quiet plain where summer winds blow free,
A winding roadway where a night bird sings.

I need not lift mine eyes unto the hills
To seek my strength,
For level fields of fragrant, up-turned sod,
The eternal mystery of sprouting seed
Proclaim the presence of Almighty God.

I shall not give my thanks this day alone,
But every day
Throughout the changing seasons of the year
There is so much of good and friendship fine
I make a silent prayer for Him to hear.

—NAOMI SELL TALLEY.

PARADOX

Can I be gay when every passing breeze
  Drifts locust petals down in clouds of white?
Can I be gay when even budding trees
  Bring back the memory of that moon drenched night?
That night in May when shimmering moon mist—
  A woven silver shawl of fragile lace—
Enwrapped me with its magic when you kissed
  My lips, and hid the rapture on my face.

The scent of locust brings a stab of pain
  And memories to me I would forget.
A sheen of moonlight but revives again
  Old whispered love words, promises—and yet
I hold no greater treasure than a night
  In springtime when the locust trees are white.

—NAOMI SELL TALLEY.

NON NOBIS SOLUM
ICH DIEN

This manuscript finished April 24, 1930. It represents a lifetime of reading many thousand books.
ANDERSON M. BATEN—Born January 14, 1888

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